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# MOVIE CLASSIC

MARCH

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**MIRIAM HOPKINS' UNUSUAL LOVE AFFAIR**

GINGER ROGER

PN 1993
.M747

# *Why* is one of these girls winning and the other losing this private BEAUTY CONTEST

BOTH GIRLS have smart clothes and wear them smartly. Both have attractive figures, lovely hair. Yet one is getting all of the attention and all of the compliments.

One is winning, while the other is losing one of those little beauty contests which are a part of the daily life of every woman.

You cannot avoid these contests, for everyone you meet judges your beauty, your charm, *your skin*.

The daily use of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, can change a dull, drab skin into a fresh, lovely complexion, and help *you* win *your* beauty contests.

Camay's delightfully perfumed lather is smooth and rich, made up of millions of tiny Beauty Bubbles that cleanse and refresh your skin.

**WOMEN EVERYWHERE PRAISE CAMAY**

Thousands of women have written recently praising the mildness of Camay. "It is as gentle as cream," says a girl from New England. "The lather is wonderfully smooth and soothing," writes a young matron from the South, "and it keeps the skin smoother and clearer than any other soap."

Try Camay yourself. Just see how much this pure, gentle, creamy-white beauty soap can do for *your* skin. See how much it can improve *your* complexion.

## CAMAY

*The Soap of Beautiful Women*

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY
CAMAY

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# ORCHIDS TO SALLY (UNTIL SHE SMILES)

**"Pink Tooth Brush"—**

**Makes her avoid all close-ups...dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm.**

EVERY woman knows what wonders a smile can work . . . what a flaunting little banner of loveliness it can be.

But do you realize what a shock of disappointment follows a smile that gives a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums—of the damage that neglect of "pink tooth brush" can lead to?

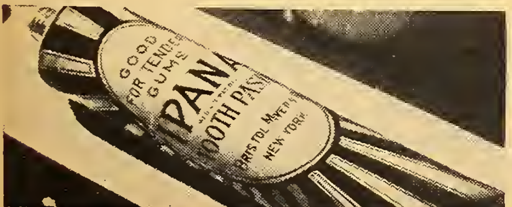
**DON'T IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"**

You can't afford to take chances—to ignore a warning that threatens your smile and your dental health. Dental science has explained and stressed that warning—"pink tooth brush." Foods that rob our gums of exercise—soft and creamy dishes that tempt our palates but lull our gums to sleep—those are the reasons for the modern plague of tender, ailing gums.

If your tooth brush even occasionally shows "pink"—do the sensible thing. Don't let yourself in for serious gum troubles—for gingivitis, Vincent's disease or pyorrhea. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today and follow regularly this healthful routine. Start today!

Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gum tissue and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter—your gums healthier—and your smile will be lovelier with Ipana and massage.



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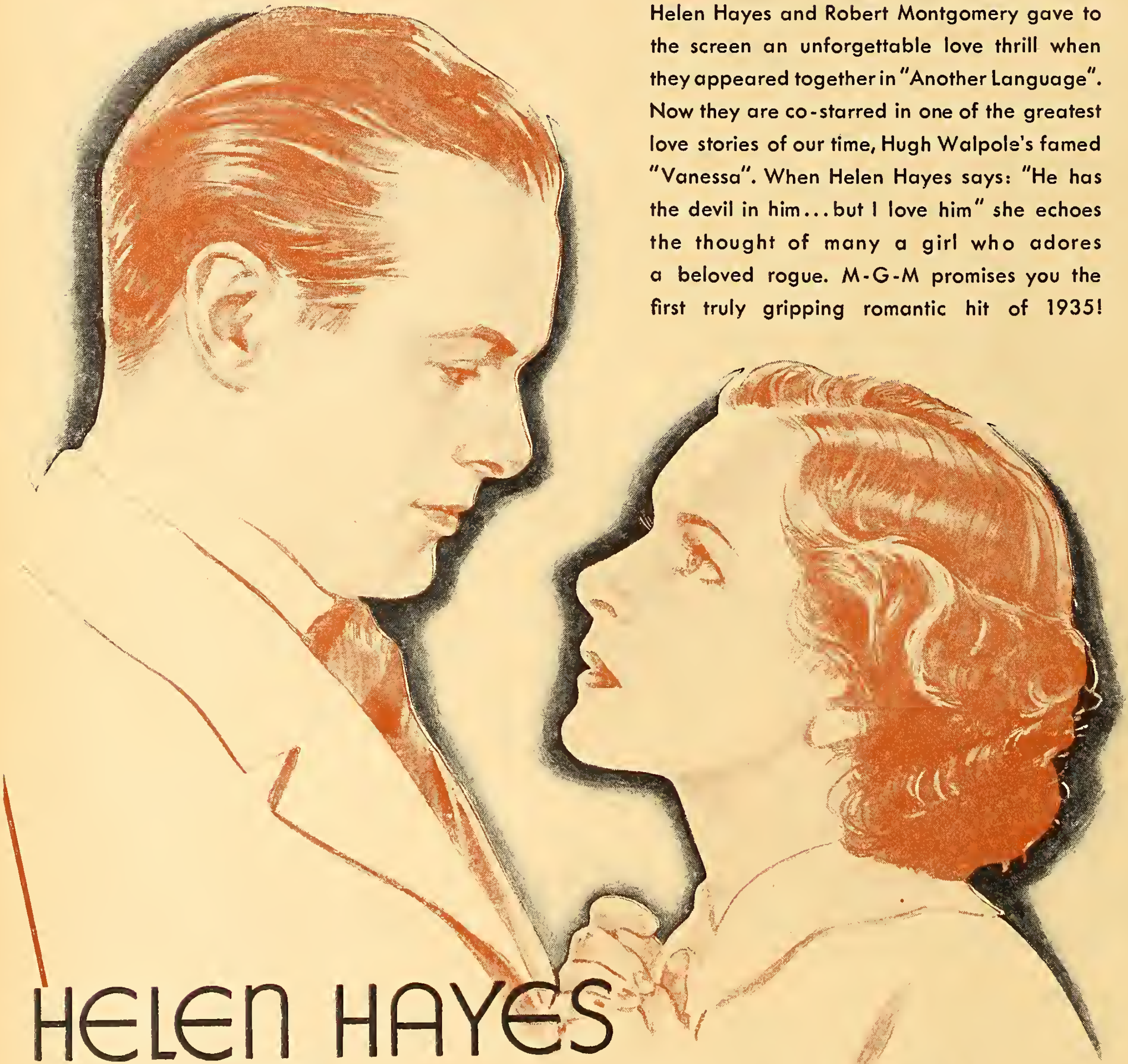
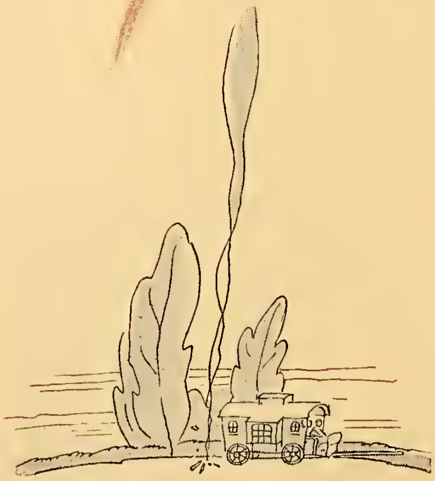
# "IF I KISS YOU NOW.... I COULD NEVER LET YOU GO!"

Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery gave to the screen an unforgettable love thrill when they appeared together in "Another Language". Now they are co-starred in one of the greatest love stories of our time, Hugh Walpole's famed "Vanessa". When Helen Hayes says: "He has the devil in him... but I love him" she echoes the thought of many a girl who adores a beloved rogue. M-G-M promises you the first truly gripping romantic hit of 1935!



**HELEN HAYES**
ROBERT
**MONTGOMERY**
*in* HUGH WALPOLE'S NOVEL
## *Vanessa*
HER LOVE STORY
*with*
LEWIS STONE · MAY ROBSON
OTTO KRUGER

A William Howard Production • Produced by David O. Selznick
Directed by William K. Howard



*A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture*

FEB -4 1935
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# MOVIE CLASSIC

MURPHY McHENRY
Editor
VOL. 8 No. 1

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor
MARCH, 1935

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK

Charles Laughton, in a scene from his newest picture, Ruggles of Red Gap. Laughton today is considered one of the world's greatest actors, but a few years ago he was just another Englishman who hoped to attain fame. How he did it is told in a story written by his close friend, Nina Wilcox Putnam. It is more than a story—it is a fine, accurate word picture of a truly great man. Watch for this story on Charles Laughton by Nina Wilcox Putnam in the April issue of MOVIE CLASSIC.

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

# Inside News of HOLLYWOOD

By Jack Grant

ACCORDING to Kay Francis, there should be a clause in the contract of every screen actor making it mandatory to spend at least one month of each year away from Hollywood. Everyone—and Kay makes no exceptions to her rule—should be compelled to get out of the shadow of the studios for their vacations.

"It is the only way," Kay says, "to regain your perspective upon things. We who live in Hollywood have only one subject of conversation—pictures. We live in a tinsel world, thinking, dreaming, eating pictures. There are few realities as important to us as the make-believe we enact.

"We meet friends we haven't seen for a long while. And what is the first question we ask? 'Are you working?'—followed by 'How do you like your story—your director—your leading man?' It's appalling the way this business we're in dominates us—getting into our blood.

"It wasn't until I got away from Hollywood for a vacation last June that I thoroughly realized my loss of perspective. I found that I knew practically nothing of the things which interest people in the great world outside the studios. Robbed of my one familiar topic of conversation, I found I had little to talk about. Fortunately I read a good deal, so I didn't appear entirely out of touch with the world.

"While I was in Europe, I met scores of distinguished people, statesmen, scientists, explorers, artists and authors—people who accomplished something with their lives. Hearing them discuss the destiny of nations made Hollywood's discussions of 'camera angles,' 'story values,' and contract difficulties seem as trivial as they actually are.

"Do you realize that I left Hollywood to be gone more than five months? And not once during that whole time was I called upon to talk pictures! After I sailed from the United States, I wasn't even asked for an autograph."

"Does that mean that you went through Europe unrecognized?" I asked.

"Not entirely," Kay replied. "Every so often, a shop girl would ask me if I wasn't Kay Francis. But, upon my admission that that was my name, the girls let the matter drop there.

"It has always seemed to me unfortunate that the capital of the motion picture industry is located in a semi-tropical country. In similar hot climates, the people take siestas in midafternoon and otherwise conduct themselves in manners in keeping with the climate. But not so in Hollywood, headquarters of the world's fourth largest industry. Here we rush about, working long hours just as we would in a more temperate climate. Which is another reason that vacations should be spent elsewhere.

"There are other reasons, one very important one. You learn to recognize your right to a private life again. You learn to know yourself as you really are—not as the columnists say you are.

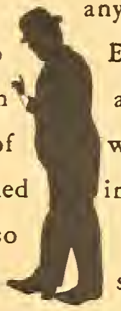
"Columnists don't bother very much with you after you leave Hol-

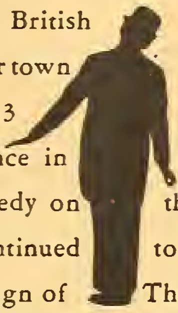
(*Continued on page* 8)

Mrs. Leslie Howard, her daughter, Leslie, ten years old, and her son, Ronald, arrive in the United States to be with their noted husband and dad, Leslie Howard (insert). Note the close resemblance between father and son

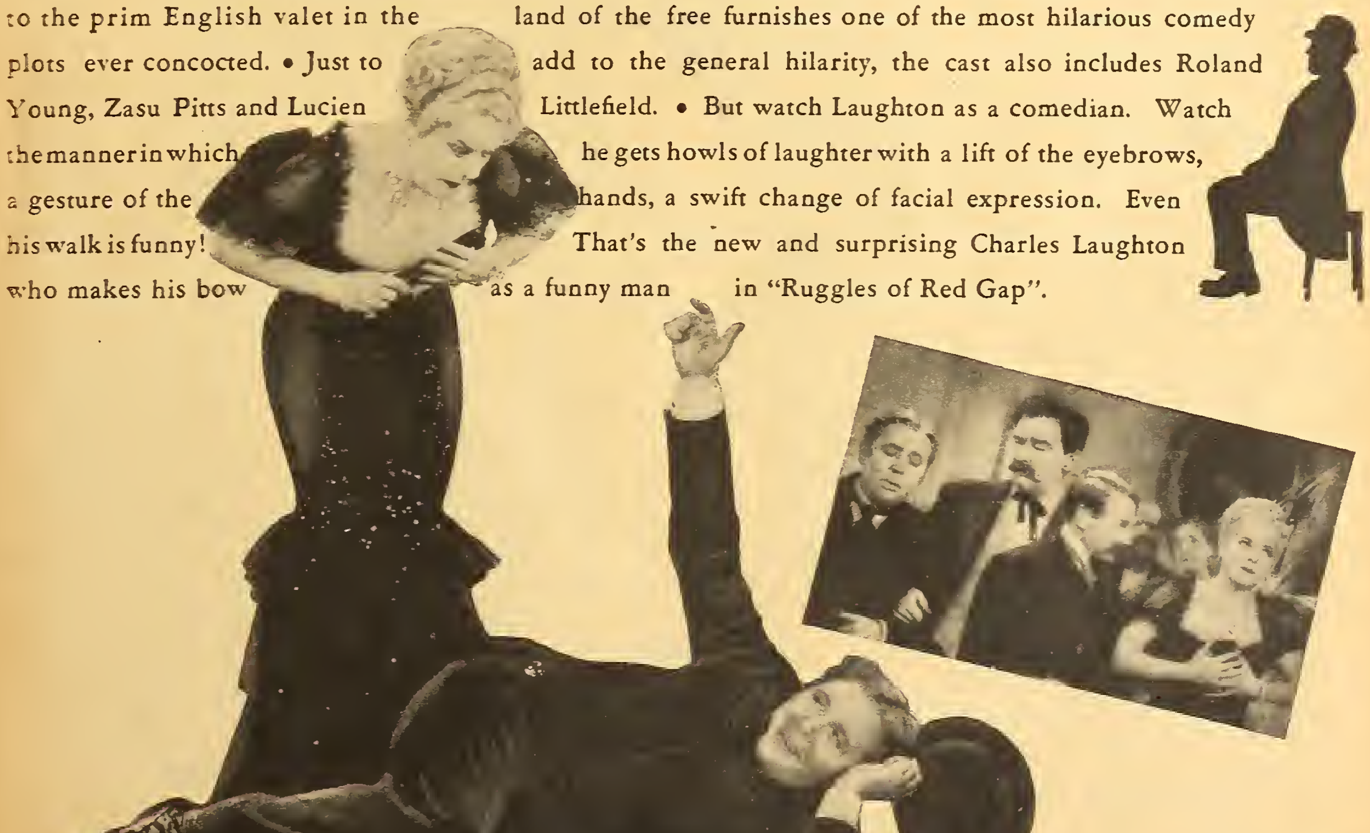
# The Object of Her Affections

## By JAMES A. DANIELS





She had dreamed about him all her life. • She wanted him more than anything else in the world and she travelled all the way from Red Gap, U.S.A. to Europe to get him! • And furthermore, she got her man, even if she had to win him in a poker game! And what woman wouldn't to get the perfect servant? • All of which explains how Ruggles, the perfect British valet, found himself pitch-forked into the rough-and-ready American frontier town of Red Gap. • All of which also explains how Charles Laughton, winner of the 1933 Academy Award for his serious screen characterizations, gets his first big comedy chance in the title role of Paramount's "Ruggles of Red Gap". Laughton has always wanted to play comedy on the screen. He had scored effectively in this type of role on the stage. But screen producers continued to cast him in such parts as the mad doctor in "The Island of Lost Souls", Emperor Nero in "The Sign of The Cross" and as that doughty ruler of Britain, "Henry VIII". • Then came "Ruggles of Red Gap"—and Laughton's comedy chance. And how he plays it! • As Ruggles, the perfect servant in the Harry Leon Wilson story, Laughton comes to America in the employment of the socially-minded Mary Boland of Red Gap. His particular mission is to "civilize" Cousin Egbert, as played by the inimitable Charlie Ruggles. Every woman has a Cousin Egbert lurking in the background. But what happens to the prim English valet in the land of the free furnishes one of the most hilarious comedy plots ever concocted. • Just to add to the general hilarity, the cast also includes Roland Young, Zasu Pitts and Lucien Littlefield. • But watch Laughton as a comedian. Watch the manner in which he gets howls of laughter with a lift of the eyebrows, a gesture of the hands, a swift change of facial expression. Even his walk is funny! That's the new and surprising Charles Laughton who makes his bow as a funny man in "Ruggles of Red Gap".



[*Advertisement*]

# INSIDE News of HOLLYWOOD

(*Continued from page* 6)

lywood, or if they do, you don't know it. What is written about you isn't important if you don't read it. Why, it wasn't until after I returned from Europe that I heard reports of my marriage to *seven* different men."

"Were any of the reports true?"

Kay smiled. "Not one," she said. "With the perspective my vacation gave me on Hollywood, I'm sure I'll never marry as long as I remain in pictures.

"Moreover, I'm not going to take a chance on losing that perspective. I'll have me another vacation away from Hollywood each and every year."

**THEY have a new nickname for W. C. Fields. The Paramount gang call him "Junior." Why, nobody knows.**

FEW directors have ever set for themselves a more difficult task than Josef von Sternberg in *Caprice Espagnole*. Not only is he directing the picture, he is the chief cameraman. Ordinarily the director has time to rest between scenes while the cameraman sets up and lights the following sequence. Not so von Sternberg in his dual assignment—self-chosen. He is busy every minute he is on the set.

Just before Christmas, von Sternberg made a very thoughtful gesture. He shifted his shooting schedule so that several hundred extras, who would not have worked on the picture until after the first of the year, had a full week's work before Christmas.

**WHEN Robert Riskin won first honors for writing the best picture of the year, he lost a thousand dollars. It all happened like this.**

**The Screen Writers' Guild held its first annual dinner dance at the Cafe Trocadero with the highlight of the evening the awards for the best-written picture of 1934. The writers themselves voted for the achievements of their fellows.**

**Riskin's "It Happened One Night" was on the ballot, but Bob was sure he didn't stand a chance to win. Carole Lombard, however, was equally certain he would. She bet him a thousand dollars. So when Bob won, he lost.**

**Second place in the balloting went to Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich for the adaptation of Dashiell Hammett's "The Thin Man;" third place to Nunnally Johnson and Maude Howell for "The House of Rothschild." The others, in order of their placement, were "One Night of Love," "Of Human Bondage," "The Gay Divorcée," "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "Viva Villa," "20th Century," "Crime Without Passion," and "No Greater Glory."**

CONSTANCE BENNETT changed her mind—as Connie has a habit of doing—and signed a long-term M-G-M contract after all. The news of the deal came just a few days following Connie's emphatic statement that she would never again put her signature on an agreement that bound her to any one studio.

Joan Crawford, finishing her seven-year contract with the same studio, has also signed a new one. In all that time, Joan has only been away from her home lot for one picture. This is something of a record in Hollywood, where loaning stars is an accepted custom.

**AND, by the way, don't be surprised if you hear that Joan Crawford will play "Joan of Arc." She has been talking to M-G-M about a costume picture and the French patriot is her favorite historical character.**

**Another bit of casting that may soon be announced is Marion Davies as "Glorious Betsy" at Warners. Leslie Howard is wanted as a co-star.**

DID you know that Clark Gable is making his first location trip since entering the movies? The film is *The Call of the Wild* and location is in the woods of Washington. Clark says he doesn't know whether the trip will be work or play, seeing as how that is ideal hunting country.

Evelyn Venable, who recently eloped to Yuma, Arizona, to become the bride of Hal Mohr, noted movie cameraman, insists that the good wife is also the good housekeeper and starts off married life by preparing hubby's meals

# THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Rudy's 1935 personality emerges in an uproarious bah-jove impersonation—

—and his impression of a lyrical Latin adds further proof of his versatility.

Heigh-Ho, Everybody! . . . Make Your Prettiest Bow to Warner Bros. for a Screen Accomplishment That Captures This Month's Ace Honors —Rudy's First Great All-Star Film Show!

## RUDY VALLEE

in

## "SWEET MUSIC"

America's Top Troubador, Surrounded by a Studio-Full of Talent (Including His One and Only Connecticut Yankees), Steals the Show From the Idols of Hollywood, with the Aid of Alfred E. Green's Smart Direction.

Yessir, Ann Dvorak is the girl picked from a million as Rudy's new heart-throb! Watch her dance—watch her make love—and you'll know why!

Just to sit and gaze at these beauties should be treat enough for anyone—but Warner Bros. add the marvel of dance spectacles created by Johnny Boyle and Bobby Connolly.

Helen Morgan is just one of "Sweet Music's" many star thrills. Others are Alice White, Allen Jenkins, Ned Sparks, Joe Cawthorn, Al Shean.

Frank and Milt Britton's musical maniacs tear the house down putting over Rudy's new hits—"Ev'ry Day", "Fare Thee Well, Annabelle", 4 others by 6 famous Warner composers.

# Letters To The Editor

MOVIE CLASSIC readers pen their opinions of stars and productions and prizes are offered for best letters

"Mae West . . . . . is not at all the character she portrays on the screen"

Movie Classic wants its readers to write their opinions of stars, productions and movie conditions in general so that all readers may benefit by them. Beginning with the April issue, Movie Classic will offer ten cash prizes: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; (4 to 10) $1 each. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The editors of Movie Classic will be the sole judges. Write your letters immediately and address them to Movie Classic's Letter Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Three prizes are offered in this issue in accordance with previously announced rules.

## DEFENDING MAE WEST

*(First Prize Letter)*

It is my opinion that any woman who doesn't like Mae West is not using her common sense and doesn't stop to realize that Miss West is not at all the character she portrays on the screen.

Most women envy her and it is very seldom that one runs across a man who doesn't approve of Miss West's brilliant sense of humor. And, too, many women would give their right arms to be Miss West. All members of my family have seen all of Miss West's pictures and intend to see every one she makes. If the censors would stop interfering, Miss West would be the most famous of all the actresses, because she gives the public what it wants.—*Mrs. Beulah Leake, Apt. 14, 404 Albee Square, Brooklyn, N.Y.*

## A PICTURE GENIUS

*(Second Prize Letter)*

At last a genuine idealist has raised his clarion voice above the Bacchanalian ballyhoo. Walter Wanger's *The President Vanishes* is an inspired masterpiece and its message and warning to humanity in behalf of world peace and brotherhood of man, as well as its trenchant illumination of the vicious forces behind war and hatred, must really be regarded as a crowning triumph for both Wanger and Paramount.

Of course, the plot of this cinema of the new era has been cribbed from the front page of tomorrow's newspaper, but who cares? And, anyway, in the final analysis, what could be more vitally interesting and currently fascinating than history in the making?

Arthur Byron, as the humane Chief Executive, is splendid, and so are Janet Beecher, as the First Lady, and Edward Arnold, as the Secretary of War. All minor rôles are capably handled, and particularly those portrayed by Paul Kelly, Osgood Perkins and Charles Grapewin—and, oh yes, a smooth young lady by the name of Rosalind Russell, whose performance in but a brief interval in this picture has precipitated a brilliant cinema future for her, or I am a poor prophet indeed.

It may be that *The President Vanishes* is a bit melodramatic, but its sincerity is so intense that I can't for the life of me conceive of anyone unwilling to admit that Wanger has produced a strikingly superior motion picture.—*Frank H. Kennedy, 1946 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.*

## INDIVIDUAL CENSORSHIP

*(Third Prize Letter)*

Criticism of motion pictures is unnecessary. With the many types of productions, there is entertainment for every taste.

As for the effect of movies on children—it is needless to send them to see mature films. There are pictures suitable for all ages.

Neither is it necessary to criticize actors or actresses. For those desiring humor, there are W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, Lee Tracy, Edna May Oliver and many others, all humorists, yet each different so that even the various types of a sense of humor may be pleased. The same is true of all other branches—romance, adventure, music, dancing and travel.

An inexpensive way of selecting the productions which certainly will be of the quality desired is to read Movie Classic. With this as a guide, there is no reason why anyone ever should have to complain of his screen fare.—*Margaret Ann McGuire, 301 Joost Avenue, San Francisco, Calif.*

*We have consulted the stars . . .*
*Your figure may be your fortune*

Gloria Stuart

Esther Ralston

Adrienne Ames

Sally Blane

Binnie Barnes

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The Hickory Fashion Council

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# MOVIE CLASSIC

MURPHY McHENRY
*Editor*

LAURENCE REID
*Managing Editor*

## The Editor's Page

THE motion picture industry, as a whole, has made a conscientious and determined effort to cooperate with the Legion of Decency in its campaign to set a standard of moral cleanliness for pictures. However, the industry is now confronted with a situation which must be straightened out without delay if the entire industry is not to suffer serious financial consequences, with a resultant deterioration of entertainment value.

If the Legion of Decency would tell the producers of Hollywood exactly what it considers objectionable entertainment and would say that any pictures produced within certain set moral limitations would be given a universal stamp of approval, Hollywood could proceed with its business and turn out good and entertaining pictures without fear of financial loss. However, under the present set-up, a picture which is given the industry's seal of approval and which meets with favor from Legion of Decency observers in one section of the country, might face condemnation in another district. The consequence is that producers hardly know how to proceed.

Picture producers are in business to make money. If they face financial losses, they will not make pictures which involve a risk. If pictures are not entertaining, audiences will not waste time on them. The movies have been a mighty factor in public entertainment and the youth of the nation, if driven to other pastimes, would find haven in environments far less desirable.

Hollywood has been reasonable and will continue to be reasonable because it realizes the Legion of Decency is not motivated by selfish reasons. But the Legion of Decency must realize that the same picture cannot be good in Denver and bad in Detroit and should take steps to protect producers from financial loss through varying opinions by telling Hollywood exactly what it considers objectionable and unobjectionable.

* * *

*Picture stories are being elevated after all. M-G-M is building an 8-story structure (and that's a skyscraper in Los Angeles, where the law limits the height of buildings to about 12 floors) and it will be for exclusive use of film story writers. Highbrow stories, no doubt, will originate on the eighth floor.*

* * *

KNIGHTHOOD for George Arliss would be a splendid recognition of the efforts of a man who determined, early in his career, to keep his mind attuned to his art, as well as to his pocketbook.

Ever since he first appeared before an old-fashioned silent camera, George Arliss has been recognized as a very fine dramatic actor. Where other actors depended upon their Adonis-like qualities, Arliss had only his histrionic talents to carry him through. That he has reached the pinnacle of success is not alone a tribute to his genius, but to the moral character and likes of film audiences generally. We hear much of sex in films, much of the languorous and glamorous beauties, much of sophisticated males, but you'll always find a big smile on the face of a theatre owner when he manages to book a picture featuring George Arliss, Will Rogers, Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery or any other truly great actor. Why? Because the people who buy tickets enjoy their kind of films.

George Arliss is a symbol of what the acting profession really is. His name stands for good, clean pictures that reflect glory on the producers who make them and upon the millions of fans who pay to see them.

* * *

*Here's a pat on the back for Buck Jones, a regular fellow if ever there was one. Buck was slated to begin work on his latest horse opera, "Riders of the Crimson Trail," late in January. Then he heard that a lot of his regular small-pay players were in need of money for Christmas, so he ordered work started right away and the pay checks started flowing. Buck was working while a lot of other stars were making merry, but he had the genuine satisfaction of knowing that he had been a benefactor to many needy families.*

* * *

WE READ much in the newspapers of Hollywood divorces. The reason, of course, is that names in Hollywood make news and headlines and sell more papers.

But the truth is that Hollywood is singularly outstanding in its low percentage of divorces. This is revealed in a compilation of divorces secured by picture couples during 1934. The figures show that out of 20,000 men and women engaged by Hollywood's studios, there were 60 divorces granted to people within the industry.

Reduce that to a percentage basis and you will readily discover that the divorce rate in Hollywood is surprisingly low. And another thing—look back over the past year and try to find one Hollywood divorce suit in which there was a scandalous tone. You'll not be able to remember one, most divorces having resulted from incompatibility.

Murphy McHenry

# THE RECORD

## MARRIAGES

Claudia Dell and Eddie Silton trip up aisle to altar.

Molly O'Day and Jack Durant, of the acting team of Mitchell and Durante, announce that they were married in Tia Juana several months ago.

## DIVORCES

Lupe Velez again files divorce action against Johnny Weissmuller. Reference made to happenings on New Year's Day which resulted in incompatibility.

Elizabeth Allan announces separation from her husband, William O'Bryen, London theatrical manager.

Charles Ray, one time big league star now attempting a comeback, named defendant in divorce action.

## THE STORK'S DEPT.

Mrs. Richard Dix blessed eventing.

Clara Bow's baby son named Rex Larbow Bell.

## HERE AND THERE

Mae Clark has sufficiently recovered from her lengthy illness to be able to return to production work.

Gloria Stuart doesn't think Santa is such a swell guy. He brought her a traffic tag on Christmas Day.

Dick Powell is all smiles. He's got a new seven year contract with Warner Brothers at a nice salary boost.

Dr. Francis Griffin of New York goes to Hollywood for annual Christmas visit with his wife, Irene Dunne.

Paramount renews contract for Kitty Carlisle.

Eric Von Stroheim, once top notch actor and director with a staggering income, hailed into court for failure to provide for 18 year old son. Tells judge he earned less than $4,000 during 1934 and is having tough time making ends meet.

Bette Davis gets Warner Brothers contract for long term, ending threat of new studio connection.

Libby Taylor, well known as Mae West's colored maid, has given up her job with the curvacious one to take up an acting career. She was hustled into the cast of Paramount's *Mississippi.*

Phillips Holmes loses $7,500 judgment to colored boy injured in auto accident in 1931.

Betty Compson returns from Orient to announce she will return to Shanghai to produce and direct pictures for a big concern there. Pictures will be in Chinese language.

Bruce Cabot returns from England a few weeks ahead of his wife, Adrienne Ames.

Mary Nolan, once at the top of the film ladder, discovered working in a small New York beer garden. Says she's hoping for a film comeback.

## DECEASED

Lowell Sherman, actor, writer and director, dies in Hollywood from pneumonia.

"SUB SOIL" GROWS GOOD BLACKHEADS

ONLY A PENETRATING FACE CREAM WILL REACH THAT UNDER-SURFACE DIRT!

By Lady Esther

Those pesky Blackheads and Whiteheads that keep popping out in your skin—they have their roots in a bed of under-surface dirt.

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It takes a penetrating face cream to reach that hidden "second layer" of dirt; a face cream that gets right down into the pores and cleans them out from the bottom.

Lady Esther Face Cream is definitely a *penetrating* face cream. It is a reaching and searching face cream. It does not just lie on the surface. It works its way into the pores immediately. It penetrates to the very bottom of the pores, dissolves the imbedded waxy dirt and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

No other face cream has quite the action of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. No other face cream is quite so searching, so penetrating.

**It Does 4 Things for the Benefit of Your Skin**

First, it cleanses the pores to the very bottom.

Second, it lubricates the skin. Resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible.

Third, because it cleanses the pores thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small.

Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

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I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for *your* skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge.

Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you. But let Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream speak for itself. Mail a postcard or the coupon below for the 7-day trial supply.

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(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*) (10) **FREE**

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Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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Dick Powell, Gloria Stuart, and Adolphe Menjou combine their extraordinary talents in

**GOLDDIGGERS OF 1935**

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Romantic Movie

# Questions By the Man

DO YOU have questions concerning your favorite movie stars which you want answered? If you do, just ask THE MAN WHO KNOWS. If you desire an immediate reply, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope and he will reply to you by return mail. Or you can send in your questions and they will be answered in an early issue of MOVIE CLASSIC. Mail your questions now to THE MAN WHO KNOWS, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

Q. Is Ben Bernie a good golfer? R. S. A.

**A. The old maestro's record on the golf course is a loss of 319 balls. Perhaps this is due to his new mustache.**

Q. How do they manage to make so many oldtimers look so young in rôles they are now playing on the screen? A. L. M.

**A. There are several methods. One is through adroit and skillful use of make-up. Another is the use of a gauze screen across the camera's lens.**

Q. What is the height, weight and color of hair and eyes of Anna Sten? Martha C.

**A. Anna Sten's physical dimensions and colorings are as follows: Height, five feet, five and a half inches; weight, one hundred and twenty pounds; hair, blonde; eyes, blue.**

Q. Is Estelle Taylor married and, if so, what is the name of her husband? M. L.

**A. Estelle Taylor has not remarried since her divorce from Jack Dempsey.**

Q. What has become of Wallace Reid's widow? Sam L.

**A. Wallace Reid's widow, Dorothy Davenport is now directing pictures in Hollywood and is enjoying a quite successful career. Her latest offering is *Women Must Dress.***

Q. Does Lanny Ross have a girl friend and if so, is she a film actress? T. M. A.

**A. Lanny, for a long time, managed to dodge Hollywood's admiring females, but recently he has been seen in frequent company of Isabella Irwin, Los Angeles heiress who was recently divorced. She is not in films.**

Q. Will we see Elizabeth Bergner in another picture soon? B. A.

**A. Yes, B. A., you will soon see Elizabeth Bergner in another picture. She is playing the lead in *Escape Me Never,* now being filmed across the pond. She plans to return to America to play the lead in a Broadway show.**

Q. What has become of Elsie Ferguson, Marie Doro and Hazel Dawn? J. R.

**A. Elsie Ferguson lives in Hollywood. Marie Doro lives abroad. Hazel Dawn is in New York.**

Q. What is Warner Baxter's hobby? T. A.

**A. Warner has a number of hobbies, but the principal one seems to be the collection of rare pieces of colored glass.**

Q. Did Robert Armstrong attend college and if so, where? R. L.

**A. Robert Armstrong attended the University of Washington.**

Q. How long has George Arliss been in the United States? O. S.

**A. George Arliss came to the United States on his first visit 28 years ago. He first played on the legitimate stage and then entered motion pictures. Although his stage and picture work have kept him busily engaged on this side of the Atlantic, he has made it a rule to spend holidays in England each year.**

# and Answers

## Who Knows

Q. What has become of Constance Talmadge? T. J.

A. Connie Talmadge is happily married to Townsend Netcher of Chicago. She spends much of her time, particularly in winter, visiting with friends in Hollywood.

---

Q. Was John Boles ever in opera? R. S.

A. No. However, he played in Broadway musical comedy for several years.

---

Q. How many children has Leslie Howard and what are their names? J. L.

A. Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howard have two children, Ronald and Leslie, the latter a girl. (Picture of the Howard family will be found on page six.)

---

Q. What has become of Emil Jannings? A. M.

A. Emil Jannings is now in Germany making pictures.

---

Q. Do all stars get the huge weekly salaries provided for in their contracts? D.R.

A. Many stars are paid their salaries only when working, so that their annual incomes are not as fabulous as many suppose.

---

Q. Where does Ketti Gallian come from and was *Marie Galante* her first appearance before the camera? Sarah.

A. Ketti Gallian came to the United States after a big success on the London stage. Her appearance in Marie Galante for Fox was her American screen debut.

---

Q. What is Bing Crosby's right name? M. L.

A. "Bing" has been his nickname since boyhood. His full name is Harry Lillis Crosby.

---

Q. Is Lilian Harvey a German actress? B. T.

A. No, Lilian Harvey is English. She was born at Hornsey, a borough of London.

---

Q. Is it true that Gary Cooper owns a dude ranch? Larry.

A. Yes, Gary owns a very fine dude ranch near Helena, Montana.

---

Q. What is the name of Robert Montgomery's wife? Was she ever in pictures? A. B. C.

A. Robert Montgomery's wife, before her marriage, was Elizabeth Allen. Her friends call her Betty. She has never appeared in pictures, but is rated as one of Hollywood's most popular young matrons.

---

Q. What did Richard Arlen do before he entered pictures? J. M.

A. Dick was an athletic instructor at the St. Paul Athletic club, St. Paul, Minn.

---

Q. Is Ann Harding the correct name of the star, or just a screen name? E. D.

A. Her real name is Dorothy Gatleymand. She adopted the name of Ann Harding when she went on the stage prior to entering the movies.

---

Q. How tall is Jean Harlow? How much does she weigh? T. C.

A. Jean is five feet, two and a half inches in height and weighs 112 pounds.

---

Q. Who was the man who played the part of Peter in *The Scarlet Empress?* M.

A. Sam Jaffe.

---

Q. Who taught Ruby Keeler to dance? K. G.

A. Jack Blue of New York City.

---

Q. What is the correct name of Gary Cooper's wife? R.J.B.

A. Her real name is Veronica Balfe. She was an eastern society girl and when she acquired theatrical ambitions she changed her name to Sandra Shaw.

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# SHOOTING *at* Hollywood

George Brent has learned how those weird stories about the stars start—which is one reason why he will not talk about his friendship with Greta Garbo

### By JACK GRANT

"HOLLYWOOD reminds me of a huge shooting gallery," George Brent said. "You know, the kind I mean. You see them at Coney Island or any other beach resort.

"Instead of clay pigeons and pipes, the objects at which people aim in the Hollywood shooting gallery are living targets, members of the film fraternity. The more prominent they are in the profession, the easier they are to hit. So the gossiping marksmen—being not very good sports anyway—choose the largest targets. They score more bull's-eyes that way.

"Yet you don't have to be a big shot to be shot at in Hollywood. Look at me. I'm constantly dodging barbs from some unseen gossiper. There are two things I'd like to know; first, why they deem me sufficiently important to talk about—secondly, why they don't come out in the open and fight like men?"

And that, if you know George Brent, is an exceptionally long speech for him to make. He isn't given to talking very much, particularly upon subjects in which he is concerned.

I had gone to George to ask him what these rumors that connect his name with Greta Garbo's were all about. Since playing together in *The Painted Veil,* their names have been constantly linked as a new Hollywood romance.

"Why have you neither affirmed nor denied these reports?" I asked George.

"What good would it do?" was his return question. "People wouldn't believe me regardless of anything I said. They believe just what they want to anyhow."

"But haven't you anything to say about Garbo?" I persisted, recalling that Brent is the only man ever to play with the elusive lady who hasn't immediately burst into print with interviews about her.

"Now you know me better than that," George said. "You know I never discuss women."

"I do know that, George. And I know, too, the battle you have had to keep from discussing them, a battle that has led some interviewers to attack you on the grounds you were not being cooperative in their efforts to get a story. I remember what you once told me—'A man who talks about women cheapens not only the woman, but himself'."

When George Brent first came to Hollywood, it was known that he had been married and divorced. He never talked about it. He maintained his silence concerning his second marriage to Ruth Chatterton, other than to speak in generalities. He is still true to his code in refusing to speak of Garbo, even to the end of quashing the reports of their romance. And I, for one, respect him for it.

"We in Hollywood might as well accustom ourselves to being in a shooting gallery," said George, returning to his simile. "Gossip—sometimes malicious, sometimes simply silly—is an integral part of the Hollywood scene. Dating its ancestry from the back fences of small towns, gossiping has become a fine art *(Continued on page 60)*

They're together again!
EXTRA
They're together again!
They're together again!
They're together again!
They're together again
They're together again!

**Janet GAYNOR**

**Warner BAXTER**

in

# One More Spring

*with this splendid cast*

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**Grant Mitchell • Rosemary Ames • John Qualen • Nick Foran**

**and STEPIN FETCHIT**

FOX

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN • Directed by HENRY KING

From the Novel by Robert Nathan • Screen play and dialogue by Edwin Burke

They're together — again!

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## SEE HOW QUICKLY LISTERINE RELIEVES IT

Don't put up with the pain of ordinary sore throat. It is so unnecessary. At the first symptom of trouble, gargle with Listerine just as it comes from the bottle. You'll be delighted by the result.

Often one gargle is enough to relieve that tight, raw, burning feeling. If relief is not immediate, repeat the gargle at 2 hour intervals. Usually two or three applications of Listerine are sufficient.

Listerine gets results because it is first of all a powerful, though safe, antiseptic which attacks millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces. Tests have shown that when used as a gargle, Listerine reaches far beyond the soft palate into the posterior pharynx where sore throat frequently starts.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office and use it full strength at the first symptom of a cold or sore throat. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

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# To My Valentine

## Joan Crawford

Of course, Hollywood takes it for granted that Joan is Franchot Tone's Valentine, but the fans of America will not relinquish her without protest. However, Franchot is a nice lad and we know he'll understand when we send a Valentine message of affection to Joan and sign it "All Your Fans"

# Mary Ellis

This year's Valentine note to Mary Ellis, dramatic and operatic star, is addressed to Hollywood, for she has signed a Paramount contract and will be seen with Carl Brisson in "Be Careful, Young Lady"

—*Eugene Robert Richee*

## Mona Barrie

Well, who wouldn't want this delightful Fox star for his Valentine? She has been in heavy demand for recent pictures and at the present moment is busy appearing before the camera for scenes in "Mystery Woman"

*—Otto Dyar*

## Alice Faye

Is she Rudy Vallée's Valentine? She doesn't say "yes", but she doesn't say "no", and Rudy has been quiet on the subject. However, there are plenty of fans who, regardless of Rudy, will call her "My Valentine"

*—Otto Dyar*

**Mary Carlisle**

Such eyes! Such lips! Such lovely hair! And, with it all, the grand personality which makes this charming and refreshingly lovely young M-G-M star another of America's Sweethearts. No wonder every individual fan regards her as "My Valentine"

The stream-line train is used in this setting. Ann Dvorak and Rudy Vallée waving good-bye

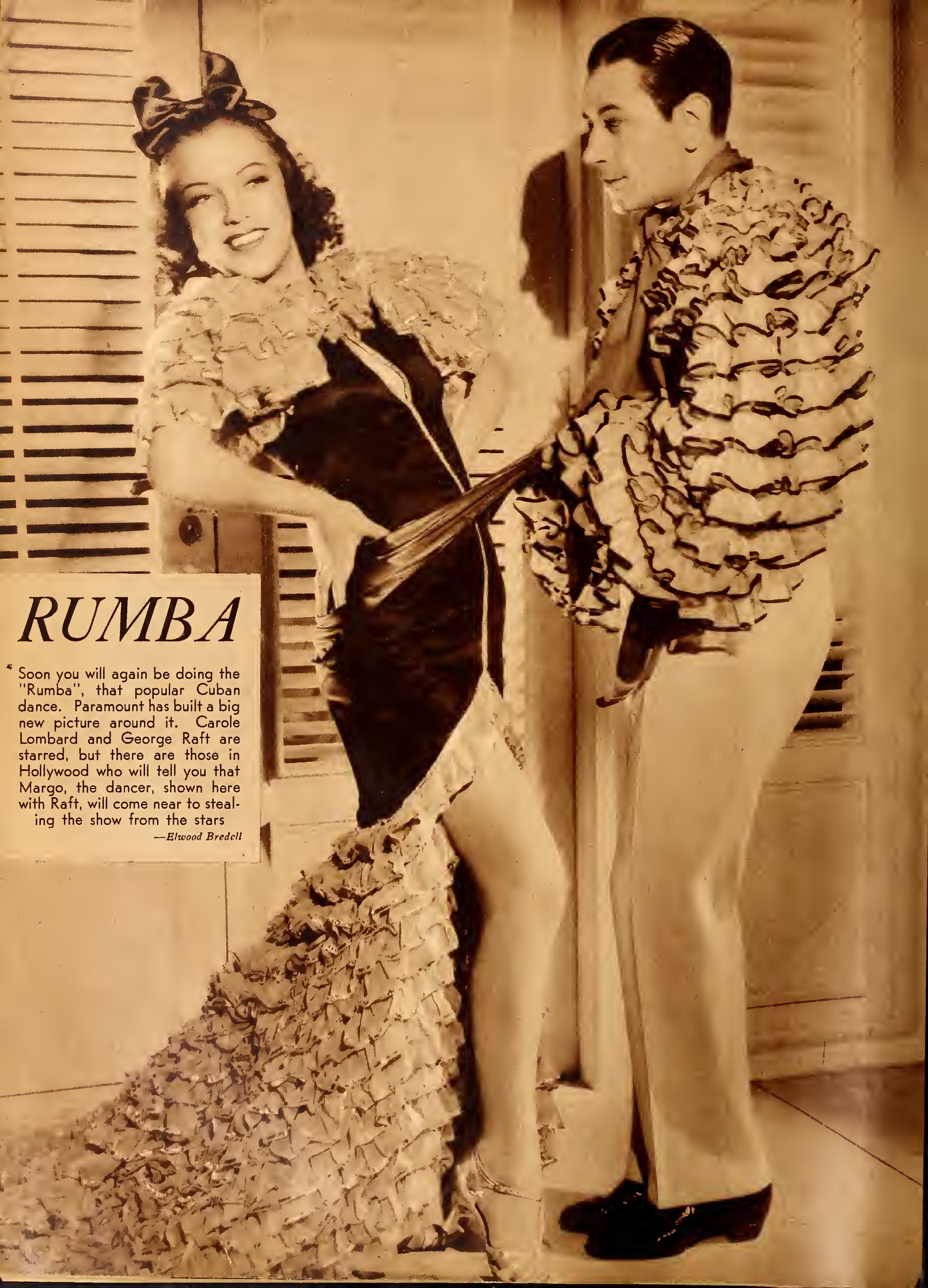
# SWEET MUSIC

Preview peeks at the new super musical to be offered soon by Warner Brothers, featuring Rudy Vallée, Ann Dvorak, Alice White, Helen Morgan, Ned Sparks and Alan Jenkins

There's plenty of back stage stuff, as you can judge from this scene featuring Ann and Rudy

Ann Dvorak and Rudy make the hearts flutter throughout *Sweet Music*

A happy little party, as you will note from the missing smiles! Alan Jenkins, Ann Dvorak, Ned Sparks and Alice White



# RUMBA

Soon you will again be doing the "Rumba", that popular Cuban dance. Paramount has built a big new picture around it. Carole Lombard and George Raft are starred, but there are those in Hollywood who will tell you that Margo, the dancer, shown here with Raft, will come near to stealing the show from the stars

—*Elwood Bredell*

# *Hepburn!*

There's vitality and glamour in the very name of this talented young woman, who accomplishes the dual goal of keeping Hollywood astonished and filling columns of type with news of what she does—or doesn't do! Her current performance in RKO-Radio's production of "The Little Minister" is pronounced one of the year's greatest film offerings

—*Ernest A. Bachrach*

# *The* SOVIET CINDERELLA

A fellow studio worker reveals for the first time the real story of Anna Sten, the strange girl from Russia who has captivated American audiences

### By PHIL GERSDORF

—*Maurice Goldberg*

**Anna Sten possesses a beauty that reveals itself in character**

WHAT sort of a person is this Anna Sten? Is she really as beautiful as she appears in her pictures? Is she as temperamental as they say? Is she as glamourous in real life as she appears on the screen?

These are a few of the questions I am asked invariably when people I meet discover that I know her.

As yet, no one has succeeded in truthfully revealing the real personality of this fair-haired daughter of the Soviets. Nor has anyone told the real story that lies behind her American screen début.

Perhaps no one ever shall.

She is a constant mystery even to those who work with her day after day on the set. Frequently, she amazes even the few close friends that she has made since she settled down in her modern house of glass on the Santa Monica hillside overlooking the blue Pacific. Even Samuel Goldwyn, whose vision resulted in her coming to Hollywood, admits his inability to really understand her.

After seeing her almost every day for more than a year . . . on the set acting before the cameras; in her dressing room bungalow making up for her tests and for her rôles on the screen; in her home when she was relaxed and without a thought of the studio; on the train en route from San Francisco, where she had spent two days without a moment of her own due to insistent demands for her presence at affairs in her honor . . . I am convinced that Anna Sten is the most interesting motion picture personality I have known in my eleven years in Hollywood.

Beautiful? Yes, if you prefer a beauty that reveals itself in character, in a glance from cool, gray eyes, to carefully plucked eyebrows, artfully applied make-up and carefully calculated allure.

Temperamental? Yes, if having a mind of her own and a determination to do what she is convinced is best for her to do may be termed temperament.

But glamourous? By all means no.

She is far too real, far too warmly human to be termed that. Glamour is based upon artificiality and if there is one characteristic in Anna Sten's make-up that stands out above all others, it is her lack of pretense and affectation. No greater proof of her ability as an actress could be offered than the fact that she made *Nana* such a glamourous, theatrical figure when she has so little in common with a woman of that type in real life.

Her *Katusha* in *We Live Again* was much more to her liking. It was a part that she understood, that she could *live* on the screen. *Katusha* was "down to earth," the critics said. Anna Sten's husband, Dr. Eugene Frenke, the director, described it better, perhaps, when he said, "It was just the right kind of part for Anna. Anna should play characters on the screen which are 'in the mud'."

"A broth of a girl," the Irish would say of Anna Sten. Her hands are large and capable. Her features—the full lips, the large, calm eyes, the ample nose, the rounded cheeks devoid of make-up and haloed by bright hair much darker than her hair on the screen, but to which peroxide is a total stranger—all combine to give a feeling of simple, normal strength, which, in my estimation, is the secret of her beauty.

The features come from her mother's side—and her screen name as well. Mother Sten was Swedish and when Anna embarked upon a theatrical career, she took her mother's name. Despite reports to the contrary, her

[*Continued on page* 78]

# *Rudy Vallée*
# Big Business MAN

He may be the heart rave of millions of female fans, but Hollywood knows him as a very determined and calculating man of many financial affairs

By **RICHARD ENGLISH**

WHO made crooning a million dollar business? Meet Rudy Vallée! The first radio star to enter pictures? Meet Rudy Vallée! Whose judgment is most highly respected by executives? Rudy Vallée!

And Hollywood's best business man? Right again! Rudy Vallée!

Any and all cinema titles from "the screen's best dressed man" to "the most perfect profile of them all" are fought for and cherished. But the most coveted title of all has gone by default to the young man who made the world microphone-conscious! Where do I get that default business? Hollywood's better business men, such as Fredric March, Leslie Howard and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., have simply realized there's no use competing with the boy who put Westbrook, Maine, on the map in capital letters.

For five years Rudy has remained on top of the most variable profession in the world—the radio. In his spare time, he has commanded a king's ransom as a theatre headliner. His records have been best sellers for six years. And now Vallée has completed *Sweet Music* and Warner Brothers executives have predicted to me that the first radio idol of them all is going to have a REAL screen career . . . that he will become a star among stars.

It takes more than a voice, more than a personality to achieve the pinnacle in four professions simultaneously. It takes a keen business mind—and what it takes, he's got!

Back of the Rudy Vallée of sagacious legend, back of the Vallée reputed to *(Continued on page 62)*

Rudy Vallee holds most of the titles, from that of "the screen's best dressed man" right down the line

*—Bert Longworth*

# MIRIAM *Unusual*

Miriam found that she couldn't mix marriage and a movie career, but Hollywood couldn't keep her from accepting the courting of her ex-husband

Miriam Hopkins . . . divorced her husband and adopted a son

HOLLYWOOD'S most charming friendship shouldn't be a friendship at all. That is—it wouldn't be if this were copy-book stuff and not real life. I doubt that Austin Parker, the novelist, would dare to put into a fictionized plot such a situation as he and his ex-wife, Miriam Hopkins, enjoy. People would say the fiction was unbelievable!

They are constantly together, these two—their philosophy of life is one that comes to people wise with experiences that come swiftly, bringing the adventure of fame and fortune early in their careers. The novelist Mr. Parker is invariably consulted by the actress Miss Hopkins on matters both professional and personal. She postponed a radio appearance until he could write her script. They chaperon each other's passing fancies, in a manner too wise in the ways of tolerance and sympathy to be accused directly of primitive emotions. They adore with mutual fervor the infant boy Miriam adopted shortly after their divorce.

For three years, in fact, they have been patently growing fonder of each other since their divorce.

Aware of this unusual situation, and intrigued by how it all might turn out, I determined to get the real story from Austin Parker.

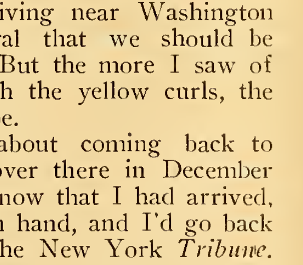
We were sitting in his tree-shaded, secluded home in Beverly Hills. The two great Danes lay on the patio flagstones, now and then rolling their great brown eyes at us from between outstretched paws. Austin Parker had just returned from his studio work of adapting a new play.

In this setting of quiet comfort, of relaxation after a day's hard work, he gave me the story of their life together, a story that no one has ever before heard. It began, as all stories should, with chapter one.

"I hadn't planned to stay long in America, on that first visit home after four years of pleasant exile in Paris," he began. "In fact, I had intended taking the first boat back, quite sure that Paris and my comfortable home in Barbizon held enchantments New York couldn't offer. That's what I thought—but that was before I met Miriam Hopkins.

"An ingenuous little blonde kid, full of enthusiasm, as nervously excitable then as she is now, she invited me to the opening of her new play, *Excess Baggage*. It happened that we were both living near Washington Square, and it was only natural that we should be friendly in a neighborly way. But the more I saw of this dynamic and vital girl with the yellow curls, the less important Paris seemed to be.

"She chuckled at my yarn about coming back to America. When I first went over there in December of 1914, I thought the French, now that I had arrived, would soon have the war well in hand, and I'd go back to being a newspaper man on the New York *Tribune*. Then, aeons and aeons afterwards when the war really was *fini*, I still didn't get around to going home because the Sultan of Morocco offered a few of us fliers from the Lafayette Escadrille a job dropping bombs on the Riffs. This particular morning, however, was fateful. My man had brought in a cablegram from America. I knew it was an answer from the *Saturday Evening Post* on a serial story I'd sent them. I made up my mind as I lay in bed; if the answer was yes, I'd come home. If no, I'd stay in Paris. So I opened it up. Then I grabbed a phone. 'Get me passage on the first boat,' I told a friend at the travel bureau.



"'Aw, Parker, roll over and go back to sleep,' objected the fellow. 'Think of the effort you'll save me when you call up this afternoon and cancel the ticket.' He knew me, that fellow did. But this time I went through with it—and later found Miriam Hopkins.

# HOPKINS' *Love Affair*

By
JACK
SMALLEY

"WE DID'NT quite know what to do about marriage. The very idea of it frightened us both. We had become such terribly good friends—would matrimony spoil that? We hedged and procrastinated, but finally we did it, with our fingers crossed. We vowed solemnly to be friends even though married, and to be always friends if it didn't work. But I'll come back to that later.

"The run of her show was ended; we packed up and headed for Europe. That trip did extraordinary things for Miriam. You know she was very young when she went into the theatre. Her family, fine old Southern aristocrats, had most certainly not reared their daughter to be an actress. Nor yet to marry a blankety-blank Yank.

"She had worked hard; nose right to the grindstone all the time. Dancing. Studying the stage. Ambitious, energetic, strenuous. The theatre was everything to her; she wouldn't admit there was a world beyond the footlights.

"But Miriam found one—a very exciting world indeed—in Paris and on the Riviera. It gave her new views, new experiences, broadened her active brain. I took her to Cape d'Antibes, that favorite loafing place of all the international loafers.

"'But what do these people do?' Miriam asked me, really perplexed.

"'Nothing, darling.'

"'I know, but when they go home—what is their work?'

"'More of the same—nothing,' I told her.

"Miriam was honestly shocked. It distressed her for bright people to have no interests, no pursuits but the cultivation of luxurious indolence. It was abhorrent to her. 'This is no place for my Parker,' she said finally.

"But I had excellent reasons for lingering on. I was broke. When you haven't a dollar and fifteen cents left, you don't travel.

"One night I was making up my mind to nick my agent for an advance, when some friends caught us up and took us to the casino. Miriam decided to lay the few dollars she had on the lap of lady luck. So she was introduced to that fascinating mechanical pickpocket *chemin de fer*.

"And beginner's luck was with her! I watched as long as I could, and finally I couldn't bear it any longer. Surely she'd lose everything on the next play—or the next. I went into the lounge for a cigarette. A half hour later Miriam came in, excited and happy, with thousand franc notes oozing from both fists.

(*Continued on page* 70)

Miriam Hopkins and her ex-husband, Austin Parker, are now the best of friends. But when the pace of movie making slackens, will they remarry? Only time can tell

# EMBARRASSED BY FAME

Fred Astaire blushes when you ask him about his friendship with the Prince of Wales and can't stand to have folks looking at him because he is a star

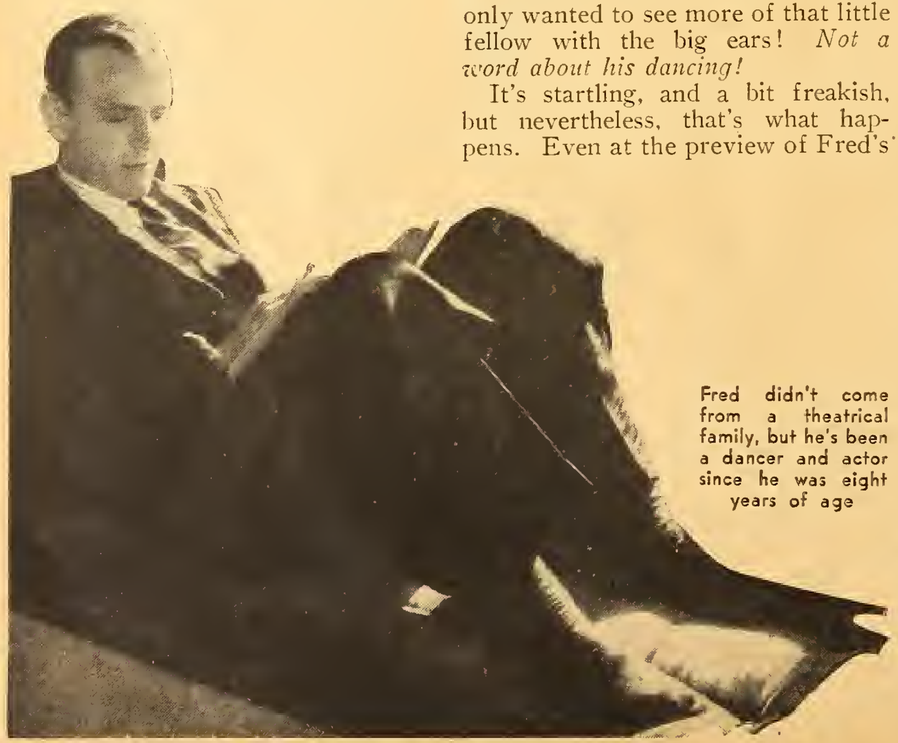
By KATHERINE HARTLEY

MOST of the folks in Hollywood who know Fred Astaire, or know of him, are under the impression that Fred Astaire *danced* his way into fame in the movies. Even the newspaper critics have hailed him as "the only dancer we have ever had on the screen . . . his dancing makes *The Gay Divorcee* as sensational as Grace Moore's singing made *One Night of Love* . . . never have we seen such grace and beauty and fragility since the flying-trapeze days of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., or maybe Nijinski!" But that is not saying enough!

The amazing thing is that Fred did not gain popularity in the movies merely because of his dancing. The fans would have liked him even if he couldn't do a dance step!

Here's how I know:

You have all heard of previews—those first showings of films—which are given for "audience reactions." Cards are passed around and the people in the audience are invited to write down their criticisms . . . how they liked the picture . . . whom they liked best in it . . . and so on! And the remarks on those cards tell a great deal to a producer. If a picture has to be cut and edited after a preview, you can be sure that no producer is going to cut out any scenes of any actor who has made a particular hit at the preview. (The opposite, of course, is also true . . . if the audience takes a dislike to a certain character, that character's part may be cut to the bone.)



Fred didn't come from a theatrical family, but he's been a dancer and actor since he was eight years of age

Well, here's what happened at the preview of *Flying Down To Rio*, Fred Astaire's second picture. (He danced briefly in *Dancing Lady* before that.) In this picture, Fred had a small part during the first half of the story—he was just one of the boys in Gene Raymond's orchestra—remember? In the second half of the picture he danced the Carioca. But do you think the people who filled in the questionnaires said that they liked the man who danced the Carioca? No, indeed! Practically every card bore this sentiment: "We like that little fellow with the big ears, the one that played in the orchestra. He's funny . . . he's a good *actor*."

The comments varied of course . . . but not one referred to Fred as the world-famous dancer. They only wanted to see more of that little fellow with the big ears! *Not a word about his dancing!*

It's startling, and a bit freakish, but nevertheless, that's what happens. Even at the preview of Fred's first starring vehicle, *The Gay Divorcée,* the audience raved about him not so much as a dancer as an actor. We all appreciate that he is a fine dancer, but we also see something else in him. It's because Fred is a new kind of actor with a personality that's brand new to the screen. His comedy is completely natural . . . his "monkeyshines" are not forced . . . every gesture he makes is pleasing, because it is full of the rhythm and grace that he knows as a dancer.

Fred has given Hollywood the impression that he is shy, and bashful. But a man who has been in the public eye as long as he has (ever since he was eight) and a man who has mixed with the society people of both New York and London, couldn't be shy. Rather, Fred is sensitive . . . you can see that in his face!

Fred doesn't want to be ballyhooed the way some stars are. He doesn't want his personal life advertised. He loathes that sort of thing. Somebody wrote about his friendship with the Prince of Wales and other titled personages of Europe, and Fred blushed with embarrassment. He is very sensitive about how people feel toward him.

Fred doesn't mind signing autographs, however, for people who really want his autograph, but he hates to think that he is being asked for his signature because someone thinks he looks like he might be somebody. After he talks with an interviewer, he pores over every word that he has said. Usually he scratches out half of it—because he is so afraid that things in print

## DID DANCING MAKE

might not sound the same as when he said them. Sensitive? And how! But perhaps that is one of the characteristics that makes his personality and his comedy so delightful.

FRED'S family were not "theatre folk" in any sense of the word. When Fred was eight years old, his sister, Adele, a few years older, went to dancing school, and Fred used to tag along, just to watch. But when he got home he would practice the steps that he had seen, until he was as expert as any of the pupils. One evening at a "kids' party," Adele and Fred put on a little dancing act. It was so good that everyone said "they should certainly go on the stage." And with less trouble than it takes to tell it, that's exactly what they did. They travelled the old Orpheum circuit for several years. Later, when they grew up, they were featured in a number of shows—both in London and in New York—*Lady Be Good, Funny Face,* and *The Band Wagon* were a few of them. After *The Band Wagon* closed, Adele Astaire married Lord Cavendish in England, and Fred was left to carry on alone—and very well, too! Recently, Adele was offered a contract to come to Hollywood, but she refused, saying that she had worked enough in her life . . . and now she wanted fun for a change!

I, for one, will never forget the two Astaires in *The Band Wagon.* It was the first show in which Fred demonstrated his talents as a comedian. Adele and Fred were in a sketch about a southern colonel and his family. Adele played the part of the daughter, and Fred was supposed to be her beau. They came on to the stage, and the old Colonel, (played by Frank Morgan) asked them where they had been. In a very drawl-ly Southern accent, Adele said, "I have been down at the river with Simpson (Fred)—it's such fun watching the river with Simpson!" And then Fred, who was supposed to be embarrassed, instead of saying something nice about the girl, said (also in a drawl), "Yes, it's a mighty fine body of water!"

Now, for some strange reason, that crazy line, and the way Fred said it, brought the house down. It brought the house down nearly every evening for almost a year. And everybody in New York picked it up and went around saying (apropos of nothing) "Yes, it's a mighty fine body of water!"

And it was during the run of that show that the movies decided to grab Fred Astaire!

Fred brings something new to the screen—because he is a new personality in "these here parts." He has been a topnotcher in the theatre for years, but it never turned him "theatrical." He is a gentleman with excellent taste, rare social graces, and a delightful sense of humor, even about himself. He is vibrant and alive. When Fred Astaire flips a coin on the screen, it has all the grace and rhythm of a dance step. When he doffs his hat, he is dancing. Yet we are only conscious of the fact that everything he does, he does well. When he talks, his long thin arms and his interesting larg hands are in motion, continually. H is literally a "person on his toes."

Off the screen, Fred minds his o business, which consists mostly trying to keep out of doors as mu as possible. When he's not workin he golfs, plays tennis, and atten most of the sporting events. He dislikes having his picture taken—yet here he is in Hollywood, doing nothing else at the moment. But F manages to grin and bear it, and that grin that we like. They me at RKO studio that Fred just as soon dance all his with his back to the camera he could get away with it. a town where camera hogs ar

(*Continued on page 71*)

They hired Fred as a dancer, but the preview audience called him a great actor so now he's a m
star

ASTAIRE A STAR? NO! IT WAS HIS ACTI

# Failure Couldn't Ralph Bellamy

The remarkable story of a young man who went to Hollywood to act and found himself digging ditches at three dollars a day, but who succeeded because he flatly refused to quit

Once a laborer, Ralph Bellamy now looks from the balcony of his home over his beautiful estate
—*Alex Kahle*

HIS name is Ralph Rexford Bellamy. His cousin, Eben Rexford, wrote *Silver Threads Among the Gold.* Screen audiences all over America have shown no prejudice toward him on that account. His uncle, Edward Bellamy, wrote *Looking Backward*, a book translated into the languages of the world, and one of the most popular of all time.

A mixture of German, French and English blood, he is large and brawny, six feet tall, with blue eyes, and a square jaw.

A screen actor of far more than average ability, his popularity has increased tremendously in the past two years, during which he has been featured in more than two score films.

Coming of a long line of cultivated people, he has never been to college.

As a child he had shown a strong inclination for geology. As a consequence, his parents had visions of him becoming a famous geologist. While he was still under twelve years of age, his mother took him to California. Hollywood was in the itinerary. While there, they visited a studio. It changed the course of the boy's life.

Mother and son watched Dustin Farnum on the set of a now forgotten screen play.

When the director called "lunch" they were introduced to the handsome actor.

"Mother," said the boy, "I want to be an actor like Mr. Farnum."

The good-looking Farnum, then on the mountain top of his career, smiled at the boy, and said to the mother, "Do you recall the advice of 'Punch' to those about to marry—Don't."

The subject was changed. When lunch was over and the boy and his mother were leaving the studio, he asked what Mr. Farnum meant. Unaware of the seed that had been unconsciously planted in the heart of her child, the mother smiled indulgently, and made no answer.

"But some day I will," said the boy.

MORE than six years passed. Young Bellamy went through high school in Chicago, and took a leading part in all the amateur theatricals given by the students.

After graduation, he told his parents that he wished to go on the stage.

There was consternation in the home of the Bellamys. Not given to over-emphasis, they were nevertheless unyielding in their decision that their son should not become an actor.

In a few days the boy left the well-to-do home, and went out on his own.

Father and mother did not admit until years later that they were secretly proud of their son. He had asked for no favor; and had taken nothing with him but his faith in himself.

If there are those who doubt the future actor's courage, let them leave an excellent home, where all is provided, and face the world with two dollars.

A freight train took young Bellamy to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, about two hundred miles from his home. He had fifty cents left, when he came to a tent pitched on a vacant lot. Above the tent was printed on a pine board

**John Gregory Adams United Stock Company Largest Little Shows on Earth**

The boy walked up to John Gregory Adams himself and asked for a job. The great man looked at the boy and inquired his experience. Upon being told, with the embellishments of youth, John Gregory Adams said with dignity, "I think you will do. I need actors of great training, as there is nothing too good for my public. It is very exacting."

Thrilled beyond words, the runaway boy was allowed to touch the first rung in the splintered ladder upon which he was to climb to success.

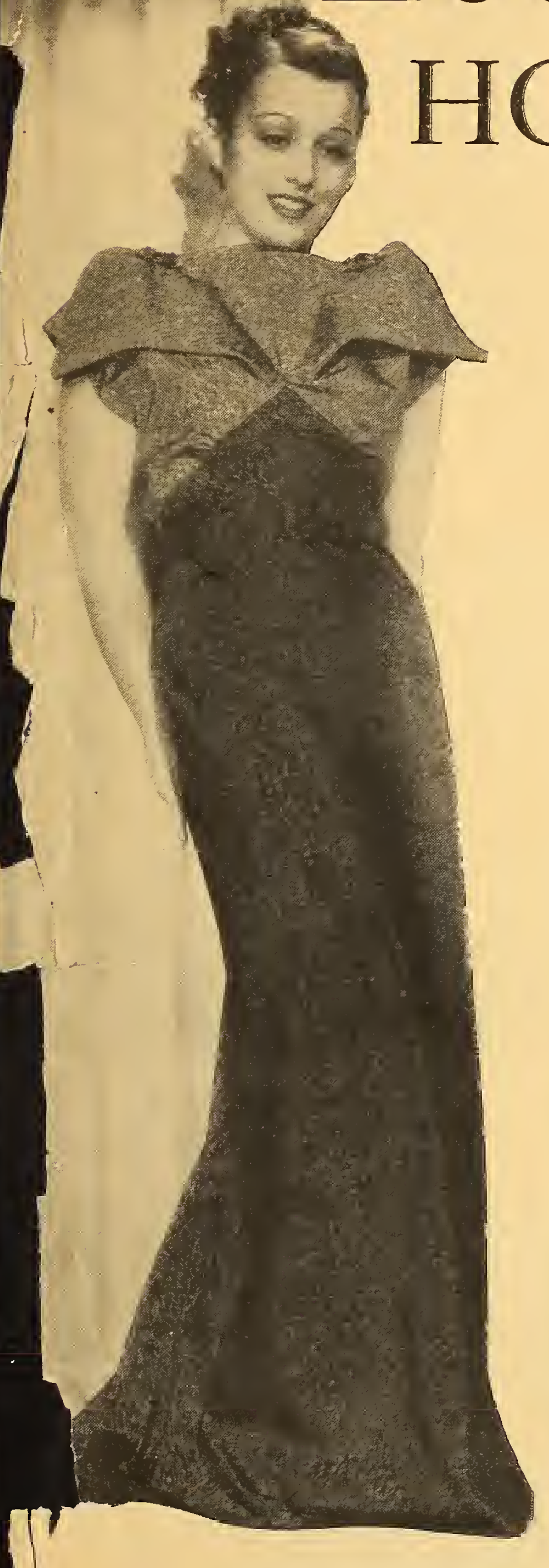
The John Gregory Adams United Stock Company was bound for points westward. The four months which followed were the

# Looking Over HOLLYWOOD

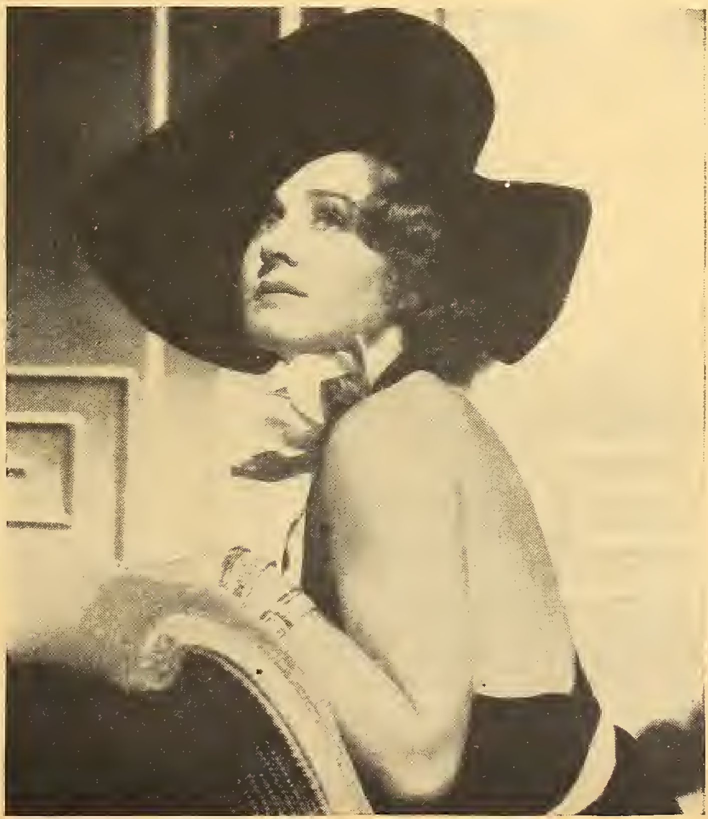
### By GERTRUDE HILL

OF ALL the crazy things I've ever seen, Gail Patrick's new watch is the craziest. It is diamond-studded iron! Little diamonds run all around the casing and twinkle greetings to their brothers on Gail's trick ring, which is jade surrounded by diamonds in an iron mounting. The only thing to approach it is the lead jewelry, necklaces and such, brought home from Paris by Réné Hubert. Gail tries to make sense of the whole business by declaring that her ensemble is the only one which can be worn with either formal or sports clothes. She herself likes it with the fuchsia crêpe gown she wore to the Screen Actors' Guild ball. You can run over to the Brown Derby any day at lunch time and see Gail in another gadget that only she could get away with gracefully. It is a little black felt coal scuttle she uses for a hat.

Nothing goes to a girl's head quicker than a new hat, and the latest Hollywood crop is shamefully intoxicating. They are the cherries in the spring wardrobe cocktails. Just look at Norma Shearer, for instance. There she sits under that huge black velvet hat, pensively munching an olive at Marion Davies' party. Norma's hat brim dips intriguingly over her right eye, and catches you by surprise with the fold in its left side, which twists it into a heart-shaped silhouette. A gigantic magnolia on her shoulder is the only break in the severity of her



Frances Drake shows you her new dinner gown of moire The skirt, with its voluminous train, is of fuchsia, while the bodice goes into a shade of cerise



rma Shearer is beautiful in this huge black velvet ote the severity of the black velvet gown, broken the big magnolia worn on Norma's shoulder

# These Movies

military honors and sent to Devil's Island because of failure to deliver safely an important document. His wife, Mona Barrie, does a little sleuthing and follows John Halliday, whom she suspects of having the document in his possession. But before she can get the document, Gilbert Roland, another spy, steals it. There is a happy ending to this intrigue which you will find worth seeing.

## WHITE LIES—COLUMBIA

*Newspaper Influence Dramatized*

A NEWSPAPER story with an interesting idea behind it, but lacking in many respects. Walter Connolly is an editor who influences the lives of two men, one for better, the other for worse. Fay Wray, as Connolly's daughter, is a pretty addition to the romantic side of the story, but Irene Hervey does the outstanding work in the picture. Leslie Fenton gives a splendid performance, as does Victor Jory. Fenton portrays the man who is ruined and Jory the man who is pushed to success. There is a murder to add to the general thrills of the picture and naturally Fay Wray is the suspect. It ends, however, just as you will want it to.

## ENCHANTED APRIL—RKO-RADIO

*A Sugary Comedy of Manners*

A TITLE that suggests the delightful and a plot that fails to accomplish much that is interesting or exciting.

Four women rent a castle in Italy to avoid husbands and all men. Evidently this is supposed to furnish the basis for a great deal of comedy, but that quality is not frequently apparent. Ann Harding has no chance to show her ability and Frank Morgan's talent is very much hidden in his small and inadequate part.

## HELLDORADO—FOX

*Real Entertainment with Arlen and Evans*

A PICTURE that offers real and varied entertainment. The setting is *Helldorado,* a ghost mining town visited by a group during a cloud burst. The sole resident, a goofy prospector, is waiting there through the years for his partner's return and rediscovery of the lost mother lode. The mine is, of course, discovered Dick Arlen and Madge Evans are seen in the leading rôles and comedy and drama are furnished by Jimmy Gleason, Stanley Fields, Henry B. Walthall and Ralph Bellamy.

## LITTLE MEN—MASCOT

*The Alcott Classic Brought to Life*

LACKING the charm of its predecessor *Little Women,* yet it manages to be rather delightful entertainment in spite of its extended sentiment. You can cry your heart out if you like over Frankie Darro, as *Dan,* the waif, and perhaps some will like Erin O'Brien Moore as *Jo* better than they did Hepburn. Frank Morgan is excellent, as usual, in the rôle of *Jo's* professor husband. A close copy of the novel. Trent Durkin, David Durand, Tommy Bupp and a large juvenile cast.

Plenty of newspaper atmosphere in *White Lies*—and plent of love and drama, too. Here we have Victor Jory, Walter Connolly and Fay Wray

Four women in a castle in Italy provide the plot for E *ed April.* Left to right, Ann Harding, Jane Baxte Ralph and Katharine Alexander

Living in the lobby of a deserted hotel in *Helldor* its discomforts, as Dick Arlen and Madge Evans lear particular scene

# The New FASHIONS

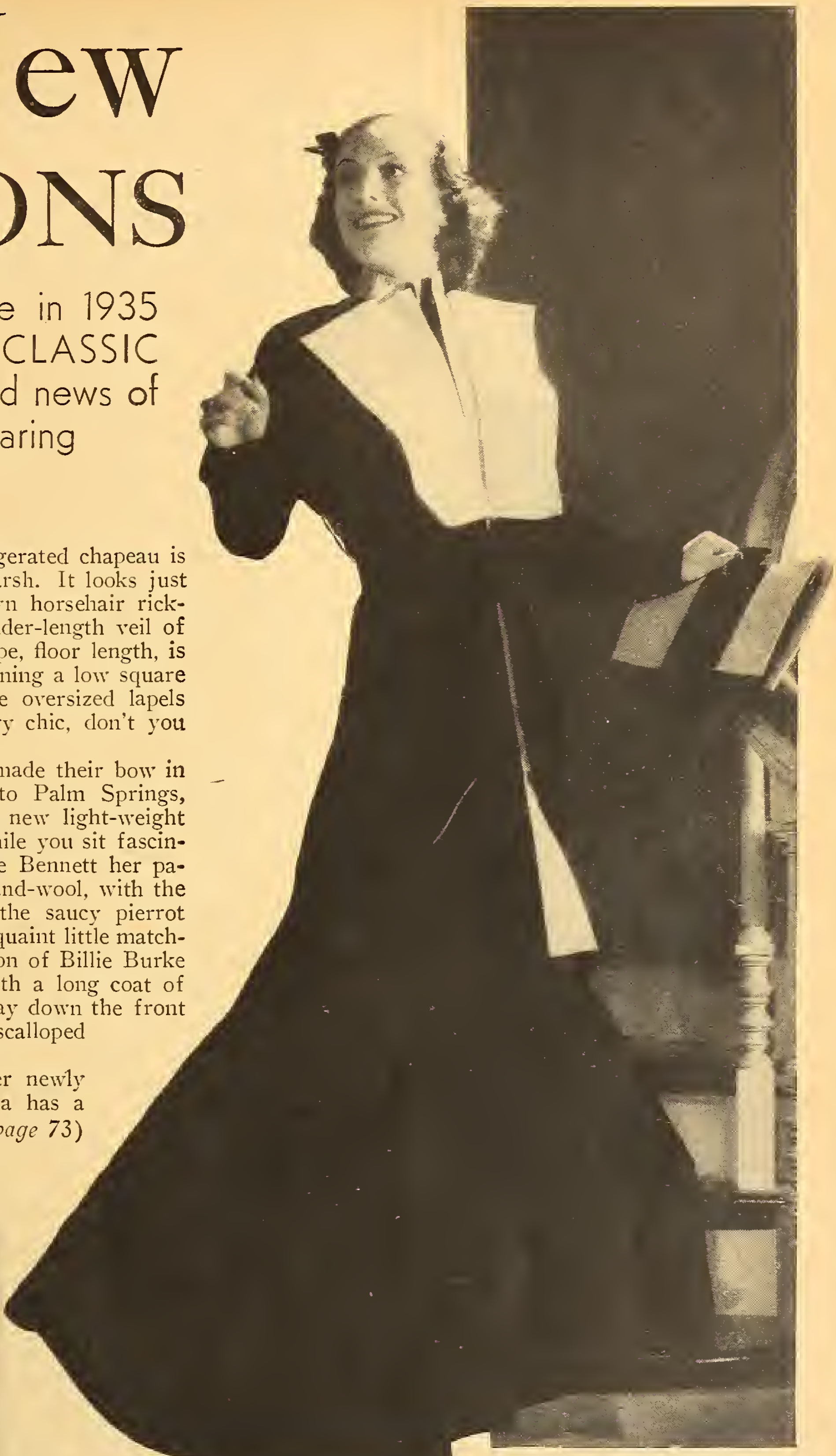
The stars set the pace in 1935 styles and MOVIE CLASSIC brings you the first-hand news of what they are wearing

black velvet gown.

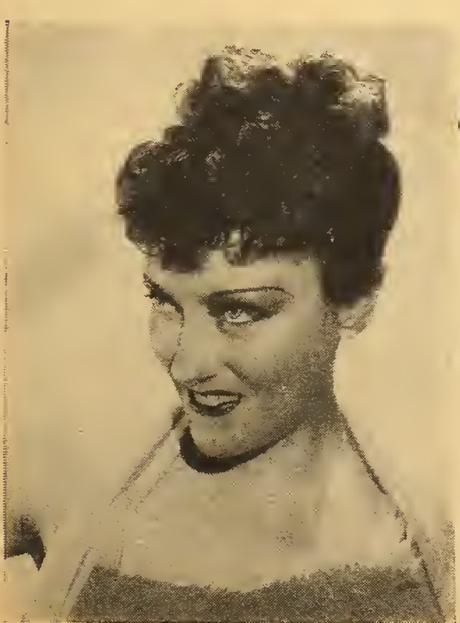
In direct contrast to Norma's exaggerated chapeau is the little nothing worn by Marion Marsh. It looks just like an acorn and it's made of brown horsehair rick-rack braid. There is a floating shoulder-length veil of brown tulle. Her dress of brown crêpe, floor length, is very fancy with its white fur bib outlining a low square neck. The white fur banding on the oversized lapels of her fitted hip length jacket is very chic, don't you think?

While spring clothes have already made their bow in Hollywood proper, we'll run down to Palm Springs, where the stars really try out their new light-weight wardrobes to see if they'll work. While you sit fascinated in your rikisha and envy Connie Bennett her pajamas of red and white checked silk-and-wool, with the overcoat of blue and white checks, the saucy pierrot collar of starched white pique and the quaint little matching cuffs, I am spellbound by the vision of Billie Burke nicely done up in white linen pj's with a long coat of fire-engine red held together all the way down the front by great white buttons coming out of scalloped buttonholes.

Gloria Swanson dashes by with her newly married friend, Evelyn Laye. Gloria has a new hair-do. You (*Continued on page* 73)



*Above:* This evening ensemble worn by Joan Crawford in *Forsaking All Others* has all Hollywood agog. Black velvet and crepe combine to make this a style that will not be forgotten



*Left:* What do you think of Gloria Swanson's new hair style? Her hair is simply bobbed and curled, as when taking a bath, plus some very attractive bangs

# SINCERITY'S

## Elizabeth Allan didn't mind when other children laughed at her play acting. And today she has a formula for success, which she passes on to MOVIE CLASSIC readers

IN THE small seaside town of Skegness, Lincolnshire, England, an old-fashioned village physician and his wife raised a family of six children—Barbara, Peggy, Andrew, Peter, Thomas and, last of all, Elizabeth. The good physician's name was Allan—Dr. William Alexander Allan. And he now, you know, goes to see his last-born on the screen.

Early in her rosy childhood the small Elizabeth became vividly conscious of the dramatic stuff of life. She knew, when the telephone burred sharply in the night, that a new life was about to be helped into the world or an old and tired life helped out of it. She became familiar with wounds and suffering and patience and pain and the stern nobility of suffering.

She said to me the other day, "That was all very good training for the career I decided to follow. It gave me an ingrained belief in the need for *sincerity*. I cannot play in a play I don't believe in. I can't do a character that seems false to me. I can't speak lines that are superficial and silly and untrue. I was raised with the elemental facts of birth and death and I saw, so many times, the face of life *without a mask*.

"I began, very early, to want to act. I longed, then, to be a musical comedy queen. I saw so much suffering, so many anxious, pain-lined faces. I knew what suffering attends birth and what pathos waits on death. I felt that I wanted to make human beings laugh and feel gay."

On the wide stretch of Skegness Beach, with the sea wind blowing over them, Elizabeth with her five brothers and sisters for audience, would dance and make up gay and funny songs. She "put on" ballets and music hall numbers and skits of all sorts. Sometimes she pressed the others into reluctant service with her. Most of the time she had to be the star and the company, too. The five brothers and sisters scoffed, squirmingly, at play acting. They wouldn't even ask the rector's children to come and watch Elizabeth, this strange, last Elizabeth in the un-strange Allan family. They felt a little bit ashamed of her. They said, "No one wants to see *you* play acting, Elizabeth."

They still feel that way about it, do Barbara and Peggy and Andrew and Peter and Thomas. They still think it is very amusing that "the baby" should be doing things on the stage and screen and that people should actually be paying out their money to go to see her.

Elizabeth said, "And that was another great help in my later work. It prevented me, this attitude of theirs, from getting what you call the swelled head early in life. It made me feel that I'd have to work harder than anyone had ever worked before to make it worth while for anyone to ever *want* to see me."

Only Dr. Allan and his wife are outspokenly proud, now, of Elizabeth. Not long ago a small cafe in Skegness named a menu card "The Elizabeth Allan Luncheon" and Mother Allan and the good doctor patronize the cafe as often as they can manage it for the pride and pleasure of consulting that card. Not long ago, too, a boat built in Skegness was named the *Elizabeth Allan* and Mother Allan, very proud, was asked to christen it with a bottle of champagne. It made her think of the day, she wrote Elizabeth, when the small Elizabeth was

Elizabeth Allan is a very natural sort of girl—she cannot play in a play she doesn't believe in —*Russell Ball*

# REWARD

### By GLADYS HALL

christened herself and the rector said, "There seems to be something *different* about this baby of yours, Amelia—it's in her eyes."

ELIZABETH knew that she wanted to go on the stage from the time she attended Skegness Day School and, later on, when she was a student and then a graduate of Polam Hall. It was at Polam that she first studied elocution and spent a great part of her time acting in the school plays and directing them. During her senior year there, she was selected as one of the ten girls in various English schools to be awarded the annual scholarships for the Old Vic Theatre training school in London for young actresses.

Dr. Allan was opposed to the idea, he said that grease paint was not healthy. If Elizabeth wanted to teach girls to "speak pieces" and to recite Shakespeare, that might be well and good—but to go on the stage herself—no Allan ever had! He finally agreed to give Elizabeth eight months at the Old Vic with the understanding that, at the end of that time, she come home to Skegness and teach. At the end of the eight months, Elizabeth faced her parents in the well-worn old study at home and said, "I'm sorry, Dad and Mum, but it's the stage. I love it. It's *all* I love. It's all I care about. I've got to have it."

Elizabeth spent the next two years in Shakespearean repertoire, touring England. There followed small rôles in several plays in London. She worked doggedly, day and night. She studied voice and elocution. She read all of the great plays of all the greatest dramatists, English, French, German, Italian. Her love for the theatre grew until it crowded out the world. In 1930 she got a part in *Michael and Mary* with Herbert Marshall and Edna Best.

Elizabeth Allan . . . daughter of an English country doctor . . . international darling of the screen

It was Herbert Marshall who first said to her, "You should have a try at filming, Elizabeth." Elizabeth thought he was teasing her as, at home, her brothers had done. She had some tests made, just to please him. She said, "They were *awful*. My nose was all wrong. My hair was the wrong color. I was too tall. I was too fat. I was too thin. I was something that was wrong every time.

"Then Bart introduced me to his manager, William J. O'Bryen. I instantly fell in love with him. Love—for the first time in my life! He instantly fell in love with me.

"It was my husband, you see, who first got me into pictures. Being an agent in London, and a very important one, he knew all of the worth while and influential people of the stage and screen. He knew how to advise me, how I should be photographed and so on. My first screen bit was in *Alibi* and, later, I played in the screen version of *Michael and Mary* with Bart and Edna. Then there were quite a few others—*Reserved for Ladies, Down Our Street, Insult, Nine Till Six* and so on—

"After awhile I signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. And I came to Hollywood to make my first American picture, *Looking Forward,* with Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone."

But Hollywood and England are a long way apart. And now Elizabeth and her husband seem destined for permanent separation. There is no bitterness about the matter—it has been made known in a matter of fact way that the marriage will be *(Continued on page 69)*

# THE ROMANCE OF EVELYN LAYE

Friends for years—sweethearts for hours—Evelyn and Frank Lawton surprised even themselves by eloping to Yuma

### By DOROTHY CALHOUN

INTERNATIONAL amazement followed the announcement that ash-blonde Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton, wearing the long locks of *David Copperfield,* had called up "Cupid," the pilot of Hollywood's private plane which all movie elopers use and flown to be married. And perhaps London and Hollywood were not much more surprised than Evelyn and Frank themselves, for they had been friends for many years, and lovers—so the story goes—for only a few hours.

Their habit of talking over their troubles and problems with each other, formed long ago when they were both on the English stage, had persisted in Hollywood where troubles and problems are many. They visited each other's sets at M-G-M, lunched and went to the preview of her British made picture, *Evensong.* "Frank and I have always been truthful and honest with each other," Evelyn told me. "We have grown to rely on the other's criticism. He can even tell me, 'You didn't look so well in that make-up' and I don't resent it. When the picture was half over and I heard Frank fidgeting in the seat beside me I thought 'Oh dear, he doesn't like it. He doesn't like *me*—', then I looked at him and he was crying. . . ."

Two happy English youngsters, Frank Lawton and his bride, Evelyn Laye

Perhaps it was that very night, or a night of two later, that they were talking together like the good friends they had always been when suddenly their eyes met and everything was different. And they knew that they were in love. This part of the story is conjecture, for Evelyn Laye will not discuss this sudden new happiness that has come to her and made her pale blonde beauty—studio acquaintances say—glow like bright flame.

"Fine precious things like human relationships are spoiled by talking about them," she says. "I should have liked to have had a real wedding. Every woman is thrilled by the beautiful ceremonial of a wedding. How I would love to have been at home for the royal marriage—even reading about it was like a fairy tale! But long ago I made a rule for myself which I have kept and intend to keep even though it will be difficult in Hollywood. I will not share things that are sacred to me with the public.

"And so we went to Yuma. We were very fortunate. We escaped curious crowds and staring eyes, and even reporters and photographers. But since we came back—" she laughed ruefully, "everyone wants me to talk about my romance. They say people are interested. Bless them for their interest! It is sweet to think that they care about us, but—*I am holding fast to my rule!*

"When I was here before, several years ago, I was very unhappy. I said to myself when I left, 'I never want to see Hollywood again', but now it is different. I have learned something valuable since then and that is—life is exactly what you make it! Hollywood is, I think, the most glamorous and exciting town in the world. Everyone is tense here, the moments are crowded with emotions. All these alternating hopes and despairs, all this change might be disturbing *(Continued on page 68)*

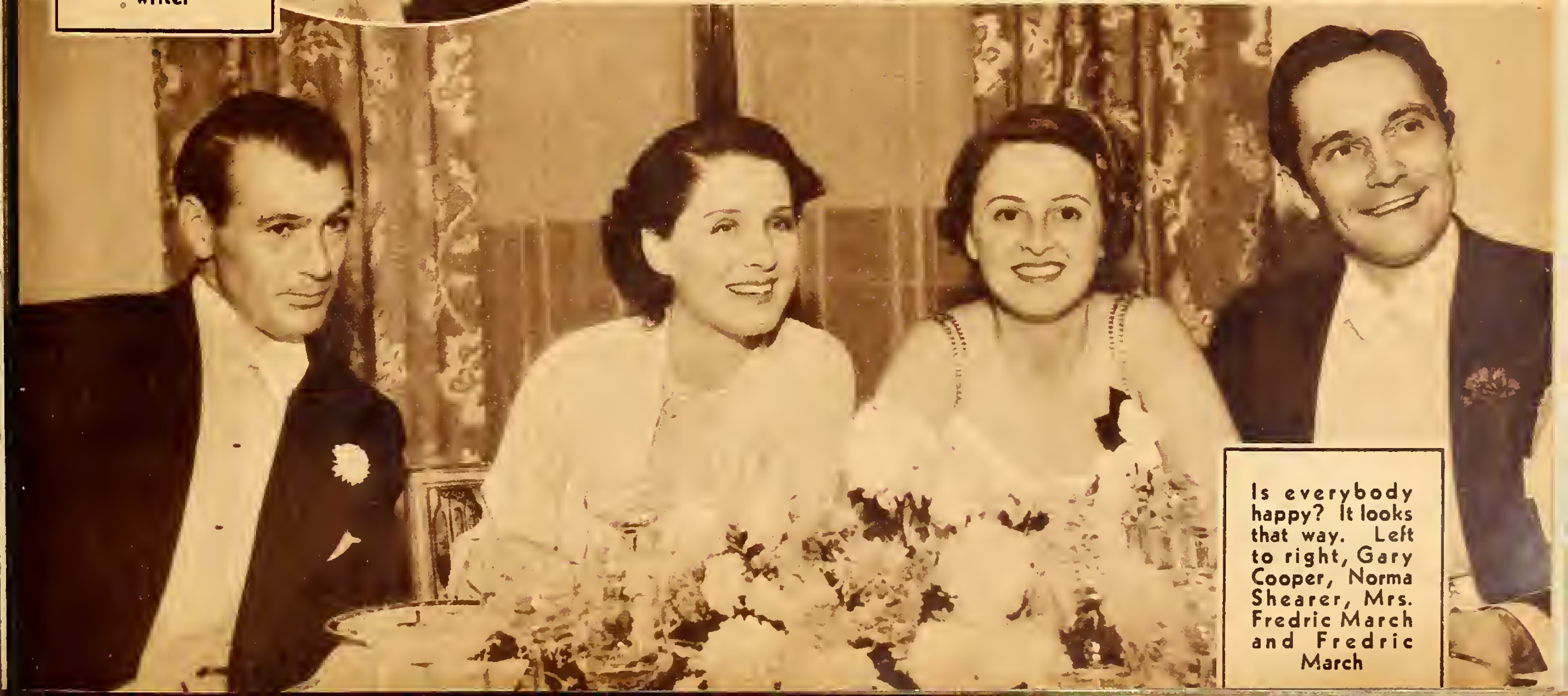
# TIME OUT FOR PLAY

The Mayfair Club, an exclusive motion picture social organization, stages its winter ball and all the famous faces are there

Dolores Del Rio, Constance Bennett and Joan Bennett pose for MOVIE CLASSIC'S cameraman

Jean Harlow, lovelier than ever, smiles her most beautiful smile as she rests between dances

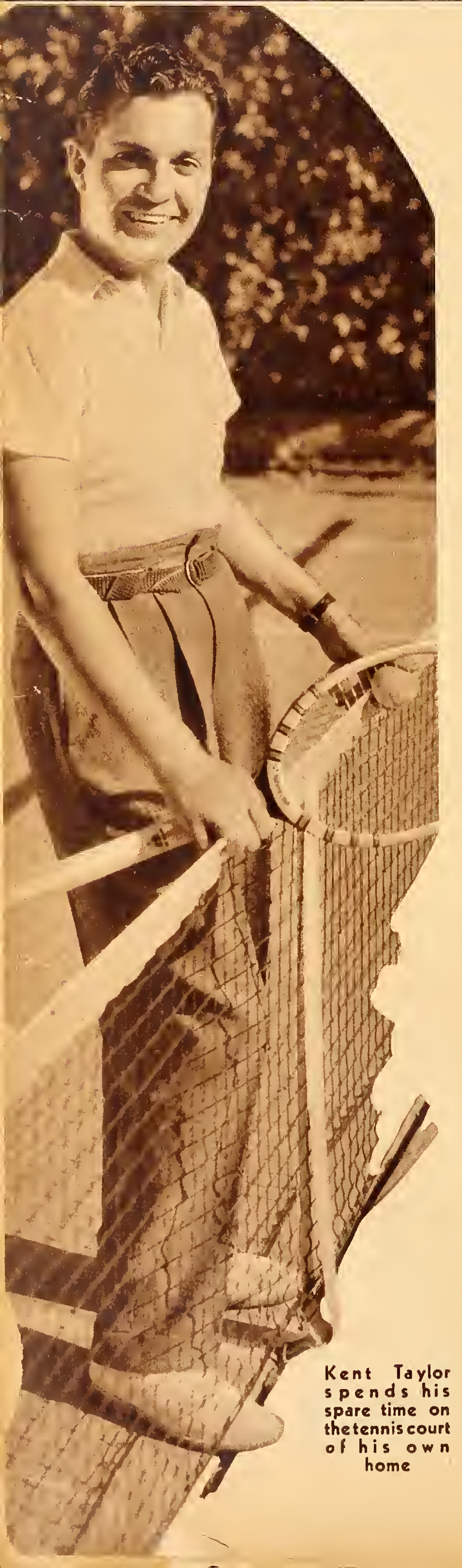
Carole Lombard (and take a peek at the furs) was escorted by Robert Riskin, noted screen writer



Is everybody happy? It looks that way. Left to right, Gary Cooper, Norma Shearer, Mrs. Fredric March and Fredric March

# STRAIGHT *from*

## Gathering up the latest tid-bits of news in


Kent Taylor spends his spare time on the tennis court of his own home

CLARA BOW and Rex Bell have had the baby they have wanted for two years. It was a boy weighing some seven and a half pounds.

It was another boy at the Daryll Zanucks, the first prospective producer in the family. The other two children are girls.

An amusing story is told of that young hopeful born to Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown last month. Before the arrival of the baby, Sally and Harry Joe continually referred to it as "Poochie." So it was nicknamed on birth. Then came Sally's first film rôle after she became a mother. The picture was Columbia's "Carnival" with Lee Tracy. And there was a baby in it—you're right—named "Poochie." Sally doesn't know yet whether it was a gag or not.

**TWO Hollywood elopements to Yuma in the same day failed to excite the marrying judge of Arizona's Gretna Green. Judge Earl A. Freeman is quite accustomed to elopers and he treats them all alike, whether they be famous or unknowns. He keeps a record, by the way, of all the marriages he performs and upon each anniversary sends a gift to the couple.**

**The two Evelyns from Hollywood—Laye and Venable—and their respective husbands, Frank Lawton and Hal Mohr, will be remembered next year by Judge Freeman just as he remembers the John Smiths and the George Browns who said their "I do's" before him.**

WILL THESE casting changes for Max Reinhardt's *Midsummer Night's Dream* never end? Last month we gave you a corrected lineup from Warner's official announcement. Now there are still another two substitutions. Verree Teasdale will play *Hippolyta* and Victor Jory will be *Oberon*.

**PRESTON FOSTER has just signed an RKO-Radio contract—which makes the fourth studio to which he has been contracted since coming to Hollywood. Let us hope it will be the first to give him the chance he deserves.**

MANY and varied have been the stories told about "Woody" Van Dyke in his first experience directing Greta Garbo. On only one point do all agree. Van is the one director to work with Garbo the Great in recent years who showed no fear of her.

In fact, Van continued in his usual habit of calling his star "Kid." He has always called his stars "Kid" and he apparently saw no reason to change. Joan Crawford had been "Kid" to Van. Why not Garbo? To the amazement of all Hollywood, she failed to object.

Came the scene where Garbo picks up one of the Chinese children supposedly ill from the plague. It was taken and retaken.

"Now, Kid," Van Dyke is said to have said, "let's try it another way. This time when you take the child in your arms, croon to it."

Garbo looked angry. "Ay do not croon," she said with finality.

"Come on, Kid, come on," Van urged. "Sing a bit of a lullaby."

"Ay do not sing," Garbo replied just as firmly.

"Then hum, Kiddo."

"Kiddo," repeated Garbo. "You call me Kiddo. All right." And holding the youngster tightly she began to sing, "Lazy bone, sitting in the sun—"

Don't ever tell me Garbo has no sense of humor. And as far as getting along with Van Dyke, I hear she has asked for him again to direct her next picture.

**FOX studio is now in production with Dante's *Inferno*. You'll never believe where all the story conferences for this picture were held. Yet it's a fact that the**

# HOLLYWOOD

## the Hollywood studios and drawing rooms

whole story was developed in the hottest spot on the desert just outside Palm Springs! The movies will strive for realism.

THAT FIRE at Warners studio is still the talk of the town. Causing many millions of dollars in damages, the blaze could be seen for miles. Had the wind not luckily shifted, the whole studio would have burned to the ground.

George Brent lives at Toluca Lake, a scant half mile from the studio. He was awakened by the racket of the fire engines and, noting the location of the blaze, hurried into his clothes. He remembered that when he had left Kay Francis at the end of the day's work, she had announced her intention of spending the night in her bungalow on the lot. Kay frequently sleeps at the studio when she has a picture in production.

George's first thought was that no one might know she was there. She might be trapped by the flames or even unconscious from the smoke. He lost no time in hurrying to the rescue.

But he was unable to push his way through the huge crowd around the gate. So he circled the whole studio, trying to find a place in the wall he might climb over. Finally he was compelled to return to the gate and eventually he attracted a gateman's attention and got through the fire lines.

It was then George, considerably the worse for wear, discovered that Kay had changed her mind and gone home some hours earlier. But you can't blame a guy for trying.

IF GLENDA FARRELL'S young son, Tommy, has his way about it, he will have a new father pretty soon. According to Glenda, Tommy never allows an opportunity to pass that will hasten the marriage of his adored mother.

Every new gentleman friend of Glenda's is quizzed by the school boy son. First, is he married? Second, wouldn't he like to be?

"Tommy loses no time in finding out the intentions of my friends," Glenda says. "He considers every eligible man a prospect. He doesn't seem to think that I should be consulted, too."

Tommy is now nearly eleven.

BECAUSE she became involved in one of those typical Californian mix-ups over the title of a house, Irene Dunne has decided to build a home of her own. She rented a place in Beverly, only to find the real estate man had not the right to rent it. Given two days to move out again, she had to locate another suitable house. The inconvenience of moving caused Irene to make up her mind to own her own.

But what I like most about the news of her building is that it should set to rest those rumors to the effect Irene has been planning to quit Hollywood and pictures. Obviously she has no such intention.

Betty Grable, an RKO-Radio beauty, goes hunting for hearts — and has no trouble finding them

Robert Montgomery and his wife, Betty, rest between dances at the Biltmore hotel in Los Angeles

Tables turned! Clark Gable gets an autographed baseball from Ernie Orsatti, famed player on the St. Louis Cards. Director W. S. Van Dyke (right) also collects the player's signature on the horsehide

Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell are as happy and as thick as ever, judging by this picture taken recently when they attended the Actor's dance held at the famous Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles

**FRANCIS LISTER makes his movie début with Ronald Colman and Loretta Young in *Clive of India.* A well-known stage star, Lister found the ways of pictures decidedly unusual. And because of his inexperience, he was made the butt of countless practical jokes. He was constantly asking questions that gave the jokers new ideas.**

**One morning while on location, Lister noticed studio workmen preparing a large mud hole on the set. "What's that for?" he asked Director Richard Boleslavsky.**

**"Didn't you know?" said "Boley." "You play your first scene today while standing in the mud up to your neck." And with that the director turned away.**

**When he turned back again, he saw Lister uncomplainingly wading into the mud. It was a gag that misfired, for the actor's satin costume was ruined and they had to shoot around him until he had time to get another.**

PAUL LUKAS has had a suit filed against him by an Austrian concern known as Theatrebetreibs. The charge is that he failed to fulfill an acting contract some years ago.

Theatrebetreibs asks two hundred and seven million, one hundred thousand crowns damage—which is quite a compliment at any rate of exchange.

**A MOTION picture set has become a new Hollywood café. Extras who played in the RKO color short, *La Cucaracha,* opened a restaurant featuring Mexican dishes and named the place after the picture. The costumes are copies of those worn in the film and the same tango-rumba orchestra plays nightly. One of the sets was also copied on a reduced scale. The new venture is understood to be cooperative.**

**It used to be said that when Greek met Greek, they opened a restaurant. It took Hollywood to give the saying a Mexican twist.**

GEORGE RAFT has a new member of his personal entourage. "The Killer," George's by-now famous companion, is the discoverer of the boy, a colored lad who answers to the name of Alex.

Alex is the greatest natural comic Hollywood has seen since they found Stepin Fetchit. His assaults upon the English language have kept the entire *Rumba* company in paroxysms. But Alex doesn't mind. He likes to have white people laugh at him.

As a Christmas present, George bought Alex a wrist watch—then couldn't wait until Christmas to give it to him. The watch is very gaudy with gold and Alex went into a seventh Heaven of delight. He went about for days showing one and all what "Mister Jeorge give me."

I've never seen a prouder colored boy. Alex explained all the mechanism of his watch and confided that it hadn't been off his wrist even "one tick" since he got it. You'll be hearing more of Alex.

**SINCE the naming of the strange ailment that has forced Ann Harding into retirement, many other actors in pictures are afraid of "dehydration." The strong studio lights sap water from the human body and dehydrate it. Research on the subject has not as yet reached the stage where any definite cure has been effected. So until a method of counteracting the danger of dehydration is found, actors avoid standing under the hot studio lights as much as possible these days.**

THE conflicting reports of the secret marriage of Katharine Hepburn and Leland Hayward—some people being sure they are, others equally sure they aren't—caused Herman Mankiewicz, the scenarist, to wire Hayward. The wire read, "Are

MOVIE CLASSIC'S news gatherers bring you the latest

Here is the first photograph of Charlie Chaplin released since he started working on his new picture, officially untitled, but believed to be *The Waif.* Does Charlie look different than in former pictures?

Anne Shirley is a star at RKO-Radio studio, but she is also a school-girl. Here the star of *Anne of Green Gables* is pictured with her teacher, Miss Elva Nelson, in the schoolroom on the RKO lot

you married to Kate? Are you married to Laura Harding? Are you married?"

Around midnight that night a telegraph messenger delivered a reply to Mankiewicz. It read, "No." At two A. M., came another "immediate delivery" message. It read, "No." At four A. M., Mank was again awakened by a telegraph boy. The message read, "No."

And all three questions were answered.

**JOHN MACK BROWN'S Schnauzer dog has won championship medals in every dog show in Hollywood. But when Johnny wanted to show the pup's medals to a visitor, not a one could be found in the house.**

**It wasn't until some days later that the dog was seen burying a bone in the back yard. Johnny caught sight of something silver in the dirt and all the medals were discovered among the bony souvenirs.**

CHARLIE BICKFORD is the latest member of the film colony to go in for yachting. He made a holiday trip to New York and when he returned to Hollywood he told folks that he had purchased a 94-foot twin Deisel-engine boat. He will probably moor it at the new Santa Monica yacht harbor and you can count on a lot of pleasant Catalina Islands parties during the coming months.

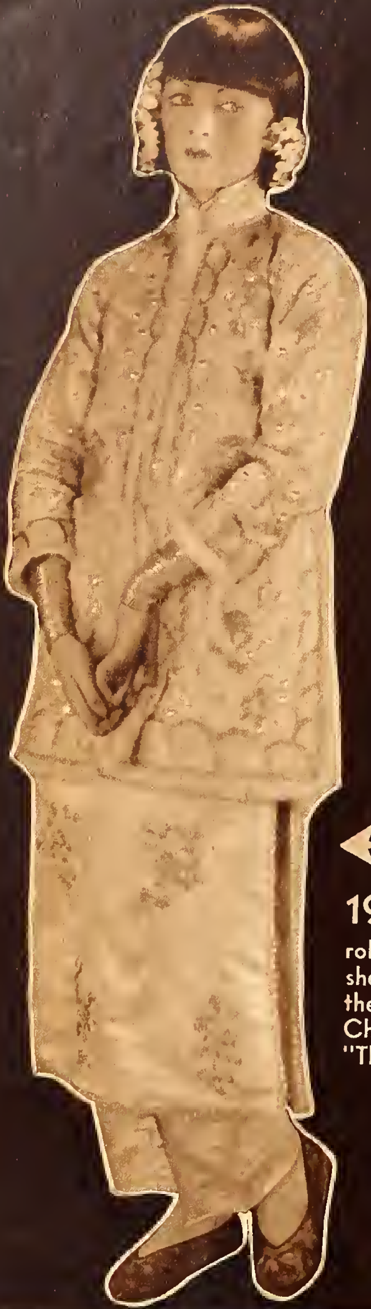
**YOU can say what you want, but Jean Harlow and Bill Powell are plenty "thick" these days. And they even went so far as to be partners in a party tendered the studio help. They set up a big bar and dished out the refreshments to all the boys and girls who work before and behind the cameras that give you your fine pictures. They called it "Harlow's Hangout and Powell's Pub."**

CAROLE LOMBARD is spending most of her spare time in the company of Robert Riskin, who, at the moment, is considered Hollywood's top notch scenario writer. Carole nearly went into hysterics when her colored maid told her that she had been writing poetry and thought it a good enough joke to tell Bob. But Bob was curious enough to want to see the poems and when he read them he told Carole that the joke was on her. It was GOOD poetry—to have it published.

Dorothy Abbleby is a newcomer to the screen, but is making a big hit by her work in Charley Chase comedies

# THE EVOLUTION

## Pictures tell the story of how MYRNA LOY



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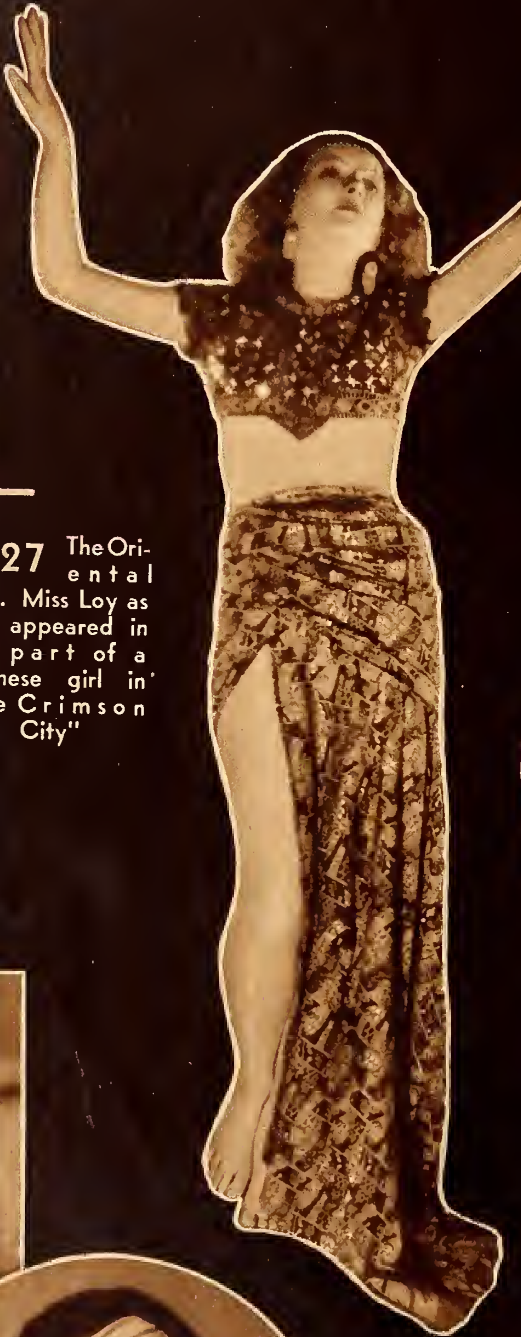
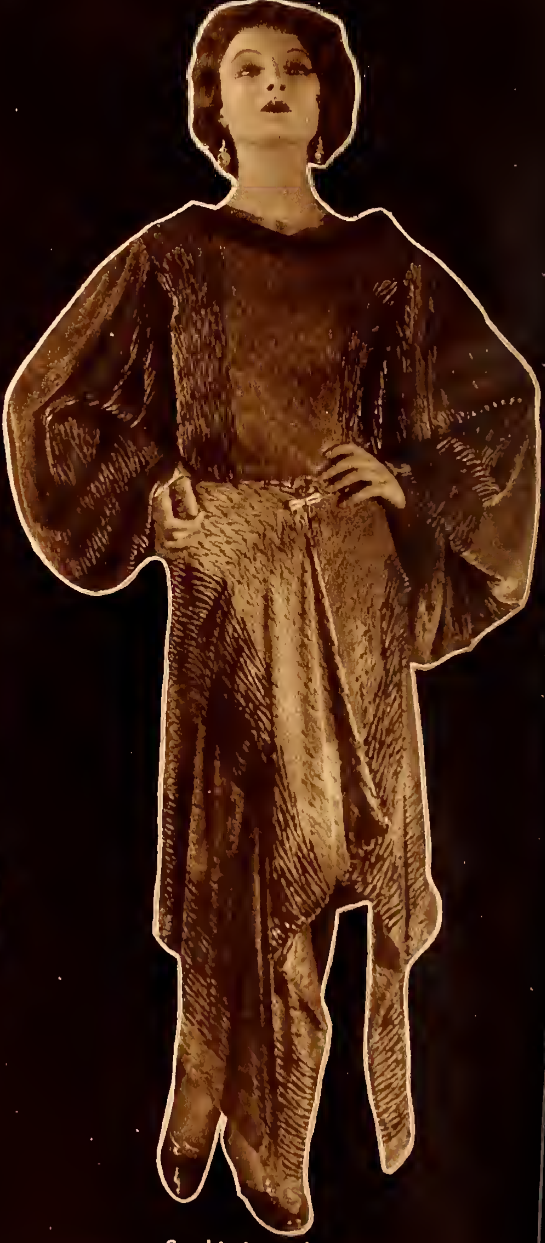
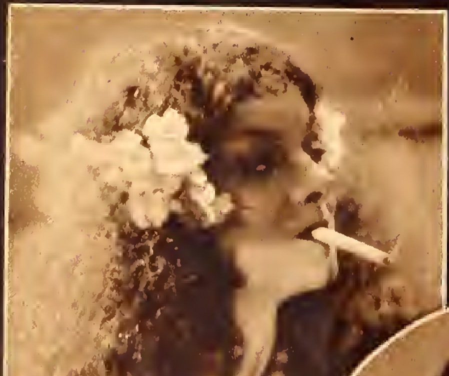
**1927** The Oriental role. Miss Loy as she appeared in the part of a Chinese girl in "The Crimson City"

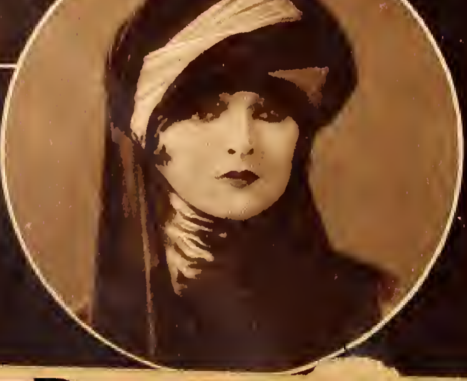


**1929** Myrna Loy had a part in one of the early talkies, "Evidence," produced by Warner Brothers



**1927** Sophisticated parts came to Myrna early in her film career, as you see by this pose from "The Girl From Chicago"



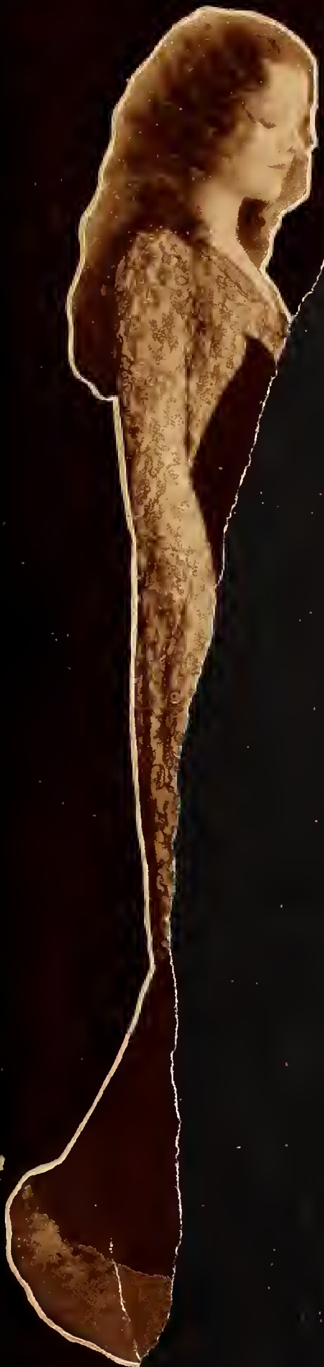


**1926** Beginning her film career, we find Myrna, above, in "Across the Pacific" and, right, in "The Love Toy"

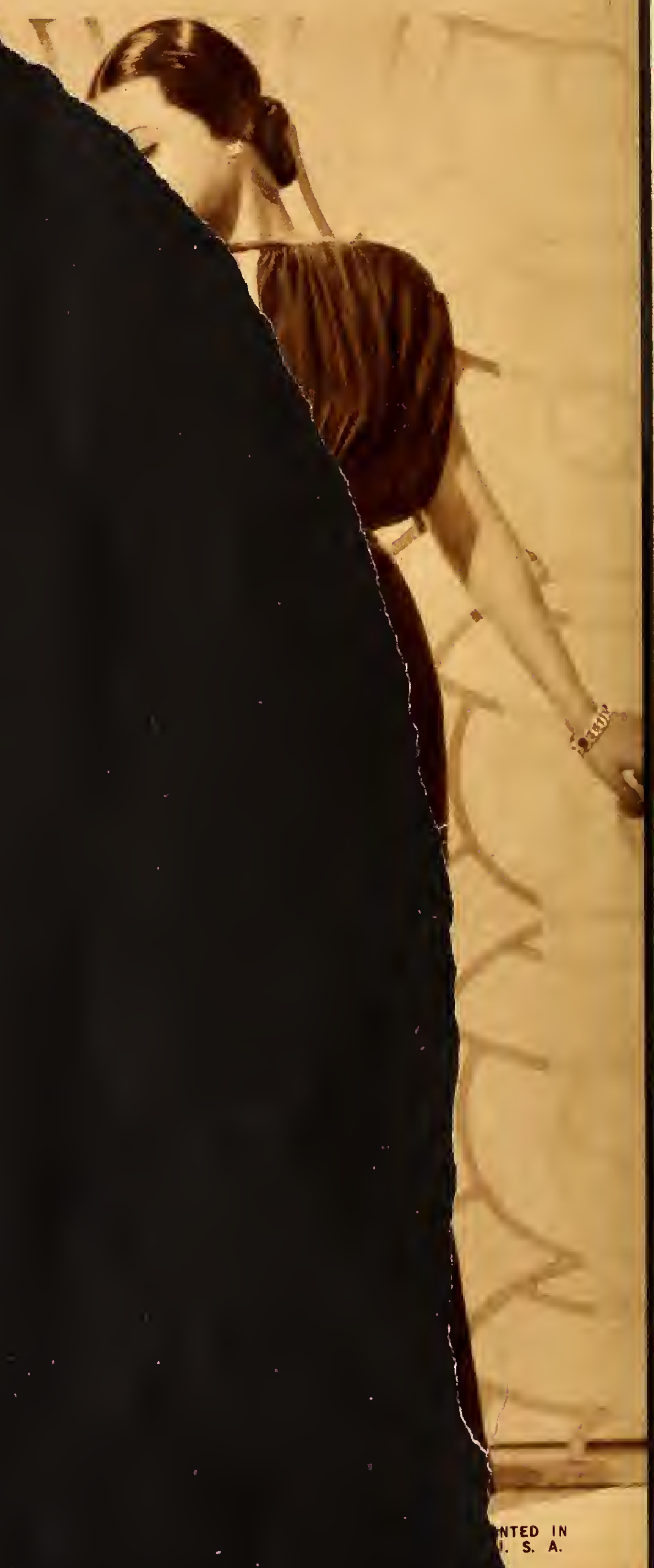
# OF A STAR

changed her film personality

**1933** In "The Prize-fighter and the
Lady," playing opposite
Max Baer, Myrna def
nitely established h
as a top-notch



# FAVORITES *in a Movie Star's* WARDROBE



NTED IN
. S. A.

# Bing Crosby's No. 1 Fan

And why not? After all, Kitty Carlisle herself gives Bing credit for the success of her screen career

By DONALD COOLEY

"DID you hate me?" asked Kitty Carlisle, watching me anxiously as she snuggled back on the comfortable sofa of her New York hotel room. Now, hating Kitty Carlisle is one of those things that you just don't do if you have fairly normal vision and an appreciation of those niceties of life which can be lumped under the general heading of beauty. She has black hair and lively dark eyes and a few piquant, almost imperceptible freckles.

I must have betrayed how her question had shocked me—until I remembered that we were in the midst of a discussion of *Here Is My Heart,* the new picture in which she appears with Bing Crosby. Kitty thought that perhaps her rôle presented her in an unsympathetic light—as the movie character, of course. Heaven knows the origin of this personal opinion, but she was pretty earnest about it.

That's the way Kitty Carlisle is—an utterly charming young woman with an amazing zest for living, but rather cold and critical when it comes to self-analysis. Not a bit of posing about her, no broad-A hauteur. Her gestures are quick, spontaneous, her enthusiasms bubbling. Her success as a movie actress, which she insists was accidental and unpremeditated, has not transformed her naturally friendly personality in the least.

Words come rapidly and easily to her. Her conversation carries a definite point, with a precision of expression which bespeaks a clear and active intelligence. When she agrees with one of your remarks, she says *"exactly"* (a favorite expression of hers) with a positiveness that makes you feel you have scored an important point. Thus you are not only immediately at ease with her, but your own ego is pleasantly flattered.

There is one sure-fire method of tapping the inexhaustible store of enthusiasm of which she is capable. You might call it the Bing Crosby method. Mention Bing's name and watch Kitty's eyes glow! If there were a national rating of Bing Crosby fans, Kitty Carlisle's name would most certainly be No. 1—and that statement is made flatly in the face of the fact that there must be at least ten million girls competing for the honor.

"I'm terribly grateful to Bing for all that he has done for me," said Kitty, in a tone which left no doubt that she was terribly grateful. "Just imagine how much it has done for me, appearing in pictures opposite Bing! Why, I'm known to thousands of people who might never have seen me if they hadn't *(Continued on page 72)*

# SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S

## Hollywood's sweetest little star looks back on a year that has made her famous and wealthy – a year which will stand out as the greatest in her life

SHE'S not yet six . . . yet a veteran trouper of the screen.

Cast her in any picture and she'll score such a smashing hit that any star in the cinema heavens would give an eye tooth to be able to duplicate it . . . yet she's as unconscious of the furore she has created as there's likelihood of Queen Marie of Roumania singing next season in the *Scandals.*

Her fan mail resembles Clara Bow's and Billie Dove's in their palmiest days . . . yet she doesn't care a fig how many thousand letters she receives every week.

And she's had a year that for hard work and utilization of energy would tax the stamina even of an ancient laddie of Troy . . . yet she's as fresh as a morning gardenia and just rarin' to go.

Possibly you may have heard of this diminutive marvel of the cinema . . . her parents christened her Shirley and her papa's name is Temple.

Together, they spell . . . Shirley Temple!

The name is symbolical of the sweetest bundle of cuteness and joy the screen has ever known. It stands for keener entertainment than usually falls the lot of any one person to render and the fates have decreed that it shall be on the lips of a nation.

A tall order for any one name to bear . . . but then, its owner is that kind of a little person. She can do more with one scene than the majority of players can do in two reels. And she can take it!

NEARLY a year ago, Shirley appeared briefly in a screen opus entitled, *Stand Up and Cheer!* The picture was no great shakes as whooping entertainment . . . but it will go down in the annals of screen history as an important contribution to the cinema.

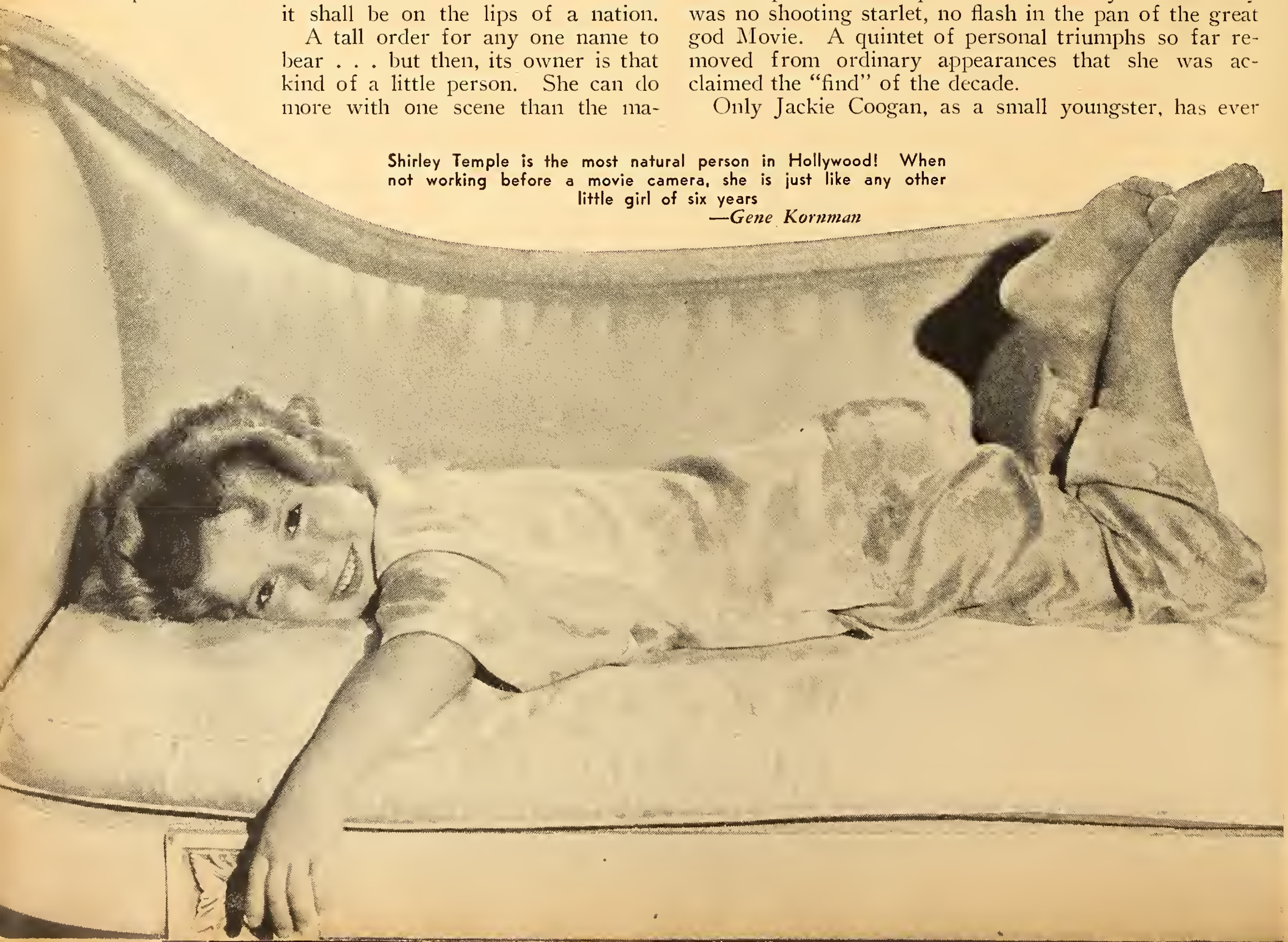
It introduced a young actress of such great parts that the audiences of the world rose as one man to proclaim her Public Favorite No. 1! From a small child of Hollywood, Shirley Temple emerged world-famous.

Her popularity exceeded even the wildest and most enthusiastic dreams of her studio sponsors. From every country in which motion pictures are exhibited came excited inquiries for news regarding this babe with the sweetest smile on earth. Not in years had the bell of public response tolled so loud and so long.

In succession, then, followed *Change of Heart, Little Miss Marker, Baby Take a Bow, Now and Forever,* and *Bright Eyes.*

Five pictures that proved conclusively that Shirley was no shooting starlet, no flash in the pan of the great god Movie. A quintet of personal triumphs so far removed from ordinary appearances that she was acclaimed the "find" of the decade.

Only Jackie Coogan, as a small youngster, has ever



Shirley Temple is the most natural person in Hollywood! When not working before a movie camera, she is just like any other little girl of six years
—*Gene Kornman*

# FIRST YEAR

### By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

rivaled her for honors in popular appeal. Otherwise, she stands preeminent as the sensation of childom, a young player who catches the fancy of every conceivable type of audience. The greatest actress on the screen, Helen Hayes not excepted . . . David Butler, the director, describes her.

Garbo has her followers, Mary Pickford hers. Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford and Mae West theirs, too. Many prefer one or two of these charmers and disregard the others entirely.

Shirley bewitchingly beckons all . . . and pell-mell scurry sophistication and naïveté, black and yellow and white, to pay tribute to the talent that has lightened the hearts of so many millions of spectators. She spreads more sunshine than all the other entertainers placed end to end.

To Shirley, this past year will ever remain the most memorable in her life, regardless of what later transpires. It has meant fame and great good fortune, her ascension to the loftiest pinnacle of stardom, popularity that has swept the country like a tidal wave.

It has cast a die, these months, from which will be moulded her future life . . . etched a niche from which she may never be dislodged. Her face has become more familiar even than that of the President of the United States, and she could no more pass unnoticed wherever she goes than there can be doubt of her right to stardom.

NOW in the impressionable age, Shirley is precisely like any other little girl of her years. You might imagine that her experiences and the attention showered upon her both in the studios and on the outside would in some manner affect her childish sense of proportions.

Shirley is the most natural person in Hollywood!

It is this quality of naturalness that makes her such a universal favorite. She is completely un-self-conscious. A case in point must be cited.

During one of the sequences of *Bright Eyes,* she had to wear a new coat and dress, a duo of garments that would cause the average girl to swoon with joy and break all records in admiring herself in a mirror. Shirley didn't even look into the full-length glass of her portable dressing room!

Although still little more than a baby, she grasps fundamentals in an amazing way. She knows and understands what she is doing before a camera, and has a very clear conception of the story and what is expected of her.

Rather than take the course of least resistance, without hesitation she will plunge into the day's work. In her new picture, *The Little Colonel,* she had to learn a dance of the period in which the story unfolds. She was trying out some easy steps which Bill Robinson, the celebrated Negro dancer, had improvised for her when she saw the fast-stepping Robinson perform a most intricate routine to accompany her. Immediately, she discarded her own steps and perfected herself, in exactly one hour's time, in the other dance.

She already is determined to follow a career when she grows older . . . but you mustn't construe this statement to mean that she is a movie child who even at her tender years speaks of "my career." She hasn't the faintest conception of what the

*(Continued on page 74)*

Here is Shirley, all dressed up for her part in her newest picture, *The Little Colonel,* in which she will be co-starred with Lionel Barrymore

Shirley Temple has made friends with everybody who has met her. Here she is pictured with Janet Gaynor and Will Rogers

Ann Dvorak (above) says that a woman can hold her man only as long as she trusts him and lets him know that he is trusted. Ruby Keeler (below) tells you of the futility of opposing a husband's wishes

# HOW TO MAN

### By GRACE MACK

IF YOU could sit down and talk to your favorite movie star, *woman to woman,* what would be the first question you would ask? Be honest. It would be something about LOVE or MEN, wouldn't it? You girls who are single would want to know how to get your man and those of you who are married would want a few tips on how to hold him. These at least are the questions you most frequently ask in the letters you write the stars.

Here's one, postmarked Kansas City, and addressed to Ann Dvorak, that's typical:

> I've been married three years—the same as you. The first year Joe and I got on swell. He was a sweetheart, always paying me compliments and telling me that he'd rather be with me than anybody else in the world. But now he never says anything nice to me and it seems like he'd rather be with anybody else but me. What can I do to win him back?

It so happened that I was interviewing Ann when she received that letter. She handed it to me to read.

"How are you going to answer it?" I asked her.

"The first thing I'm going to tell her is to check up on herself and see whether she's the same girl Joe fell in love with or whether she's grown into a person who bears little resemblance to the girl he married. I'll ask her whether she still takes pains to keep herself looking trim and attractive or whether she has become a little careless about her personal appearance. And while she's making this check-up it might be a good idea for her to turn the X-Ray on her disposition and ask herself wheth-

# KEEP YOUR CONTENTED

## Happiness in the Home is the desire of every woman. Stars who are notable successes as wives let you in on their love formulas

Glenda Farrell tells you it is dangerous for a wife to "cut-in" on her husband's conversations

er it's as sweet and amiable as it was during the days when Joe was courting her or whether it has developed some ugly barbs."

This started us talking about modern marriage and what it takes to keep a man contented in this modern year, and because the things Ann had to say were the sort of common sense things that ought to be in every wife's book of rules, I'm going to pass them on to you.

"I don't want to sound like a *Voice of Experience*," said Ann, "and certainly I don't want to pose as one who knows all the answers. I don't. But I do know that there are certain fundamental rules which are as tried and true as wedding charm, and if only women would take the trouble to remember them there wouldn't be nearly so many discontented husbands.

"A very important one is to *trust your man*. Men dislike feeling that the women they love doubt them. They won't be nearly so likely to get the urge to stray if they know that you give them a little credit for permanency.

"Don't be suspicious. There's nothing which makes a man more rebellious than being put in the dog house when he isn't guilty.

"Don't try to put a stamp of ownership on the object of your affection. Men treasure their independence and the girl who tries to be too possessive will certainly find her man straining at the leash.

"Don't expect your man to be on the moonlit heights of romance every minute out of the twenty-four hours. There's nothing more annoying to a man than to have sex obtruded when he doesn't want it. And nothing more charming than to find in a delightful comrade a sudden, unexpected gleam of allure *at the right moment*.

"Learn to be a companion to a man as well as a sweetheart. While love is essential to marriage, the thing that will make it last is companionship and mutual interests. The men who tire of their sweethearts and wives do so because they find, when the glamour is worn off, that there is no dove-tailing between them of spiritual and mental interests.

"So don't let yourself go stale. Keep yourself attractive mentally as well as physically. Don't confine your conversation to personal gossip about your acquaintances. Men, as a rule, are quickly bored by this.

"Whether it's stamp collecting or golf, take an enthusiastic interest in his hobbies.

"And above all, keep your sense of humor. It will help you to hurdle many a rough spot and it will be the means of nipping a lot of embryonic quarrels in the bud.

"Never *(Continued on page 64)*

# RONALD COLMAN MAKES HISTORY

He's a proud Englishman who is happy to acquaint the world with the work of a great patriot, *Clive of India*

By ROBERT FENDER

**Here's Ronny Colman, all dressed up for his part in the great historical film, *Clive of India***

"THERE'S nothing wrong with history as material for motion pictures," Ronald Colman said, speaking around his pipe—a distinctly British talent. "As a matter of fact I've never thought actual heroes came in for their share of attention from our movie makers. Even the sketchiest reading will reveal that real life is crammed with more action and good plots than our overworked scenario writers could devise in a month of Sundays. The natural distaste for reading about historical characters or filming them probably dates from the fact that history was 'required reading' in school. And, as many schools dish it up with a sauce of propaganda and a seasoning of moralizing, we can hardly blame the movies for fighting clear of it heretofore.

"But the lives of our heroes, whether British Robert Clive, American Daniel Boone or Swiss William Tell, make real, flesh-and-blood scenarios. These men actually *did* something. And their exploits, dashing and courageous, were far greater than any office-bound hack could think up.

And after all, wouldn't you rather see experiences which you know actually befell someone than the hothouse imaginings of a studio staff writer? A Great Director cast these men in rôles, fantastic, majestic, tragic beyond human imagining—took a little Corsican corporal and made him conqueror of the world; set a lanky backwoodsman in the White House to steer his nation through its darkest days; called a poor young clerk like Clive from his counting stool to conquer an empire for England. Their lives show that human beings are capable of resourcefulness, heroism, sacrifice, daring beyond belief."

Colman, frankly thrilled at the prospect of making *Clive of India*, was holding forth in his dressing room at Twentieth Century Studios and for once the reticent Ronny had a subject to his taste. He was almost talkative!

Ronny likes *Clive* because he takes his motion pictures very seriously. A good movie, to him, is a great thing. A poor one is abysmally stupid. *"Clive,"* he told me, "is a great story—a really great story about a great man. It is truthful, factual, and historical. Also, it's British and, although I'm no howling nationalist, I'm proud to help portray something fine that my country has done."

I apologized when I told him that I wasn't familiar with the story. "But," he said, "why apologize? Of course you don't know the story. Thousands of British don't either. That's where films come in. This picture can bring the story to many thousands who never have the opportunity or time to read history."

Then he launched into his conception of pictures.

"First of all," he began, "pictures have to be entertainment. If they aren't entertaining, they aren't anything. We don't go to the movies or theatre to be preached to. We go to enjoy ourselves.

"If they can be built around worthwhile, true stories and still retain their entertainment value we have what I consider truly great pictures. *Clive* should be such a picture because, although based on the brilliant and factual book by the noted authority on India, R. J. Minney, it is at the same time beautifully alive and throbbing with action and romance. Let me tell you part of the story.

"*Clive of India* is the story of how one man, single-handed and opposed on all sides, won India for England. It is set around 1750 and opens with young Clive arriving as a poor young clerk in Madras. Never cut out for such a life, he deserts his job to join the local army, which wards off bandits and keeps England's peace with quarrelling French colonists. *(Continued on page 76)*

"I DIDN'T KNOW I COULD BE SO HAPPY"
Romance comes to the girl who guards against COSMETIC SKIN

## You can use cosmetics all you wish yet guard against this danger . . .

IT'S SO THRILLING to win romance—so important to *keep* it! And yet some women let Cosmetic Skin steal away their greatest treasure—soft, smooth skin!

### Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

It is when cosmetics are allowed to *choke the pores* that they cause Cosmetic Skin. Enlarged pores—tiny blemishes—a dull, lifeless look—these are warning signals that you are not *removing cosmetics properly*.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks *deep* into the pores, carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—protect *your* skin with the gentle soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use!

LIKE MOST GIRLS, I USE ROUGE AND POWDER — BUT NEVER DO I RISK COSMETIC SKIN! I USE LUX TOILET SOAP REGULARLY. IT DOES LEAVE YOUR SKIN LIKE VELVET!
LUX
TOILET SOAP

**LORETTA YOUNG**
STAR OF 20TH CENTURY'S "CLIVE OF INDIA"

# "LESSONS IN LOVELINESS"

There are many ways to use cosmetics and the smart young woman will know how to apply them to the best advantage

By Nell Vinick

Ann Sothern uses the utmost care in applying powder to the face

SHOULD a young girl use cosmetics, and if so, at what age should she begin to do so?

And there you have a situation that starts many family arguments.

The question of cosmetics for young girls should be a matter of careful consideration, just as a young girl's schooling—and food—and clothes—and dental work—and other necessities and comforts are.

A girl's appearance is so vastly important that it is just as vital for a girl to acquire and grow up with good habits in beauty-care as with good habits and good tastes in other matters that count.

To ask—"Should a young girl use cosmetics?"—is like asking—"Should a young girl eat?"—or—"What should a young girl wear?"

The answer depends on the girl's own requirements—her own bodily condition, her general health and development, her environment and her activity. . . . Some girls mature more quickly than others—"look older than their age"—and it is therefore appropriate for them to use cosmetics that would be all wrong for a "little" girl of the same age. Some girls have more natural coloring and therefore need less make-up.

Ginger Rogers has found that healthful exercise is essential

To many girls, the word "cosmetics" signifies make-up . . . powder, rouge, lipstick and eye make-up. . . . What I am discussing with you is not only make-up, but general beauty-care. Beauty-care takes in your hair, your skin, your hands and nails, your figure, your posture, your voice, your disposition, and your attitude towards others.

To begin with, remember this: The keynote of beauty is to be YOURSELF. Be your most *attractive* self—but be YOURSELF.

There are thousands of beautiful "extra girls" in Hollywood striving for recognition, who never get to be anything except "extras" because they "come by the dozen"—so to speak. They have no distinction—no individuality. The ones who become stars are usually featured because they are different—because each is a distinct type.

If you are brunette, don't try to make yourself a blonde. . . . There are just as many, in fact more, movie stars with dark hair and dark complexions than there are blondes.

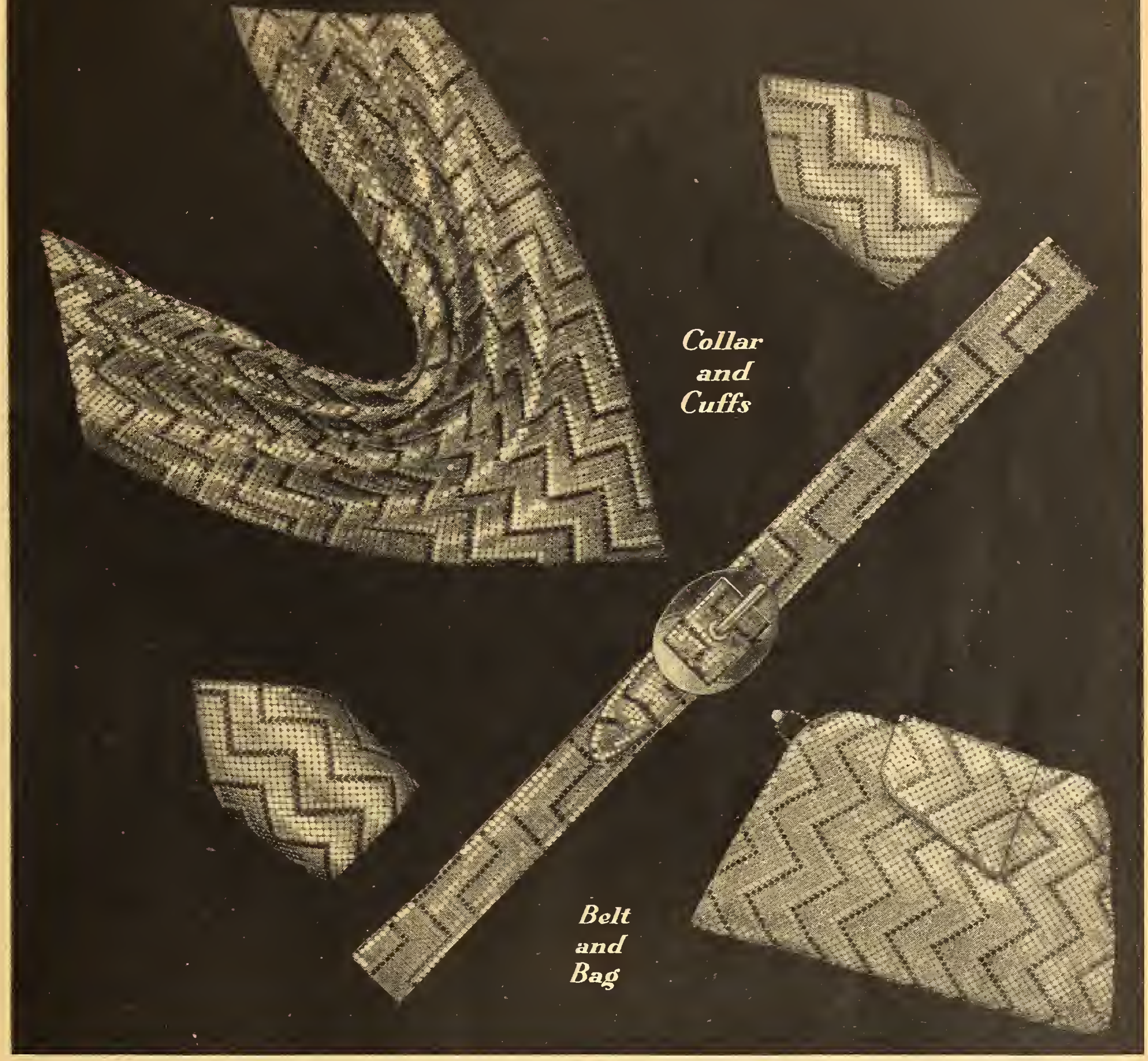
Beauty is a matter of effect and impression—the impression you make on others by the way you make yourself look and how you act.

Study yourself. Perhaps your hair is of unusual color—if so, play it up. Perhaps your eyes are unusually large or appealing—if so, do not dim their sparkle and decrease their size by the use of too much rouge on your face.

If you are tall, don't envy the petite type—she is probably envying your height. Make the most of your own type. Every type has its ardent admirers, so see to it that you are a beautiful example of your own.

Did you ever think of your speaking voice as part of your appearance? A shrill or unpleasant voice can give an impression *(Continued on page 80)*

# The Vogue of Metal Mesh



"HAND IN HAND WITH FASHION"

MADE IN
WHITING & DAVIS CO
MESH BAGS
THE U.S.A.

ILLUSTRATED is the newest in silver finish metal mesh with black and white enamel decorations, created by the Whiting & Davis designers. The Vogue of Metal Mesh accessories for daytime, afternoon and evening wear is sweeping the country. Gorgeous combinations of metal mesh in silver finish, gold finish, silver and gold finish with colors and variations of all the new seasonable colors are now being shown by smart shops everywhere; or, you may select from the Whiting & Davis collection at your favorite store, individual mesh bags, collars, capes, cocktail jackets, cuffs, compacts, cigarette cases and many other fashionable accessories.

## Whiting & Davis Company

PLAINVILLE (Norfolk County) MASSACHUSETTS
NEW YORK: 366 FIFTH AVENUE; CHICAGO: C. C. WHITING, 31 NORTH STATE STREET

GARY COOPER
PICKS THE
Honest Lips
IN INTERESTING TEST

HERE'S WHAT GARY COOPER SAW

UNTOUCHED
PAINTED
TANGEE

**Popular Screen Star tells why he prefers the Tangee Lips**

• Gary Cooper, making the lipstick test between two scenes of his new picture, **"The Wedding Night," a Samuel Goldwyn Production for United Artists.**

● "Honest lips!" That's Gary Cooper's forthright, masculine way of putting it. And lips that are painted *don't* look honest to men. Tangee doesn't paint your lips. It can't, because it isn't paint. Instead, it makes them soft, rosy, appealing. Based on the magic Tangee color-change principle, it merely intensifies the natural color of your lips.

In the stick Tangee looks orange. But as you use it, it changes to the one shade of rose that is your own best color. Try Tangee. You can buy it for $1.10 or 39 cents for the smaller size. You'll probably want the 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set, too. To get it, send 10 cents with the coupon below.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET
THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY M.P.-35
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.
Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
Name ____________ Please Print
Address ____________
City ____________ State ____________

Polly Moran tries her hand at playing the cymbalom, an odd Hungarian instrument, while Julius Klein, cymbalom virtuoso at the Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles, and Sidney Blackmer, screen star, look on

## Shooting at Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 16]

in Hollywood. We even give it the dignity of a different name. We call gossip 'rumor' out here."

Once started, George waxed really loquacious.

"Did you know that I am the father to twins? Neither did I until Hollywood told me. Quite an experience this, becoming a proud papa by proxy. Verbal fatherhood, as it were.

"It seems it all happened like this. If I err in an incident or two in the retelling, I hope you will pardon me. Having only recently heard the story myself, I may not do it justice.

"The locale, I hear, was Indianapolis —the year, 1932. They are a bit vague as to the exact month. At any rate, I was playing the rôle of Abie in *Abie's Irish Rose* when the romance began. An Indianapolis society girl attended the opening night performance and becoming enamoured—my fatal beauty, of course," Brent's sarcasm was tinged with humor, "attended every performance thereafter. Each evening and matinee, she occupied the same seat in the front row.

"A meeting was arranged. The girl proved so cute and cunning—and it is also inferred—so wealthy that I married her forthwith, some say three days later, others a week.

"Completing the Indianapolis run of *Abie's Irish Rose,* I took my bride on the road with the company. I had no choice in the matter, for her parents, upon learning that she had wed an actor, ordered her never to darken their door again.

"Our married life together, however, was very brief. A scant two months, she travelled with me. Then, unable to endure my brutalities—probably I was extremely cruel following her disinheritance, even beating her as many say I did—she returned home to her forgiving family.

"Her father had the marriage annulled and her mother helped her prepare for the Blessed Event. It happened to be a dual event. The stork brought twins—bouncing baby girls.

"It would be absurd for me to enter denials of this preposterous yarn. Denials do so little good. Once a tale is accepted there is nothing you can do. I might point to the fact that I was in Ireland during the period I was supposed to be in Indianapolis. I might point to several other impossibilities in the story. But there I would be left—pointing.

"Had this been the first time I had heard something untrue about myself, I might have been annoyed. It is not the first time, however, and I prefer to be amused.

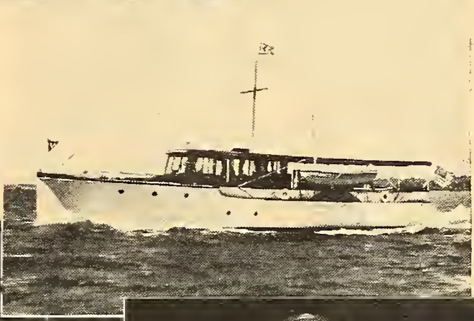
"The only theory I can possibly advance is that the plot of *Abie's Irish Rose* has to do with Abie becoming a father, a father of twins at that. As you doubtless remember, the feud between the Irish and Jewish families comes to an end when Abie and Rose have twins, one of whom is named Rebecca and the other Patrick.

"There are probably a great many men named George Brent. It is far from an uncommon name. But why the sins of the whole tribe should be visited upon my shoulders can have only one answer.

"I am the George Brent who happens to live in the Hollywood shooting gallery.

"Who's next? Choose your weapon and call your shot. Fun for young and old. It costs nothing. All shots are free."

# A *Fortune* FOR PLAYTHINGS



## Yet she uses this 25¢ Tooth Paste

## *Do you realize why?* **Results,** *that's all!*

IT is no accident that women of wealth and position, fastidious and critical in selection of all things, are constant users of Listerine Tooth Paste.

Obviously, the price of 25¢ would have no weight in making their decision. The reason for their choice is the quality of the paste itself, the definite results it brings.

You will find, as more than 3,000,000 men and women have found, that Listerine Tooth Paste gives teeth a brilliance and lustre not obtainable with ordinary dentifrices. You will observe also that this paste is safe and gentle in action; accomplishes amazing cleanliness without harm to precious enamel. Try it yourself and see teeth improve.

As you continue to use it you'll realize that at last you have a superior tooth paste, worthy of your patronage, and worthy, too, of the old and trusted name it bears. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Missouri.*

METROPOLITAN
GRAND OPERA
direct from its N. Y. Stage
Broadcast by
LISTERINE
announced by
*Geraldine Farrar*
Every Saturday. All NBC Stations.
See your newspaper for time

**LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . Regular Size 25¢ Double Size 40¢**

GINGER ROGERS
RKO-Radio Pictures Star

A.D. 1750 a padded cushion!

...1935 Hold-Bobs *for the hair*

Madame de Pompadour draped her hair over a cushion two feet high. But none of that fussiness today . . . it's HOLD-BOBS for *modern* hair! And how easily these bob pins keep your coiffure in place.

HOLD-BOBS are the *modern* bob pin and the only one with these exclusive features:

Small, round, invisible heads. Flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped, to hold hair in place; and smooth, non-scratching points.

HOLD-BOBS come in colors to match all shades of hair. And their satin-smooth finish lets them slide in easily.

Try HOLD-BOBS at our expense. Check your shade—and mail the coupon.

**THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. COMPANY**
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. K-35, Chicago, Ill.
**Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.**
St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada

Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS.

All sizes and colors to meet every requirement. Also sold under brand name of BOB-ETTES.

Straight Style HOLD-BOB
SMALL, INVISIBLE HEADS
Curved Shape Style
HOLD-BOB
10¢
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MAIL COUPON *for Gift* CARD

**The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.**
**Dept. K-35, Chicago, Ill.**
I want to know more about these new HOLD-BOBS that match my hair. Please send me a free sample card and new hair culture booklet.

Name____________________________

Address__________________________

City______________ State____________
☐ Gray and Platinum ☐ Blonde ☐ Brown
☐ Auburn ☐ Brunette
Copyright 1935 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Jolson (Ruby Keeler) were among the most enthusiastic box holders at the Santa Anita races near Hollywood. Al and Ruby are both great racing fans

## Rudy Vallee—Big Business Man

[*Continued from page 27*]

have earned a fortune in the entertainment field alone, is a man, who at thirty-three, is capitalizing on the characteristics of his 'teens. There is the background of a boy who swept snow from a half mile of Maine sidewalks for a dime, who worked summers in a sawmill, earned his first saxophone by part-time work after school as a motion picture operator in a one-horse theatre where he also sold tickets, swept out, repaired film, was stage manager, the orchestra and about anything else you can think of.

For eight weeks I worked with Rudy as his contact man, handling a small portion of his many business and studio details. And from that close-up view of Vallée in action, I'm not in the least surprised at his perennial stability in the ever changing kaleidoscope of fame and fortune. Fact is, I'd be surprised if he were not on top! If one man could work longer and more industriously, more indefatigably than Rudy, he would have to be twins!

The other morning, I asked him what his rules for business were. Rudy was silent for a moment, contemplating—the fellow is thorough about everything. Finally he said, "My only hard and fast rule is to try and follow the Golden Rule. Play ball with people who play ball with you. Give value received and expect the same. Know what you're doing BEFORE you do it. Listen to all practical advice before deciding YOURSELF what to do. Never forget a friend—and never forget that a person who crosses you once may possibly do it again!"

NOT one person in a thousand is aware of the painstaking care, the attention to infinite detail, the number of people concerned and their duties that are part and parcel of Rudy Vallée's career. True, he has made money stream into picture houses, stage box offices, night clubs and dance halls; but Vallée works under a tremendous overhead, the necessity of maintaining a staff of about thirty people, most of them in the high salary brackets. His annual payroll would undoubtedly exceed that of many independent picture concerns.

First of all, there are his famed "Connecticut Yankees," splendid musicians who make splendid salaries. They earn from seven to ten thousand dollars a year. Just multiply that by fourteen, the total of the band! There is his secretary, Lester Laden, Rudy's Yale classmate. There are four on his personal staff in a luxurious five-room office suite in New York City. And don't forget his music librarian, Ted Weber, another Yale man. Nor the man who runs the public address system. Nor his two arrangers. His five servants in New York and Maine. A representative in California. A lawyer—in fact about everyone you can think of except a manager. What, no manager? Well, why carry coals to Newcastle when there's a Vallée at the helm?

Rudy made his picture début in 1929, the first radio idol to enter the cinema citadels. It's no secret that while it grossed a million dollars *The Vagabond Lover* was no cause for wild huzzahs.

I have observed him closely while working. He drives, he demands, he'll shout if necessary—but he gets the results! Work is work and play is play with Rudy and he is equally adaptable to both. "No lost effort" is his motto, as witness his New York office.

In that suite, he has an especially constructed sound room equipped with a piano. The song plugger pleads and exhorts his latest epic from there while Rudy, three rooms away, listens to the recording of it. Alone, he gains a clearer conception of its value and is immune from the sorrowful countenances and dour glances of those whose work does not impress him.

Another example is his famous Fleischmann broadcasts. He himself charts out the tentative lineup for the program on Sunday mornings. Tuesday night, there is a four-hour rehearsal. Wednesday night, or occasionally on Thursday afternoon, Rudy stages the dress rehearsal, makes sure that everything will run with clocklike precision. Then, while he is on the air, his entire program from start to finish is being recorded by sound engineers for Rudy's reference.

During his stay in California those records were rushed to Hollywood by airmail so that Rudy might listen to them, judge the merits of artists before he considered reengaging them, decide what songs should be plugged, where his program could be improved and anything else that came into his mind. For five years, those records have been made and are on file in his office for any emergency when he may need them to look up former work done by guest stars or programs particularly adapted to seasons.

WHILE working his way through Yale, playing in bands often a hundred miles away from the campus, from necessity studying on trains and in lunch rooms, often going to classes without any sleep whatsoever, Rudy learned to work when and where he could so that today he still can and does work under any manner of conditions or circumstances.

Typical of Rudy Vallée is his mastering of the saxophone. Ever eager to learn, he sought lessons from the finest artists in their field, Bennie Krueger and Rudy Weidhoft. On his recent sojourn in Hollywood, Bennie Krueger was with the band as a featured soloist and Rudy's guest at his home. Bennie told me that, in his opinion, Rudy developed the finest tone of any saxophone player. Occasionally, Rudy will play the sax himself and despite his lack of time for practice, he still can compete with the very best of them.

His capacity for inspiration and perspiration is augmented by one other factor—that of being the average "Joe" in person. The car he likes, a million others drive; the girl Rudy admires is admired by countless other males; and the songs he prefers are the ones the public listens to. Because of that factor of being a great common denominator of public reaction, Rudy has been able to estimate twice as correctly as any other man in the business what songs are due for public favor, those doomed to an apathetic response.

Rudy Vallée may have fourteen other splendid musicians in his organization, but to the executives of theatres, movie studios, broadcasting and record companies, this level-headed young man has remained just what he's always been—Rudy Vallée, the one man band!

**How Beauty and Romance Came to Nancy**

HOW'S YOUR ROMANCE WITH TOM COMING ALONG?
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM SINCE HE TOOK ME SKATING!
NANCY OVERHEARS A CONVERSATION
AFTER TOM SAW NANCY'S SKIN IN THE DAYLIGHT HE NEVER ASKED FOR ANOTHER DATE
OH, SO THAT'S IT!
MY COMPLEXION IS AWFUL. BUT NOTHING SEEMS TO HELP ME
WHAT'S THIS? YEAST FOAM TABLETS DO WONDERS FOR A BAD SKIN. I'M GOING TO TRY THEM
AND ONE DAY SIX WEEKS LATER
HELLO, NANCY, MY, BUT YOUR LOOKING GREAT!
THANK YOU, TOM
NOT A CHANCE, FELLOWS, NANCY'S TIME IS MY TIME FROM NOW ON!
NOT LONG AFTER
YOU'RE MY SWEETHEART FOR LIFE NOW, AREN'T YOU, TOM?
YES, DEAR, AND AWFULLY PROUD OF IT!
JUST MARRIED

WHAT YEAST FOAM TABLETS did for Nancy's skin, they should do for yours. A muddy, blotchy, unattractive complexion is usually caused by faulty elimination or a nervous, run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That is just what YEAST FOAM TABLETS provide.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS contain rich stores of vitamins B and G which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new health, and new beauty.

Don't confuse YEAST FOAM TABLETS with ordinary raw yeast. YEAST FOAM TABLETS have a rich, appetizing, nut-like flavor. And they cannot cause fermentation in the body because they are scientifically pasteurized. Many leading American universities and various laboratories of the United States government use this new-type yeast in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with YEAST FOAM TABLETS. The 10-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. Get a bottle today.

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**YEAST FOAM TABLETS**

NRA

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. MP3-35
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free sample of YEAST FOAM TABLETS and descriptive circular.

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City____________ State__________

# THE RIGHT AND WRONG ABOUT COLDS!

## *Facts It Will Pay You to Know!*

THE "COMMON COLD" yearly, directly or indirectly, takes more lives and causes more illness—and more expense—than any other single ailment to which human flesh is heir.

The sad part of it is that much of the misery caused by colds is due to carelessness or ignorance in treating colds.

A cold, as your doctor will tell you, is an *internal infection*, resulting from a germ attack. In other words, a cold, regardless of the locality of the symptoms, is something lodged within the system.

### *Everything but the Right Thing!*

The failure of many people to recognize the internal or inward character of a cold results in much mistreatment of colds. More often than not, people do everything but the right thing for the relief of a cold.

They rub pungent greases on their chests; they inhale stinging vapors; they swallow all kinds of preparations which, for seven months of the year, are good for everything but colds and which suddenly become "good also for colds" when cold weather sets in.

Many of these methods are good as far as they go—but they don't go far enough! They don't get at a cold from the inside which a cold, an internal infection, requires. The result often is that a cold may progress to the point where it becomes a serious matter.

Recognizing the apparent nature of the "Common Cold," it becomes obvious that a cold calls for a remedy that is expressly a cold remedy and one that is internal in treatment.

Such a remedy is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine!

It is expressly a cold remedy and not good for a number of other things as well. It is internal treatment and it is complete in effect.

### *The Four Things Necessary*

First of all, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine opens the bowels gently but effectively, the first step in dislodging a cold.

Second, it combats the cold germs and fever in the system.

Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling.

Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold calls for and anything less is coming pretty close to taking chances.

### *Harmless As It Is Effective!*

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine contains nothing harmful and is absolutely safe to take. For more than forty years it has been the standard cold and grippe tablet of the world, the formula always keeping pace with Modern Medicine.

Every druggist in America sells Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. Good druggists won't try to sell you a substitute.

## How to Keep Your Man Contented

[*Continued from page* 55]

hold a grudge, particularly over some trivial thing. If your man makes a caustic remark which hurts your feelings, instead of flying off the handle stand back and look at yourself and try to analyze the thing you did that annoyed him. Perhaps it is an irritating habit which you haven't even been aware of. If it is, correct it."

AS YOU read Ann Dvorak's tips, you are probably thinking: "It's all very well for a screen star to talk. When it comes to love they have everything their own way."

You're wrong. They are confronted with the same problems which confront you and many others which you will probably never have to cope with. But, as a very wise man named Balzac once said: *"Love is not merely a sentiment, it is an art."* An art, like all other arts, with a definite technique that must be mastered if interest is to be kept alive.

Take Ruby Keeler. As you know, Al Jolson was a very popular bachelor when Ruby married him. Like most bachelors in his position, he had a valet and secretary to look after him, a man who had been taking care of him for more than fifteen years. Now a lot of girls might have thought: "Now that I'm his wife, I'm going to look after him myself." But Ruby was too understanding for that. She was wise enough to know that Al's secretary must have learned his ways and his little eccentricities and, that if she attempted to take over the managerial reins, she'd only mess things up.

And here's another little trick of Ruby's which a lot of wives might profit by.

"Neither one of us cares very much about parties," says Ruby. "Al especially doesn't like to go out, particularly now that we have a home of our own. But frequently we make dinner engagements and almost invariably when it's time to go and I'm getting dressed he'll say: 'Oh, I don't want to go to this party. I think I'll just stay at home.' I don't argue with him about it. In fact, I don't say anything at all. And pretty soon he will get into his dinner clothes. When he gets to the party he usually has a swell time."

GLENDA FARRELL thinks that it takes just as much talent to be a successful wife as it does to be a successful actress.

"I think one of the worst habits that women have is cutting in on a man's conversation. I've heard wives who are always trying to 'outshout' their husbands, always saying 'No, dear, it was *this* way' when he starts to tell a story. No man likes that and you can't blame him.

"The wise woman is the one who learns to be a good listener. And this

Mama steps out! Joan Blondell in her first public appearance since the birth of her baby boy. With her is her husband, George Barnes

is just as important in winning a man as in holding him.

"Every man likes to believe that he's just a little superior, mentally. He just naturally thinks that the girl who listens attentively to what he has to say is a very charming and intelligent young woman.

"In being a good listener, however, don't make the mistake of being dumb," says Glenda. "If you make the same responses all the time you may sound like a phonograph. Vary your comments, even though you've heard the story a dozen times."

IF YOU follow Frances Dee's rules you won't "talk shop" to a man, unless he gives some indication that he's in a mood for it. Frances thinks that if he happens to be a little fed up with shop talk he'd like a little change of subject matter when he gets home. Frances also believes in doing little unexpected favors for a man—such as bringing him his slippers when he comes home tired or performing some little unexpected service which he doesn't anticipate.

So there you have the highlights on keeping a man contented. A large order, to be sure. If you try to fill it, it may necessitate your making yourself over and that will probably be painful. But if it results in the One Man telling you that he'd rather be with you than anybody else in the world, won't it be worth it? I'll say!

NEED
A BLONDE FADE EARLY?

By Lady Esther

People say that blondes have a brilliant morning, but a short afternoon. In other words, that blondes fade early!

This, however, is a myth. Many blondes simply look older than their years because they use the wrong shade of face powder.

You should never choose a face powder shade just because you are a blonde or brunette. You should never try to match the color of your hair or the particular tone of your skin. A blonde may have a dark skin while a brunette may have quite a light skin and vice versa.

A face powder shade should be chosen, not to match your hair or coloring, but to *flatter* your whole appearance.

**To Find the Shade that Flatters**

There is only one way to find the shade of face powder that is most becoming to you, and that is to try *all* five basic shades.

Lady Esther Face Powder is made in the required five basic shades. One of these shades you will find to be the most flattering to *you!* One will instantly set you forth at your best, emphasize your every good point and make you look your most youthful and freshest.

But I don't ask you to accept my word for this. I say: Prove it at my expense. So I offer to send you, entirely without cost or obligation, a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

When you get the five shades, try each one before your mirror. Don't try to pick your shade in advance. *Try all five!* Just the one you would least suspect may prove the most flattering for you. Thousands of women have written to tell me they have been amazed with this test.

**Stays on for Four Hours —and Stays Fresh!**

When you make the shade test with Lady Esther Face Powder, note, too, how exquisitely soft and smooth it is. It is utterly free from anything like grit. It is also a *clinging* face powder! By actual test it will stay on for four hours and look fresh and lovely all the time. In every way, as you can see for yourself, Lady Esther Face Powder excels anything ever known in face powder.

*Write today!* Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard. By return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Copyrighted by Lady Esther, 1935

*(You can paste this on a penny postcard)* (10) **FREE**
Lady Esther, 2040 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

*Name* __________
*Address* __________
*City* __________ *State* __________

*(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)*

Will he remember your EYES?

He can't forget their beauty if you use

Maybelline

ON YOUR LASHES

More than any other feature, your eyes express YOU. When he meets you, the first thing he looks at is your eyes. If they are beautiful and attractive, they will be what he remembers most when he thinks of you. So, make them unforgettably alluring with pure, harmless Maybelline. Just a touch of this delightful mascara, and your lashes instantly appear long, dark and luxuriant. Your eyes become lovely, bewitching pools . . . brilliant, fascinating, indiscribably charming.

But, you must use genuine Maybelline, otherwise the effect is not all that it should be. Moreover, Maybelline is the tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless mascara that has won the unconditional approval of Good Housekeeping and other leading authorities. Obtainable in Black, Brown and Blue in a stunning metal vanity. 75c, at all leading drug and department stores.

Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau
Good Housekeeping Magazine
The Approved Mascara

Charles Ray and Minna Gombell take time out from dancing at the Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles to patronize the pretty little cigarette girl

## Failure Couldn't Lick Ralph Bellamy

[*Continued from page* 33]

One Saturday night, he went to a show given by a stock company in the town near which he worked. It was *Macbeth* and the rantings of the actors thrilled the young digger of ditches. He thought he recognized one of the players.

After the show, a young man stepped up to him with a greeting. It was Nicholas Whitney, and he had played with John Gregory Adams.

Again Bellamy was on the road.

The show soon did that which seems to be inevitable for all wandering stock companies. It went broke and disbanded. Bellamy found himself in Provo, Utah, with winter soon approaching.

A chance meeting with a sheep herder in a pool room brought the next decision to him. He was told of a job packing sheep wool in the stockyards. He remained several weeks until a job which paid more money presented itself.

A few weeks before spring came over the mountains another chance meeting came to Bellamy. It was with "dear old William Owen" as he expresses it. Mr. Owen was one of those men who will go untrumpeted down the halls of fame, but who nevertheless touched the hem of greatness. There is often but a slight difference between a William Owen and a Henry Irving. It may be in the opportunity—as for instance, we will just suppose that Mack Sennett had not seen Charlie Chaplin in a third rate vaudeville troupe.

Mr. Owen was one of those men who would be content to play Shakespeare to the cows in the meadow. The man from Avon was his life.

Also, to make himself resemble Mr. Owen's conception of a Shakespearean actor, Bellamy let his hair grow long, wore spats and a double-breasted yellow vest, and carried a walking stick.

He remained with William Owen's stock company for more than a year, and thus learned a great deal of the more subtle business of acting. When the show reached Waukegan, forty miles from Chicago, young Bellamy decided to visit his parents.

He was greeted with the same consternation as when he had confided to his parents that he wanted to become an actor.

The father pleaded until next day for his son to give up acting. By dawn the boy consented.

He was placed as an ad writer in his father's advertising firm.

The fond parent soon had cause to regret his action. His son's mind was upon all things under the sun—except advertising. After a few weeks, to the mutual benefit of both, the son was fired.

Once again he was on the road with a stock company. It went broke and disbanded in Florida.

IT WAS in a small town at the edge of the Everglades, where everybody was selling real estate. Bellamy went to work on the thousands of Middle Westerners who were scrambling for Florida land. His profits—on paper—amounted to seventy thousand dollars. The young man dreamed of his own theatre, and his own servants. All Florida real estate men were wealthy on paper, and Bellamy had at last come into his own.

Two things happened—a group of irate men called upon the real estate firm of which Bellamy was by this time a partner.

"What right you got sellin' our land?" they asked in unison.

They did not know. The knowledge would have been useless. For just then the CRASH came.

The young fellow who was worth more than seventy thousand dollars—*on paper*—arrived in New York, stranded.

One thing had come to him on the journey to New York. He would succeed or starve—as an actor. There followed months of destitution in the eastern metropolis, until at last he met Arthur Hopkins. That producer needed an actor to replace Walter Huston in *Roadside.*

On the opening night, Joe Schenck was in the audience. The next day that wily film producer had placed Bellamy under contract to appear in Hollywood. Within four days he had five other offers for screen rôles.

Mr. Schenck loaned him to play in *The Secret Six* on the M-G-M lot. Playing a slightly minor rôle to Clark Gable and Wallace Beery, he was holding his own.

One of those inexplicable things, so common in Hollywood, happened. The word went around that Bellamy was a fine actor, but that he was "not for films."

For more than five months Ralph Bellamy remained idle in the cinema city. Either the attitude of the producers remained adamant, or it was not in the cards that the one-time ditch digger should have such easy sailing in Hollywood.

He was all packed and ready to return to New York—on borrowed money. The train would leave that night. A chance happening came once more to him. By sheer accident he met his friend, Ruth Chatterton, in the lobby of the Ambassador Hotel.

He told her of his bad luck—with a smile.

She looked at him attentively and kindly, as is her way.

"I wouldn't return to New York if I were you, Ralph, for I want you for my leading man in my next picture."

Ralph Bellamy remained in Hollywood, and appeared opposite Ruth Chatterton in *The Magnificent Lie.*

The rest is very interesting screen history—except one incident which is worth recording.

While Bellamy was on the set of *The Magnificent Lie* he saw a gray-haired man playing the part of an extra.

He went up to him and asked, "Isn't your name Rupert Franklin?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"You don't remember me, perhaps; I was your bell-boy in Balboa Beach."

"Oh, yes," said the man, and they talked of Dustin Farnum, now no more, and Louise Lovely, long faded from the films, but still a happy memory in the heart of Ralph Bellamy.

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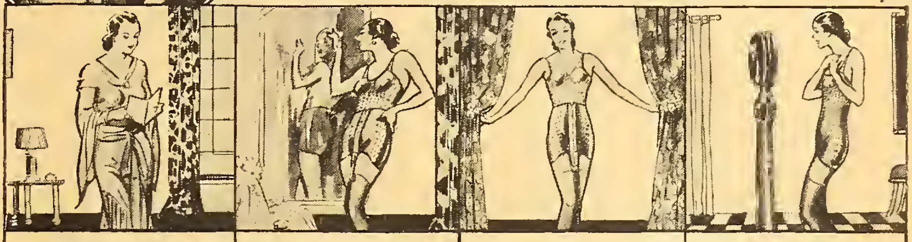

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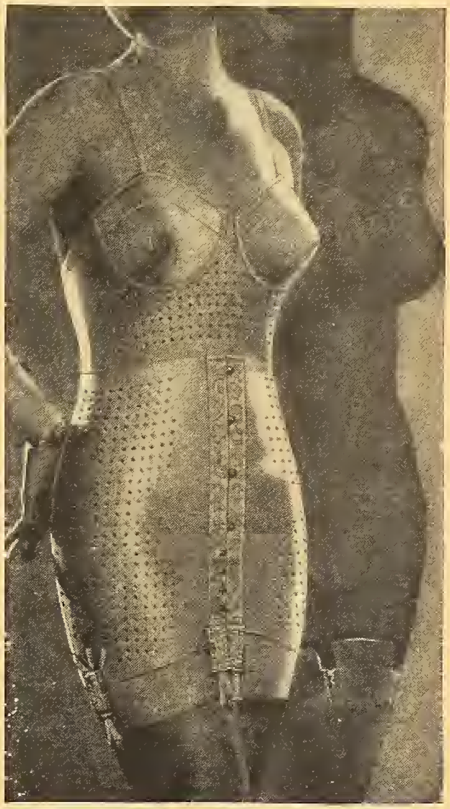

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## The Romance of Evelyn Laye

[*Continued from page* 42]

to me if I had not learned to take a firm stand, and insist on living my own life as I want to, no matter what are the pressures from without.

"And when one has found someone to share the disturbances with, it makes it all very simple.

"WHEN I left Hollywood in 1930, I was as certain that I would never see the place again as a human being can be certain of anything in this world. I received many cabled offers to return, some of them at flattering salaries, but I always refused. Yet my ambitions and thoughts were all that time slowly growing, changing so that at last Hollywood was inevitable. Now, it is a different town because I am a different Evelyn Laye. I want to succeed here, to make some fine American pictures, to be liked by American audiences.

"You may think that I love Hollywood now as much as I hated it before because I have found romance here, but I did not have to cross the sea to find my romance. The people who were meant to come intimately into my life would have come to me sooner or later wherever I was in the world. I am not a fatalist, but I do believe that our own way of thinking determines what our lives shall be and who shall share them with us.

"Here is a proof of what I say. When I was a young girl I wanted to be a nurse. I am strongly maternal, and—silly as it may sound—I honestly believe that I have some special gift for helping sick people. I have proved it over and over again, by nursing my own father and mother through long illnesses. Some natures are disturbing in a sick room. Mine happens to have a soothing effect. I planned to become a nurse, and when I was refused entrance to a training class at a hospital because I was slight and delicate looking I was broken-hearted.

"Now I see that acting is in essence the same thing as nursing. The same outpouring of vitality, the same instinct to give to people—to comfort them and take their minds off their troubles, lies behind both. And so without my own planning, the urge that was in me brought me to my heart's desire in the end.

"Once I planned out my whole life to the last day, but I make no plans for the future now. Having learned not to look ahead, I find Hollywood thrilling instead of upsetting."

Evelyn Laye is a Golden Lady as she sits there, talking with such sureness, in that delightful, crisp British voice. Her hair, the color of amber wine; her suit, her pale fox furs match. She is all friendliness and charm, but you sense iron behind that softness, and you think with surprise, "Here is one who will rule her own life. Here is one who will not be touched by Hollywood, or any other thing."

Robert Montgomery and Chester Morris are carefully attired in the correct hats when they attend the races near Hollywood

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## SINCERITY'S REWARD

[*Continued from page* 41]

terminated.

I asked this very common sense young English girl if she would care to give advice, from her own experience, to girls ambitious to achieve what she has achieved.

She answered modestly, "I haven't gotten far enough really to set myself up as a giver of advice to anyone. Yet I suppose there are some fundamental rules, aren't there?

"I believe that the job of attaining any success whatsoever takes all the steps I have enumerated thus far: First of all, you have to be born with a great and single-hearted love for the thing you want to do. Secondly, you have to watch life at close range, face to face, so that the things you do will be done *sincerely,* without pretense or stupid affectation. Thirdly, you have to have your Ego trimmed for you—as my brothers and sisters kept mine trimmed for me. Fourthly, you have to work unceasingly, day and night, especially in the beginning. You have to learn about your craft all that there is to be learned.

"You have to fight for what you believe to be sincere. This is an inevitable part of any fight to get to the top. You may seem to get there faster if you compromise and take the easiest way. I don't believe you stay there very long unless the foundation is the firm one *of being true to yourself.*"

*CLAUDETTE COLBERT, Starring in Paramount's "The Gilded Lily"*

A million eyes marvel at the beauty of CLAUDETTE COLBERT

How *many look at you?*

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*...To harmonize with my colorings, black hair, dark eyes, olive skin, Max Factor's Olive Powder is correct... Fine in texture, it adheres perfectly and creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours.*

**ROUGE**
*...Max Factor's Raspberry Rouge is correct for me. A perfect color tone, and creamy-smooth, like finest skin-texture, it blends evenly, imparting delicate, lifelike coloring to the cheeks.*

**LIPSTICK**
*...Max Factor's Super-Indelible Crimson Lipstick completes my color harmony make-up. It is moisture-proof, the color is natural and once I've made ^ up my lips I know they will appear perfect for hours.*

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| Fair ☐ | Gray ☐ | Light ☐ Dark ☐ |
| Creamy ☐ | Green ☐ | BROWNETTE |
| Medium ☐ | Hazel ☐ | Light ☐ Dark ☐ |
| Ruddy ☐ | Brown ☐ | BRUNETTE |
| Sallow ☐ | Black ☐ | Light ☐ Dark ☐ |
| Freckled ☐ | LASHES (Color) | REDHEAD |
| Olive ☐ | Light ☐ | Light ☐ Dark ☐ |
| SKIN Dry ☐ | Dark ☐ | If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐ |
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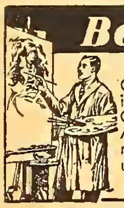

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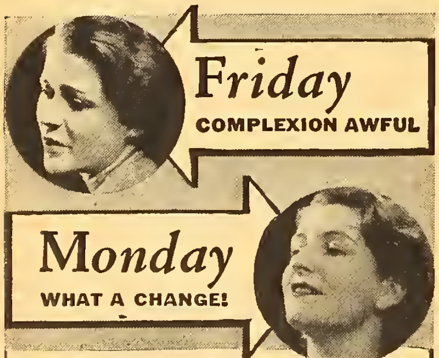

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STUART'S Calcium Wafers

# Miriam Hopkins' Strange Love Affair

[*Continued from page 29*]

"Those welcome green bills fairly sprouted from between her fingers. It seems that every time she had collected one of the big notes, she thrust it in her pocket.

"That killing of Miriam's staked us back to the States. We were broke again when we landed—gorgeously, completely busted. When you haven't so much as a dollar and fifteen cents, my lad, it's grand to have a pal who doesn't give a hoot. I borrowed a hundred dollars and found a job. Of course, Miriam couldn't remain idle a moment. A new play was soon in rehearsal, and she went up to New Haven for the opening.

"I had in turn been knee deep in writing, and when the job was finished I figured I had earned a small sized celebration. 'Parker,' I told myself, 'you are going out and eat garlic—gobs and gobs of garlic.'

"Miriam, I should explain, detested and despised garlic. It actually makes her ill. But, when I was flying during the war, I spent some time in Italy and acquired a taste for that malodorous member of the onion family.

"Well, on that particular evening my wife decided to reward me for being a good, hard-working husband, and come home to see me. She just had time to grab a rattler after the show, boarding the train without even removing her make-up. She arrived at an apartment dark and dismal. And no husband.

"At four a. m. I rolled in, smelling —nay reeking, of garlic. It was too, too horrible. Miss Hopkins told Mr. Parker just what she thought of his low tastes, and took the early train back to New Haven.

"It was only after repeated phone calls that was I able to convince her that it was much more reprehensible for husbands to go out with girls than with garlic.

"She forgave me. And then came pictures. I fell first, doing the dialogue for *Fast and Loose* at the invitation of our mutual friend, Walter Wanger. Miriam held out for awhile, but she, too, decided to make some pictures. She tried working before the camera by day and playing in a show by night, and of course, she ended up in a hospital. . . .

"If only directors would realize how Miriam overtaxes herself! To her, no task is impossible; she merely drives herself harder. Like a dynamo, that finely tuned, swift running mechanism of hers keeps going until it is operating on nervous energy alone.

"When she had recovered, back came her enthusiasms. She started *The Smiling Lieutenant* with Chevalier, under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch. Lubitsch changed her whole attitude toward pictures. The first film had been work and grief; this became an enchanting adventure.

"About this time our marriage began to steer a wobbly course. Both of us were working our fool heads off; I was waist deep in scripts all day, Miriam was entangled in miles of film. We seldom saw one another from one day to the next.

"This unsatisfactory situation was capped by my coming to Hollywood.

"To be faced with actual separation, however, was a different matter. Miriam came out to do a picture, and we tried another go at matrimony. But it was the same thing over again—matrimony between two persons in pictures is the most difficult thing to maintain you can imagine.

"Miriam and I mulled it over and decided we'd have to give it up. She could go ahead and adopt a baby and live her own life.

"So it was done. A Mexican divorce to avoid fuss. And then my rival, Michael, entered the picture.

"He was only a few weeks old, a little blond cherub in The Cradle, a Chicago foundling home. Miriam had stopped off there, to look over the baby situation, and having taken one look at Michael had made up her mind. I still advised against it. To my everlasting chagrin. But as I have intimated, Miriam is a determined little mind-maker-upper.

"What a grand broth of a lad he is turning out to be, this young Mike! It got so that if I couldn't see them both at least twice or thrice a week, I was utterly lost. I adore them both. Mike is lusty and bright as a new penny, and the cock o' the walk in the Hopkins home. And verily, the world is his plaything.

"Miriam and I still run to each other with our problems. Before leaving for her new home at Sutton Place, in New York, after finishing *The Richest Girl in the World,* we worked together on her radio broadcast. I go over stories and dialogue with her when I'm stuck on some story. She has a fine sense of dramatic values.

"That machine-gun delivery of words shows the speed with which her mind travels."

Austin Parker had evidently come to the end of the story. But I wanted to know what might be in the last chapter.

"Do you think you and Miriam might remarry?" I put it bluntly.

"When the pressure is off—the pressure of this picture business—when the time comes for a more leisurely pace, then it wouldn't surprise me if we were to marry again," he said earnestly.

"We have learned, you see, that when love becomes tempered it may change to a splendid friendship. As one grows older, that becomes important. We had the foundation before we married—when we were very, very good friends. That has lasted, and will last."

Of course, that last chapter remains to be told, and Fate will do the writing of it. But it would be a most satisfactory conclusion to the romance of Miriam Hopkins and Austin Parker—and a happy one for them both.

Lola Lane, in private life Mrs. Al Hall, wife of the director, strolls about Palm Springs in this comfortable outfit

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## Embarrassed By Fame

[*Continued from page* 31]

prevalent than road hogs, that *is* unusual.

FRED is known as one of the ten best-dressed men of the world which (I imagine) bores him a lot. But his swanky Bond Street tailors would turn pale if they knew that his favorite article of clothing is an old bathrobe which Fred bought for fourteen dollars more than seven years ago. That robe is his good-luck piece —he wears it always between rehearsals and "takes." A few days after he arrived in Hollywood, Fred was to start work in *Dancing Lady* but his trunks hadn't yet arrived, and Fred refused to dance a step until he had that bathrobe close at hand.

Fred is ingenious and imaginative and creates all his own dances. And he never can tell when the inspiration will come upon him. Once, while Fred was at a tennis match he suddenly got an idea. Having no paper, he diagrammed a few steps on the cuff of his shirt. That evening Fred forgot all about it, and the shirt was dumped down the laundry shoot. The next day, at the studio, he remembered. The race to the laundry was very exciting. Like the navy appearing at the last moment to save the situation, emissaries from RKO arrived at the laundry just in time to save the precious shirt from the tub. Those markings on Fred's cuff were what you saw as *The Continental.*

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## Bing Crosby's No. 1 Fan

[*Continued from page* 51]

paid to see Bing's latest movie and had to take me, too! Bing introduced me to his ready-made audience—it would have taken years of work to reach them if it hadn't been for him."

Kitty Carlisle knows her music. She has studied in Italy and London and Paris. Counterpoint and all those musical subtleties which go into a complete operatic training are an old story to her. But though she is eminently qualified for a career on the concert stage, she doesn't regard the idea very happily. Maybe it's because of the feather fan which seems to be an indispensable part of the equipment of the singer giving a recital. Kitty insists that she simply can't see herself maneuvering a feather fan.

With all of her operatic study, there seemed to be some irony in the fact that she had scored her greatest success singing opposite a crooner.

"But Bing isn't a crooner!" she protested. "There's so much volume in his voice that he can fairly blast you out of the room if he lets himself go. Everything about music which it takes years of study for the rest of us to learn, Bing Crosby knows by instinct."

There is more than a bit of storybook romance about the way in which she broke into the movies. Last winter she had a part in the play *Champagne Sec* running at a New York theatre, in which Peggy Wood was starred. One evening just before curtain time, she suffered a badly injured ankle in a backstage fall. Since she not only sang but had a short dance routine to do, it seemed out of the question that she could go on. But, though she is genuinely amused when you suggest the idea, Kitty is a real trouper.

"'The show must go on,'" she quoted with a laugh. "I had to give my all. And it happened to be the night when a scout from Paramount pictures was in the audience! After the performance Peggy Wood introduced me to him and he suggested that it would be a grand idea for me to take a screen test."

The test was a success and they thought of her first for the part of Curly Flagg, the chorus girl in *She Loves Me Not.* Kitty didn't think she would fit the part. She is still a little puzzled as to how she came to be paired up in a singing team with Bing Crosby.

Hollywood isn't much more than a workshop to Kitty Carlisle. When she has a spare moment, she says she just sits at home. Not that she has much time even for that, since she gets up at six o'clock to start her picture work, and arrives home at seven-thirty. Mostly she misses the symphonies and concerts which she enjoyed so much in New York and London and Paris.

She and her mother have a house in Beverly Hills and a goldfish they're pretty fond of. Social activities of the movie village do not interest her greatly.

# Looking Over The New Hollywood Fashions

[*Continued from page* 39]

know how your curly bob looks when you pin it on top of your head to take a bath? Well, that's all there is to it, plus a little bunch of bangs in front. We find Madge Evans in the shade of a sand dune, very nonchalant in a hand knitted dress of white with a scarf and belt of red, white and black stripes. Beside her is thrown a three-quarter length white knit swagger coat, a matching small brimmed hat and a terrifically big knit bag of red with white trimmings. Madge has a compact disguised as a case of flat fifties.

June Clayworth, Universal's New York stage actress, has a cigarette lighter disguised as a lipstick, and a gadget that automatically keeps track of all her dates. It is a cigarette case with a perpetual calendar built in.

IF YOU don't believe that everything is topsy-turvy, come on over to the nearest theatre where Joan Crawford is *Forsaking All Others.* I want you to especially notice her evening ensemble. It will still be news this time next year. In the first place, remember that the tunic for evening wear is one of the three ranking modes. The bouffant robe de style is another, and the shirtmaker is the third. But Joan plays no favorites. The result is ravishing.

She is wearing a straight narrow skirt of tucked black velvet, slit almost to the knee in front. Over it she has a three-quarter length tunic of heavy white blister crêpe. A wide velvet belt, sleeve bands and binding down the open front of the tunic's high-necked waist complete the dress. Stark, uncompromising, sophistication. But she's just a little girl at heart. She has on a hair ribbon. A black velvet hair ribbon worn the same way and in the same place that you wore yours when you were five years old.

Here comes the sultry beauty of Frances Drake wrapped up in a dress that looks luscious enough to eat. Made of crisp moiré, the backless waist is of cerise and the straight hanging skirt is fuchsia. Una Merkel is just back of you in a peach taffeta gown and she is actually rustling her bustle. The dress is one she had modeled from the period costume she wore in *The Night is Young.* It just goes to show that styles and fabrics are coming out of the past to haunt us and our boy friends with their romantic splendor and their provocative femininity. Take, for example, Jean Parker's gown. And don't you wish you could take it! Wait until she stops dancing and you can see every one of her dozens of tulle ruffles, shading from pale peach to glowing burnt orange. The drop shoulders, innocent of any straps, are very new. So is the big bow of burnt orange velvet at the front of the decolletage and the matching bow tacked on the bottom ruffle right in the front of the skirt. Do you know how they keep those drop shoulder dresses on? They have no straps, and the shoulder lines are seldom tight enough to bind. They stiffen the bodice of the gown with lots of tiny whalebones, thus holding it erect. It is a delicate bit of structural engineering, but you finally emerge from the bodice like a flower from its calyz, or something.

ROBERT KALLOCH, Columbia's ace designer, is very encouraging about the effect of the new clothes. He says they will have the simplicity of world-weary sophistication, plus an unexpected naïveté which is itself sophisticated. He makes all sorts of nice predictions about the return of little jeweled hatpins, knowing wisps of veils, long trains for evening and shorter skirts for daytime.

Parasols will be carried with garden frocks, he believes, and suggests a black velvet parasol with a pale pink organza picture frock. Claudette Colbert is going to have one. He insists that pajamas will not fit into the new ladyish mode, and are definitely out. I'd hate to try to sell that idea to Billie or Connie.

Bernard Newman, whom we find knee-deep in gowns for *Roberta* over at RKO, wants to throw jewelry into the discard, and let flowers take its place. Did you ever hear the story of the girl whose true love kept sending her one perfect rose, when her heart was crying for one perfect diamond? There is a lot of truth to that story, and I do not believe Mr. Newman's idea will work. He does the funniest things. He made Ginger Rogers a beige woollen suit, all expensive with sable cuffs and such, and then he buttoned the long coat up the back, by Jove!

Incidentally, if you are too busy to run around to a dozen or more style shows, be sure and see *Roberta.* There is a fashion sequence in it which features one hundred and five gowns, not counting those worn by bit players and extras.

All Hollywood agrees upon a few simple fundamentals for the new season's clothes. Sleeves are fuller and tight at the wrists. Shoulders slope; collars don't much matter; colors are gay, accented by plenty of navy and black and prints; and fabrics are stiff and crisp with lots of sparkle. Hats are off the face and bags are enormous; tailored suits with short jackets are almost indispensable. One of the cutest suits was made for Rochelle Hudson by Vera West. It is powder blue with a blue fox lei. Rochelle's shirtmaker evening gown of solid paillettes in gold is something to arouse envious longings, too.

So now you know. And if you are not lost in a rosy haze of dreams and shining, lustrous swirls of silks, you can be just as glamorous as anybody.

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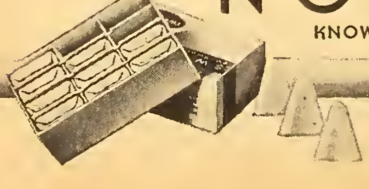

## Shirley Temple's First Year

[*Continued from page* 53]

word "career" signifies. There is merely the thought lodged in her pretty little head that she will be an actress bye-and-bye, "I want to be a star like Miss Gaynor," she will tell you, simply.

The past year, of course, has resolved this course of action. It has taught her the elements of acting and what constitutes a good actress. She isn't too young to understand that the more she works to improve herself the more advantageous will it be for her. She is ready and eager and willing to learn.

In no sense of the word a child prodigy, Shirley combines a rare perception with her acting talent. If everything is not perfectly clear and comprehensible, she will ask questions . . . and most penetrating, too, indicative of a more experienced mind, are many of her queries.

When she was given the song, *Morn Till Night,* to memorize, she seemed puzzled. "What does 'morn' mean?" she inquired of her mother. When told, she answered, "Well, why don't they say 'morning,' then." She is directness itself.

The fine hand of her attractive mother may be seen back of the tiny star's every move. Her alert mind and patience are the directing forces behind the throne.

Unwilling, at first, that her daughter's freedom be sacrificed for toil under the hot lights of a studio set . . . when she realized that Shirley regarded the whole matter as a pleasurable lark and was missing none of the fun every child is privileged by right to enjoy, she assented to her continuing on the screen.

Never for a moment, though, did the thought occur to her that Shirley should be raised differently from all the other little girls in the world. As a result, she has been beautifully trained to obey with a smile, despite the fact that she is now a celebrated figure.

The starlet began her schooling formally coincident with the start of *Baby Take a Bow.* In her bungalow at the studio—once the property of dainty Lilian Harvey—she sits behind a small freshly-painted school desk and learns her lessons under the gentle guidance of the studio teacher, who, among other studies, teaches her French.

FREQUENTLY, girls of all ages knock at her door and ask if they may come in . . . strangers, many of them, and some merely acquaintances. If they'll play, well and good . . . but not a few just sit and stare at this world's best-known baby. Shirley then grows restless . . . polite, yes, but suddenly quiet, where before she was vivacious and chattering.

One evening, as her mother was putting her to bed, the doorbell rang. When one of the two sons of the house answered, a middle-aged couple accompanied by two stalwart children pushed their way into the hallway and demanded to see Shirley.

"We've come all the way from Harrisburg, Pa., to see her," they explained. Not accustomed to such tactics, and not wishing to be rude, the Temples brought out the small, pajama-ed darling and introduced her. Only one of many was this couple, who attempt to see her. However, they were a bit more daring than the rest.

She watches the previews of her pictures with solemn mien reminiscent of an owl, and when she and her family emerge from the theatre, asks, "Was I all right?" She never comments upon the films and accepts expressions of praise with a gracious smile.

On the street or in stores with her mother, she is immediately surrounded by admirers, many of whom request her autograph. If her mother will permit, she prints, "Love, Shirley," in capital letters.

During the filming of *Bright Eyes*, many of the scenes were photographed at a local airport. The first day there, word spread that Shirley might be seen working, and after school every child from ten miles around, who could get there, flocked to the aviation field to catch a glimpse of his or her favorite. The director consented to them watching, if they remained silent. But their youthful enthusiasm could not long be stilled, and soon they started to chant, "We want Shirley, we want Shirley."

To pacify and satisfy the young mob, Shirley was carried in the arms of a tall policeman through the crowd of worshiping juveniles. A hushed silence fell over the field, hundreds of young faces looking with awe on this wonder-child. Those who put out their hands to touch her barely grazed her with the tips of their fingers.

Every hour of the day taken either in work or play, Shirley nevertheless leads a normal and natural life. She is the perfect picture of health, her life having been directed since birth by a prominent Santa Monica baby specialist, and never has been sick a single day.

Requests by the hundreds pour into both studio and home for Shirley to appear at benefits, sing over the radio. The International Harvester Company sent a special representative all the way to Hollywood to ask that she pose with one of that organization's baby tractors, the resultant picture to be used on the yearly calendar.

The sponsors of Los Angeles' Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra wanted her to make a personal appearance at their annual banquet, to represent *The Spirit of Youth* in a tableau. Clothing manufacturers of every description have begged for the privilege of putting out articles of attire with the Shirley Temple label.

Events have piled so rapidly upon her curly head during the past year that the average person would be left breathless. But not Shirley! It's all fun for her, with lucrative contracts, international acclaim and what-have-you taken as a matter of course.

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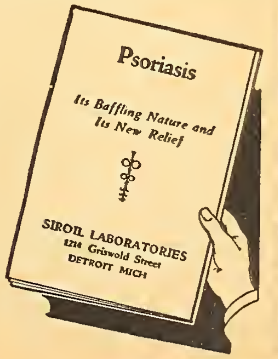

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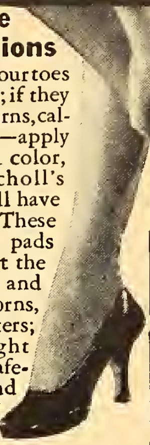

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## Ronald Colman Makes History

[*Continued from page* 56]

A born soldier, he soon organizes the squalid army under him into an effectual fighting machine. With nothing more than a picture for his clue, he sends to England for the sister of his greatest friend to marry him. During the eighteen months it takes her to arrive, he has become famous, but considerable trouble assails them before we at last find him triumphant with his wife in England. The tale is full of intrigue, dashing exploits and tender romance—a perfectly grand tale."

"Worth shaving off your mustache for?" I asked, noting that the famous Colman trimming was missing.

"Oh, by all means," he laughed.

"YOU know," he continued, "there's an enormous responsibility in doing a historical picture. We must be awfully careful not to give the wrong impression. And," he laughed, "there's a whole army of people ready to jump on us if we muff the details. This is just one of several true stories I'd like to see filmed. I hope someone makes the story of General Gordon, or *Chinese Gordon*, as he was called. He was the brilliant fighter who distinguished himself in China and was transferred to Egypt, where he was massacred. Then, someone ought to film the life of our Boy Scout hero and pioneer, Baden-Powell, and his *Siege of Mafeking*, when that doughty old warhorse withstood an entire army in South Africa practically single-handed for seven months.

"I think every country is apt to be a little smug about itself. A nation's schoolbooks always give its own country the best of any argument. That's why films have a terrific responsibility in re-telling history. They can, if they will, pick up where the books leave off and give an unbiased, truthful picture."

Evidently Ronny had wanted to talk about films for a long time. This *Clive of India* certainly has the man all aglow. Of even temperament, I've never known Ronny to have violent enthusiasms over anything.

I'm going to see Ronald Colman in *Clive of India*. Not only because I consider him just about Number One among film actors today, but because, in *Clive*, I believe I'll be seeing him in something (and maybe for the first time, come to think of it) that he is eager and proud to be in. This is Ronny's idea of a good film. It might also be called part of a little drama entitled *Historical Pictures on Trial*. I know he'll put everything he has into it as well as be paying tribute, in a small way, to the magnificent heritage of his beloved England. These Englishmen don't wear their hearts' colors on their sleeves, but Ronald Colman carried a shrapnel scar on his ankle that testifies that he, with *Clive*, has done his bit for his country.

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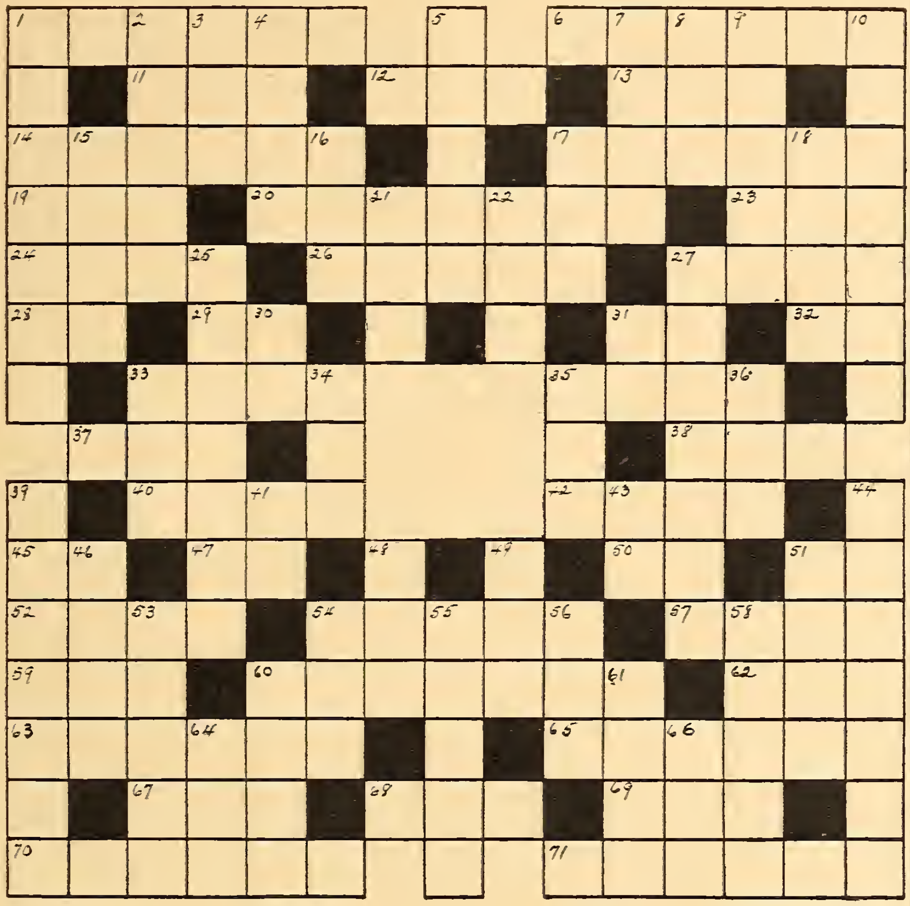
# For Moviegoers to Puzzle Over

By L. ROY RUSSELL



## HORIZONTAL

1. General Yu in "The Painted Veil"
6. Aunt Ida in "Ready for Love"
11. "——— Daily Bread"
12. "——— We Civilized"
13. Juvenile actor
14. Phillip Carey in "Of Human Bondage"
17. Warren William's role in "Upper World"
19. Bud Hannigan in "You Belong to Me"
20. Paul Scotti in "Wake Up and Dream"
23. Chevalier's most prominent feature
24. Ir[illegible] (Scot.)
26. Myrna Loy's role in "The Thin Man" (poss.)
27. The glass in a movie camera
28. "——— Husbands Go"
29. "——— Live Again"
31. "———Your Duty"
32. Gus in "Have a Heart" (init.)
33. "Fugitive ———"
35. "Good ———"
37. "The Private Life of ——— Juan"
38. "Peck's ——— Boy"
40. DeMille ——— hundreds of extras in his productions
42. "One ——— Later"
47. "The World Moves ———"
50. "For Love ——— Money"
51. "Murder ——— at the Vanities"
52. Author of "Carnival Boat"
54. His last name is Welch
57. He made a big hit in "The Big Parade" (Deceased)
59. "The ——— American"
60. Andreas Steiner in "Autumn Crocus"
62. Called the "man of a thousand faces" (Deceased)
63. "The ——— Ticket"
65. A baseball term
67. "———s of the World"
68. "——— Over Frisco"
69. "——— Cents a Dance"
70. "Bulldog Drummond"
71. Last name of the star of "The Thin Man"

## VERTICAL

1. First name of the star in 71 horizontal
2. A director; his first name is Phil
3. Void
4. First name of a well-known movie director
5. Johnny Mills in "Lady by Choice"
7. Richard Field in "Chained"
8. "The First World ———"
9. Her last name is Lacey
10. Hannah Williams' husband
15. Plural suffix
16. Take the first letter from Erroll's name and you have this word; eternity
17. Degree (pl.)
18. A river in Chevalier's home land (poss.)
21. First part of the name of the movie city
22. "The Thin ———"
25. Frieda in "Music In the Air"
27. Alabam Lee in "Lady by Choice"
30. Short for Kennedy's first name
31. Don's initials
33. Lady ———, was Mae West's role in "She Done Wrong"
34. "She Had to Say ———"
35. "This ——— and Age"
36. You must have a good one to enjoy the talkies
39. A director; his first name is Frank
41. Nugent's initials
43. Initials of Jack Oakie's mother
44. Her first name is Leni
46. Neil in "A Lost Lady"
48. "Today We ———e"
49. ——— Rio
51. Shortly
53. Sargeant Holcombe in "The Case of the Howling Dog"
54. "——— and Forever"
55. "The ——— Drop Kid"
56. Drop the last letter from Summerville's first name to get this
58. Elizabeth Kalness in "Big Hearted Herbert"
60. Her last name is Francis
61. Combining form; being
64. Her last name is Lys
66. "——— Moon"

### Solution to Last Month's Puzzle

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| F | R | A | N | C | I | S | | H | O | P | K | I | N | S |
| A | ■ | C | O | A | T | ■ | M | ■ | B | A | E | R | ■ | T |
| R | A | T | E | R | ■ | L | A | W | ■ | R | A | K | E | R |
| R | N | ■ | L | O | L | A | ■ | O | P | E | N | ■ | V | A |
| E | D | W | ■ | L | I | N | C | O | L | N | ■ | B | E | N |
| L | Y | ■ | W | E | R | E | ■ | D | A | T | E | ■ | R | G |
| L | ■ | K | O | ■ | A | ■ | ■ | ■ | Y | ■ | V | T | ■ | E |
| | G | A | R | Y | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | M | A | R | Y | |
| H | ■ | Y | D | ■ | S | ■ | ■ | ■ | J | ■ | N | Y | ■ | M |
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| R | A | Y | ■ | L | I | L | L | I | A | N | ■ | F | O | R |
| D | R | ■ | M | A | M | A | ■ | O | N | E | S | ■ | O | L |
| I | R | W | I | N | ■ | N | A | N | ■ | I | A | T | R | O |
| N | ■ | E | N | D | S | ■ | D | ■ | A | L | M | A | ■ | W |
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# The Soviet Cinderella

[*Continued from page 26*]

real name is not Anjuschka Stenski. "Anjuschka" is simply a name of endearment bestowed upon her by her husband and used by him alone.

But the personal spark that fires the Sten personality comes from her father, of whom she is extremely proud. Fissakova was his name and his ancestry goes straight back to the Cossacks of the Ukraine. In fact, "Fissak" was equivalent to "Cossack" in the early Ukrainian language.

ANNA STEN has a capacity for enjoying life. Although as solemnly serious as a dignified European matron most of the time, she frequently bursts into the joyful laughter of a little girl. It is in these moments that she reveals her real youthfulness and the fact that, although she has lived a life more full than that of the average woman of years, she has still to celebrate her twenty-sixth birthday. And now that her English is sufficiently flexible for her to feel at ease with the language, she has lost much of the hesitation in expressing her glee which previously curtailed her natural vivacity.

It is this natural vivacity that distinguishes her so completely from Garbo, Dietrich and the other exotics with whom she is so frequently compared.

For a young woman who has lived through the bitter, sad days of the Russian Revolution, who has seen men die of hunger and cold and shot dead, who has known starvation and want—she has been dealt with very kindly by Nature, judging from her face.

Anna Sten never wants riches. She is sorry for people who do. "I would rather have hardships and troubles," she says. "It is life. To be passive is death. I do not envy rich people. They cannot live!"

Despite this unusual attitude, Anna Sten is a sentimentalist at heart. But she would be the last person, perhaps, to admit it.

Even her attitude toward her screen rôles suggests the mystic sentiments which her peasant forebearers mixed with the robust vigor of their life in the picturesque Ukraine.

She admits that it may sound rather silly, but giving up each new picture is like giving up a real friend. "When I said good-bye to Katusha it was like tearing something from my heart," she explains. "The feeling that you are no longer needed for a thing when it is done is very sad."

*Nana* gave her this feeling most. It seemed to be beset with so many difficulties. "When it was over, I felt very much like a mother with a crippled child," she says.

But she has her practical side as well. She possesses the same trait for taking infinite pains with everything that she does that characterizes the women of her native Ukraine, whose embroidery work is undoubtedly the finest in all the world.

And she is frugal, too. Perhaps the remembrance of her childhood days in Kiev, when she had to gather bits of wood in the bleak countryside to keep her family warm, has left an indelible impression. Her home is comfortable, but simple. She does very little entertaining, and then in an informal unostentatious manner. She has no chauffeur and rides to and from the studio in a small black coupé of popular make. She rarely dines out and has yet to be seen in any of the Hollywood night spots.

MISS STEN'S fondness for travelling is not as well known as it might be. Unlike many stars who spend most of their time dodging reporters and cameramen when they stray away from Hollywood, Anna gets the maximum amount of enjoyment from her trips by keeping her identity and destination a secret.

The fact that she wears no make-up away from the studio, that she dresses as simply as the average school teacher on her summer vacation, and that she has none of the characteristic poses which stamp so many actresses with their profession, enables her to come and go without attracting attention. Also it has led her into several amusing adventures.

After the completion of *We Live Again*, she slipped away to Chicago with Anne Fielder to see the Century of Progress before it closed. Registering at the Blackstone hotel as "Mrs. Eugene Frenke," her identity was not discovered until at the end of her stay, when she had to establish herself as Anna Sten in order to cash some traveller's checks with which to pay her bill.

Each day for ten days, she visited the Fair with her companion. Where most visitors were content to spend one day rushing around the Exposition grounds, she took her time and visited every worth-while exhibit. With a tiny camera she photographed everything of inerest, so that she might not only have a pictorial record of her trip but also be able to send the snapshots to her mother and sister in Europe.

No one in the jostling crowds gave her a second look. "Just another Iowa tourist," the concessionaires probably said to themselves as they saw her taking their pictures. Only once did she have a narrow escape from being recognized.

This occurred at the Belgian Village when she stopped to buy some of the beautiful lace on sale there. The salesgirl watched her with excited interest, then called over another girl and whispered something to her. The other girls in the shop proceeded to stare. Finally, the first girl spoke. "Aren't you Anna Sten, the actress?" she asked.

Miss Sten only smiled. "What would Anna Sten be doing in Chicago?" she queried in return. The girl debated this for a moment. "Well, I really don't know," she said, satisfied that she had made a mistake.

By that time, Miss Sten had paid her bill and slipped away. She hopes that if that young lady should read this, she will forgive her.

WHEN *Nana* had its première at the Radio City Music Hall, Anna Sten was in New York and no one but her husband knew she was there. Not even Sam Goldwyn's New York representatives, who had just completed one of the most sensational newspaper campaigns ever used to introduce a new star to the American public.

The picture opened in a terrific snowstorm, but despite the unpleasant weather, crowds were lined up in front of the theatre all day waiting to get in to see the personality who had looked at them from every newspaper and from the billboards for the past week.

In line with the others stood Anna Sten. As she shivered and brushed off the snow with the rest of the good-natured crowd, a woman just in front of her turned around. "I guess we are all saps to stand out here and freeze to death just to get a look at this new star," she said with a smile.

Anna said nothing. She merely smiled in return.

Those are among the pleasant things that Anna recalls. But they were more than balanced by the unhappy days of her first year in Hollywood.

"My first year in America stands out as the most miserable period of my life," she says. "Despite the poverty and stress of the Revolution that I went through in Russia, I have never known anything to compare with the utter dreariness of being in a strange land, doing nothing, having no friends, knowing nothing about the future, just waiting."

She kept silent following her arrival and for the first year and a half she saw no one and gave no interviews. She was one of Hollywood's greatest enigmas.

Many have wondered at this silence. Many have accused her of emulating Garbo. But Anna Sten kept silent for two reasons. First, because she could not express herself perfectly in the English tongue. Second, because she felt that until she had established herself on the American screen she had nothing to say. Later, she maintained this mute attitude because it was the policy of the studio not to have her talk.

"One of my happiest days came when I put the lessons behind me," she told me. "Strange as it seems, I did not learn to speak English until I quit studying it. When I was studying it, I was self-conscious about it. It was only after I began to actually use it myself that I overcame that self-consciousness."

Today, Anna Sten speaks such fluid English that professors of the language have marvelled at her grasp of the full significance of its many dual-meaning words. I am sure few Americans could speak Russian so perfectly after spending two years in the land of the Soviets.

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Why are some women so glamourous and others so drab?

It may be a matter of health. Clear skin — sparkling eyes steady nerves—bubbling vitality—a dependable disposition. Radiant health attracts.

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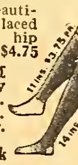
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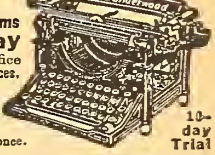

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WM. DAVIS, M.D., 124-M Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

# Lessons in Loveliness

[*Continued from page* 58]

of coarseness and cheapness even though you may have perfect features and be beautifully dressed.

Then there are the matters of teeth, and personal daintiness, and posture. Don't slouch!

Dancing is a great beautifier, a marvelous exercise, and a builder of natural grace and poise. Dancing lessons, aesthetic or modern, are available in most cities at very moderate cost, and every girl who possibly can should take dancing lessons. Dance all you like, provided it's really dancing and not a suffocating huddle in an overcrowded space.

CLEANLINESS the first law of beauty—How to keep your skin clean? This depends a great deal on the climate in which you live and on the water conditions. If you live in a dry climate or in a hard-water district, it is advisable to cleanse the face with

(1) a pure, quick-melting cleansing cream (not a thick cold cream), after which the face should be washed with

(2) a mild complexion soap, using the palms of the hands and lukewarm water (never hot water). Rinse with cold water, and let the skin dry of itself—do not rub or scrub with a washcloth or towel.

If your skin gets "scaly" or "tight" and drawn, a bit of good nourishing cream may be gently applied at night to overcome "scaliness" or chapping.

### Make-up for the Young Girl

First of all, remember that personal make-up must be altogether different from movie make-up.

*ROUGE*—I am not in favor of rouge for a girl under 16 even if she is large for her age. . . . Lipstick, yes—but no rouge, because (unless afflicted with acne) her own clear youthful skin is more attractive.

*EYE-MAKE-UP*—How soon a girl should begin using make-up for the eyes depends on the girl—what type she is. . . . If she has very light or sandy eyebrows—she should use brown eyebrow pencil to make her eyebrows more distinct, thereby making her eyes more expressive. Any girl of high school age who wears glasses should use eyeshadow—because glasses dim the eyes—a little eyeshadow softly blended in on the eyelids will make the eyes look brighter.

*MASCARA*—Certainly it is not in good taste for a girl under 16 to use mascara.

In the December and January Issues of Movie Classic—there are detailed directions on Eye-Make-up.

*LIPSTICK*—Very few girls have enough natural color in the lips, and therefore the use of a truly pure lipstick is advisable—but don't smear it on thick.

*FACE POWDER*—A truly good, pure face powder acts as a protective film against dust and soot. Be sure to select powder that is suitable for YOU—don't buy something just because your best friend or your favorite movie star uses it, or because you like the box or the fragrance. Your chief interest in selecting face powder, as in selecting your clothes, is how it will make YOU look. Powder should be gently puffed on—patted on—not rubbed in; and the powder puff should be scrupulously clean.

Marlene Dietrich has been spending most of her spare time in company of Prince Feliz Rollo of Egypt since his arrival in Hollywood. Here they are shown at the Trocadero club, rendezvous of stars

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*Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.*

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**DAISY STEBBING, Dept. MP14, FOREST HILLS, N. Y.**

Anna Sten and Gary Cooper were both "discovered" by Samuel Goldwyn. Now these famous stars are teamed by him as the stars of his latest picture, "The Wedding Night." Above is the first "still" of this production

## What Every Girl Should Have in the Way of Beauty Aids

*FOR HAIR*

*LIQUID SHAMPOO*—a pure, bland make.

*WAVE-SETTING LIQUID*—a pure vegetable type.

*HAIRBRUSH & COMB*—and wash your comb and brush at least once a week.

*FOR COMPLEXION*

*CLEANSING CREAM*—quick-melting type, not a "thick cold cream."

*SOAP*—a pure bland complexion soap.

*MILD SKIN TONIC*

*FACIAL TISSUE*

*NOURISHING CREAM*—for around the eyes.

*ACNE LOTION*—(not salve) for the occasional eruptions to which even the most perfect skin is subject.

*FACE POWDER*

*LIPSTICK*

*EYESHADOW AND EYEBROW PENCIL*—if needed—as explained in preceding paragraphs.

*MAGNIFYING MIRROR*—a great help in getting your eye-make-up on just right—Use it also if or when necessary to shape the eyebrows.

*TWEEZERS*

*EYEBROW BRUSH*—This tiny brush is the best way to remove all face powder from the eyebrows and keep them silky and well shaped—Always brush *against* the hairs first and then brush them into place.

*FOR PERSONAL DAINTINESS*

*BATH BRUSH*—with long handle so you can get your back clean.

*TOOTH POWDER OR TOOTH PASTE*

*DEODORANT MOUTH WASH*—use morning, night, and after lunch if possible.

*DEODORANT FOR ARMPITS*

*DEPILATORY OR SAFETY RAZOR*—for superfluous hair on limbs and armpit.

Deodorant should be used every day—in the morning before dressing and again in the evening.

*FOR HANDS*

*HAND LOTION*—to keep them soft and smooth.

*NAIL FILE*

*ORANGEWOOD STICK*—flat-tipped, not sharply pointed.

*NAIL POLISH*

*MANICURE SCISSORS*

*NAIL BUFFER*—even with the use of liquid nail polish, the nails should be buffed before the polish is applied, but be careful not to buff so hard that the nail becomes warm. Buff in one direction, not back and forth.

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**IN ADDITION to these "Lessons in Loveliness"* in MOVIE CLASSIC, you will find other "Lessons in Loveliness"* by Nell Vinick featured on the following radio stations, with Miss Vinick, in person, telling you simple, effective ways of solving your beauty problems:**

- **WOR, New York—8:15 A.M., Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays; also 11 A.M., Mondays and Thursdays**
- **WMAL, Washington, D.C.—8:15 A.M., Thursdays and Fridays**
- **WSJV, Washington, D.C.—12:15 P.M., Tuesdays and Thursdays**
- **WCKY, Cincinnati—8:15 A.M., Thursdays and Fridays**
- **WBAL, Baltimore—11 A.M., Mondays and Wednesdays; 7:55 A.M., Thursdays and Fridays**
- **WHK, Cleveland—8 A.M., Thursdays and Fridays**

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(Signed) JOHN J. LYONS.

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# Colored Petticoats

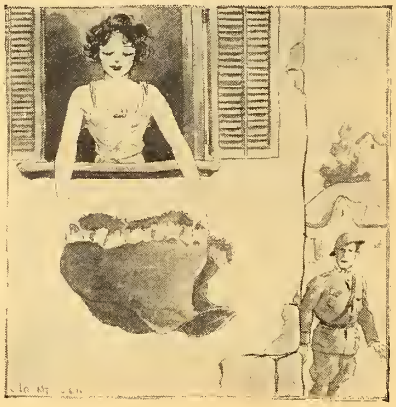
A young man, whom you all know, learns a thing or two about the business of being a wartime spy

## *A True Hollywood Short Short Story*

### By JACK GRANT

HE WAS a medical student in college when America entered the war. He promptly abandoned his studies to enlist, and because he spoke both German and French, he was assigned to the C.I.D.—the Criminal Investigation Department of the A.E.F. It was a service of great responsibility for one so young.

Overseas, in this most dangerous, most glamorous branch of the American Army, the youthful patriot found himself assigned to routine tasks, mostly clerical. He longed for more exciting action. Then one day it came, a spy investigation which he alone would conduct.



On the outskirts of American Camp No. 1, at Havre, there lived a French widow. For some time this woman had been under observation for her suspicious behavior. She had the habit of appearing several times a day at the second-story window of her house to shake out petticoats. The garments were of many colors and secret service operatives had long attempted to discover a signal code in the colors.

It was finally decided that the widow could only be trapped by personal contact with one of the C.I.D.'s more personable operatives. The ex-medical student was chosen.

The youth reported to the camp commander and asked to be given nightly guard duty on the post nearest the widow's home. He donned the uniform of a private and his first case began. He had no instructions from headquarters, other than to conduct the investigation in his own way.

All the first night, nothing happened. The second night, he was successful in catching his first sight of the widow. He waved and she, pretending to blush, ran back into her house. But immediately there appeared a light in her second story window. It seemed he was making progress.

Soon he contrived to have conversation with her. Speaking French with a decided German accent, he explained that, because of his German lineage, the Americans were afraid to send him to the front-line trenches. His lie was to gain her confidence and, at the same time, alibi his continued presence on guard duty at the camp. He was disappointed in her lack of interest. A smooth customer, this one.

HE TRIED a different tack upon their next meeting. He complained of his treatment by the Americans. Why, they didn't give him enough to eat or time to wash his clothes. The woman smiled and offered to share her small supply of food and even wash for him if he would come over some evening. This was headway.

A few more nights of watching and waiting and an unforeseen accident nearly upset the case. The widow threw some raw carrots over her garden wall to the supposedly hungry soldier. As he shoved them under his blouse, two Englishmen accosted him. The English Secret Service, it appeared, also had the widow under observation. Upon identifying himself, the American was released. But the incident gave him a swell idea.

The next time he saw the widow, he claimed to be suspected by his fellows of having communication with the enemy. He pretended not to wish to involve her in these suspicions and suggested that when she wanted to see him again at her home, she shake a red petticoat from her window to indicate the coast was clear. The woman said she understood.

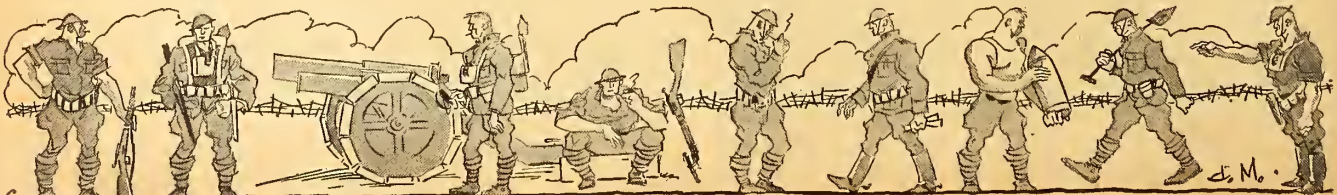
That same day she appeared at her window, every hour or so. But the petticoat she shook was blue—not red. The next day and the next, the petticoat continued to be blue. On the fourth day, she managed to get into camp and sought her soldier boy.

"Why do you not come to see me?" she asked.

"You have not given me the proper signal," he replied impatiently. "You wave a blue petticoat instead of a red one."

The woman burst into tears and through her sobs she confessed. She was color blind.

John Boles' report to headquarters on *The Case of the Colored Petticoats* was the most embarrassing he ever had to make. He was forced to admit he hadn't caught a spy—merely a flirtatious French widow.



# VACATION IN *Minnesota*

PLAN to enjoy your vacation in Northern Minnesota, the land of mighty streams and twining brooks, vast lakes and sparkling pools, virgin forests and pine-hooded hills.

IT is there you will find a smart resort of five hundred acres on Big Pelican Lake, 150 miles north of Minneapolis. There, in a setting of green pines and silvered water, you enjoy your own sports: golf, fishing, swimming, riding, tennis, archery, trap and skeet shooting, sailing, dancing, bowling and billiards.

THERE in the heart of the cool Northwoods is the famous and spacious Breezy Point Lodge with its fifty luxurious rooms and colony of delightful cabins, the same service and comfort you would expect in a metropolitan hotel! Bell boy and maid service. Tempting meals by a famous chef. All for a rate as low as $4.50 per day, including meals.

***Breezy Point Lodge***

BREEZY Point Lodge offers cabin accommodations at $4.50 to $5.00 per day per person, without bath; $5.50 with bath; meals included. Housekeeping cabins, $2 per person. Main Lodge rooms at $5 single, $9 double, without bath, meals included, and $8 single, $15.00 double, with private bath, meals included. Special rates for children.

Stiff and elegant upholstery satin makes Mrs. Wetmore's full-skirted evening gown, from Saks - Fifth Avenue.

# "Everywhere you go they're smoking Camels"

MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE

*Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:*

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Allston Boyer, *New York*
Miss Mary Byrd, *Richmond*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, *Boston*
Mrs. Byrd Warwick Davenport, *New York*
Mrs. Henry Field, *Chicago*
Miss Anne Gould, *New York*
Mrs. James Russell Lowell, *New York*
Mrs. Potter d'Orsay Palmer, *Chicago*
Mrs. Langdon Post, *New York*

Copyright, 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

No young matron is more in the heart of New York's social gaiety than the smart, much photographed Mrs. William T. Wetmore. She knows all the whys and wherefores of "what's done." And Mrs. Wetmore is smoking Camels.

"We've all gone in for them," she says. "You notice Camels on almost every table in the smart restaurants. Their smoother, richer flavor seems to fit in with the gayer, pleasanter life we are leading again. They are made of more expensive tobaccos, I'm told, and that is probably why they never make my nerves jumpy. And it's so nice to know that if I get tired in the course of a busy day, smoking a Camel always gives me just the right amount of 'lift' in such a pleasant, simple way, without affecting my nerves."

That "lift" you get is quite natural, because smoking a Camel releases your own latent energy. Smoke a Camel yourself today the first time you feel tired.

Camels are Milder! .. made from Finer, More Expensive Tobaccos... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.

# MOVIE CLASSIC

April

NRA CODE

10 CENTS

N

MAR -4 1935
PERIODICAL DIVISION

## WHAT STARS WILL SURVIVE COLOR?

## TULLIO CARMINATI... NEW HEART RAVE

KAY FRANCIS

*Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:*

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Allston Boyer, *New York*
Miss Mary Byrd, *Richmond*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr. *New York*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, *Boston*
Mrs. Byrd Warwick Davenport *New York*
Mrs. Henry Field, *Chicago*
Mrs. James Russell Lowell, *New York*
Mrs. Potter d'Orsay Palmer, *Chicago*
Mrs. Langdon Post, *New York*
Mrs. William T. Wetmore, *New York*

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

*Copyright, 1935*
*R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company*
*Winston-Salem, North Carolina*

Miss Paine's Hattie Carnegie gown is typical of the new "peasant" evening dresses

# "*Of course I smoke Camels...*" MISS DOROTHY PAINE

"They're the most popular cigarettes—every one is smoking them now," continued this alert young member of New York's inner circle. "Camels have such a grand smooth flavor. I suppose that's because they have more expensive tobaccos in them. And they never make my nerves jumpy. When I'm tired out and my nerves feel frazzled, then a Camel gives me a nice gentle 'lift' that restores my enthusiasm."

The reason you feel better after smoking a Camel is because it releases your latent energy, which overcomes fatigue. Whether it's social activities, concentration, or exacting work that makes you feel tired, you can get a pleasant, natural "lift" by enjoying a Camel. And you can smoke as often as you wish, for Camels never upset the nerves.

## Camels are Milder! MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

# "TERRIBLE!"—SAY THE BOOKS OF ETIQUETTE

# "EXCELLENT!"—SAYS DENTAL AUTHORITY

## IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Of course it's terrible to the dictators of etiquette and the arbiters of polite society. "Why," you can hear them chorus, "such a performance would make any girl a social outlaw."

But it certainly isn't terrible to the modern dentist—*to your own dentist.*

"Excellent," would be his emphatic retort. "If you and every one of my patients chewed as vigorously, I'd hear a lot less about 'pink tooth brush.' And if we moderns all ate more coarse, hard foods, a big group of modern dental ills would practically disappear."

Dental testimony is unanimous! Modern gums need more work for health—vigorous workouts with coarse, raw foods. Our modern soft and well-cooked foods are to blame for the wide spread of that tell-tale dental warning, "pink tooth brush."

### DON'T IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" is a first warning. But neglected—it often proves to be the first downward step towards such serious gum disorders as gingivitis, Vincent's disease and pyorrhea.

Play safe—rouse your gums to health with Ipana and massage. Clean your teeth regularly with Ipana—and each time rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. Ipana with the massage speeds circulation through the gum tissues—and helps them back to healthy firmness. And healthy gums mean whiter teeth and a brighter smile.

### WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Send the coupon below, if you like, to bring you a trial tube of Ipana. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy the full-size tube today and begin to get Ipana's definite advantages *now*—a month of scientific dental care . . . 100 brushings . . . brighter teeth and healthier gums.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK
USED ALWAYS

**IPANA**

**TOOTH PASTE**

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. 11-45
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
NRA CODE
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City____________________ State________

# HEADS UP, FILM FANS!

*. . . for M-G-M's greatest film festival o'er land and sea!*

Now all the heaven's a stage for Uncle Sam's fighting, flying men. You'll thrill as never before when you see the famed "Hi-Hats" wing into action! You'll grin as you watch the West Pointers getting a P G course in courage and daring! And you'll weep with the girls they leave behind as they soar into the skies to keep a date with the angels!

It took six months, thousands of men, $50,000,000 worth of equipment to make this exciting saga of the sky devils. You'll never forget it!

# Wallace Beery

*in*

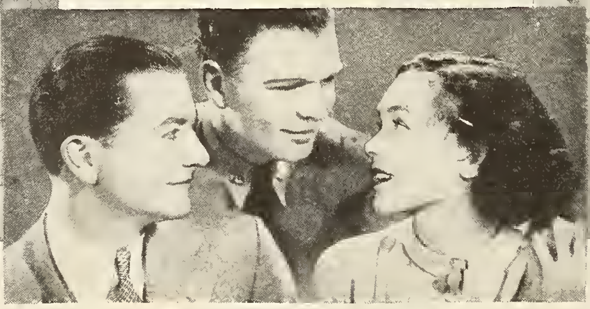
# WEST POINT of the AIR

*with*

ROBERT YOUNG
LEWIS STONE
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
JAMES GLEASON

*A Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer Picture*

The two old-timers who sat around...*and wore out their brains!*



The three mosquiteers of Randoph Field *... whose cradle was a cockpit!*

The girl who loved as they lived...*dangerously!*

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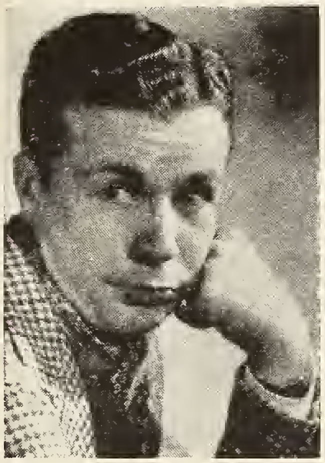
MAR -4 1935

MURPHY McHENRY
Editor
VOL. 8 No. 2

# MOVIE CLASSIC

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor
APRIL, 1935

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK



Now don't be pouting, Dick Powell. You enjoy a tremendous fan following and just because we know you are so popular, and because you have such an excellent story background, MOVIE CLASSIC has engaged Jim Tully to write a revealing article about your life. It is written with the famous Tully punch and is crammed with interesting facts and material. We want you, Dick, and every one of your fans, to read this story by Jim Tully in the May issue of MOVIE CLASSIC

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*COVER PAINTING OF KAY FRANCIS BY MARLAND STONE*

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

# Inside News of HOLLYWOOD

By Jack Grant

### Romance for Janet?

HOLLYWOOD seems determined to get Janet Gaynor married. Consequently, the visit of Dr. I. S. Vebelen, the New York dentist, was hailed with delight by the columnists. He spent the month from Thanksgiving to Christmas in the film city and everyone was sure marriage was just around the corner.

Then, soon after the doctor departed, Janet was seen around with a new escort. Few knew the identity of the gentleman, so talk again started. He was said to be a millionaire from Chicago.

The truth is his name is Harold Anderson and he is head of the maintenance department of the Boulder Dam project. Janet first met him on the boat upon one of her trips to Honolulu. Anderson is wealthy, so I suppose there will be new romance rumors about Janet.

However, by this time Janet has become used to rumors and prefers to keep her personal affairs to herself.

### Two Records

**YOU'LL be hearing more of Rosalind Russell, a new contract player at M-G-M. Since this girl has been in Hollywood, a brief four months to be exact, she has appeared in seven pictures, her last being a feminine lead. That's something of a record. On the same lot, Nelson Eddy is now making his second picture in two years.**

### Beginner's Luck

GEORGE RAFT and Ben Bernie play bridge nearly every night with Zeppo and Chico Marx. As the Marx boys have long been Hollywood's top-flight bridge experts—they have played with the Culbertsons—pals of Raft and Bernie sent condolences upon the occasion of the first session. But George and Ben won and have been winning steadily ever since.

It is hard to say which they enjoy more, pocketing their winnings or having the laugh on their friends.

### Dancing Trouble

**DANCING is both the joy and the bane of Fred Astaire's existence, for he loathes ballroom dances as much as he loves to create his own eccentric steps. He knows that if he goes out anywhere, the ladies will be offended by his failure to ask them to dance—which leaves him no recourse except to stay home. Yet this habit has won him the reputation of a recluse.**

**Another popular and incorrect belief about Astaire is that superstition dictates his changing his shoe laces before each professional appearance. This isn't superstition, merely common sense. Fred's intricate dances are a great strain on shoe laces and he doesn't want to risk an injury from a breaking lace while dancing.**

### A Beginning

MAE WEST is the proud possessor of the first dog she has ever owned. The animal is a Mexican Chihuahua, more familiarly known as a Mexican hairless. Mae is apparently starting small. I'll let you know when she works her way up to a mastiff.

### Flowers

**EDNA MAY OLIVER has been receiving large bouquets of flowers from Morgan Wallace. Yet it is not a romance, as this statement might lead you to suppose. You see Wallace socked Edna May on the chin, knocking her out cold. It all happened like this:**

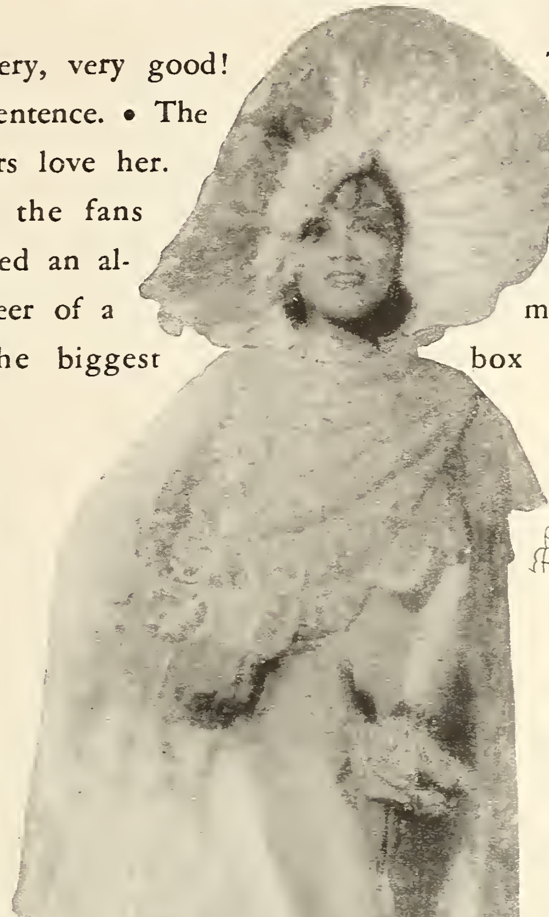
**They were working together**

[*Continued on page* 8]

Edmund Lowe is being seen places with Mary Carlisle. Here is how they appeared at the tearoom of the Hollywood Assistance League recently

# "Spanish Blonde"

### By JAMES A. DANIELS



When she's bad, she's very, very good! That's Marlene Dietrich's success story in one short sentence. • The wickeder she is on the screen the more the screen-goers love her. The more masculine hearts she shatters the louder the fans cheer. • Look at the record: In "Blue Angel" she played an alluring but heartless siren who wrecked the life and career of a man who adored her. The fans promptly voted her the biggest box office attraction of the day.

"Blue Angel"

"Shanghai Express"

"Morocco" added new legions of Dietrich fans. And when their Marlene swept devastatingly across the colorful Chinese background in "Shanghai Express" the whoops of delight from her admirers could be heard from Times Square to Timbuctoo. So here's the good news of the day: La Dietrich is back in character—this time as the heartless and exotic blonde Spanish dancer in Paramount's "Carnival in Spain." • Once again she exercises the fatal charm that brings men to her feet. And once again she tramples on their hearts. As that rarest and most alluring of racial beauties, the Spanish blonde, Marlene takes everything and gives nothing. • Directed by Josef von Sternberg, "Carnival in Spain" unfolds a gripping story of the love of two men for the Spanish Blonde, the idol of all Spain. Unhappiness and tense drama follow in her wake. And through it all, this loveliest of all sirens, continues to prove that, when she's bad, she's very, very good!

"Morocco"

"Carnival In Spain"

[*Advertisement*]

# INSIDE *News of* HOLLYWOOD

[*Continued from page 6*]

**on a scene at RKO. Wallace, playing a villain of the piece, was called upon to make a pass at Edna May, the school-teacher detective. She leaned forward too far and the blow caught her neatly on the jaw. Result, she was knocked out for three minutes and it took several hours of cold compresses before the swelling on her face was reduced so that the picture could continue.**

**Edna May admits the fault was all hers, but she is getting posies just the same from the contrite actor.**

### *Too Clean*

LIONEL BARRYMORE moved into his new dressing rooms at M-G-M and promptly threatened to move out again. His complaint was that the new quarters, recently built, were much too clean for his tastes.

It seems that Lionel loves the orderly disorder in which he keeps his things. In his old rooms, the janitor understood this and never came in until Barrymore called him—which was about every three months or so. But in the new place, the cleaning women come daily.

Barrymore had to have a promise that all this zeal for tidying up would stop before he agreed to stay in the new rooms.

### *Custom*

**AT M-G-M sound stages start with the number 1 and end with number 28. Yet there are only twenty-seven stages. Number 13 has been skipped in consideration of the superstitious.**

### *No Admittance*

DIXIE LEE and Bing Crosby are both working at Paramount, but they never see one another from the time they drive to work together in the morning until they go home again at night. Dixie won't allow Bing to come on her set. "He makes me nervous," she says.

### *Social Note*

**SPENCER TRACY and his wife are being seen together again these days.**

### *California Lore*

KAY JOHNSON, who has been doing a play on Broadway, is back in Hollywood now. Met at the train by a group of friends, her first question was not about pictures nor even the latest gossip.

She asked, "Are the flowers in my garden still blooming?"

### *Jean Dances*

**WHEN you see Reckless, Jean Harlow's newest picture, you will see Jean dance for the first time on the screen. You will see some grand stepping, too, if what I saw at the studio is any criterion. Jean rehearsed daily for more than two months for these routines and she had to start from scratch. She had never done even simple taps.**

**After her dances, incidentally, Jean usually found Bill Powell waiting to take her home. So off they would start in Bill's Ford roadster while Blanche, Jean's maid, followed in solitary grandeur in the Harlow limousine.**

### *Cheaper to Move*

THERE was a time when movie stars could be taken advantage of by almost anyone. But "them days are gone forever."

Claudette Colbert is building a new home and when her landlord heard the news, he promptly raised Claudette's rent. It was far from convenient for Claudette to find another house for the few months until her own was ready. Yet she moved anyhow as an object lesson to landlords.

### *Complaint*

**YOU can't please everyone. Billie Burke received an amazing complaint from one of her fans because she allowed herself to be kissed in a picture. "And your husband dead only three years," the letter said, "How could you, Miss Burke? Mr. Ziegfeld was such a wonderful man!"**

### *Jack's Restaurant*

HOLLYWOOD folks look forward to visiting Jack Dempsey's new restaurant, opposite Madison Square Garden, in New York City. It gives evidence of becoming the new Manhattan rendezvous of visiting film celebrities. Jack has forsaken his roving career as fighter, promoter, hotel man and actor to become a model husband and father and he and the beautiful Hannah Williams, who gave up her theatrical career for motherhood, are rated as among the happiest of couples.

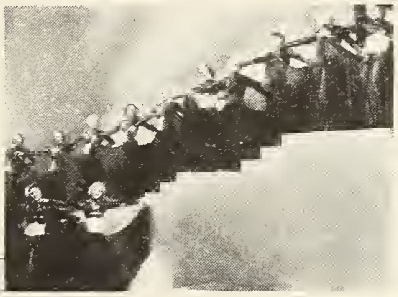
Who says Charlie Chaplin is making a talkie? Here is Charlie directing a scene for his new untitled picture. Notice the "silent" camera

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

At Last, After Two Years of Preparation, Warner Bros. Have Completed the Sumptuous Successor to the World-Famous "Gold Diggers of 1933"—a Show so Indescribably Stunning that We're Tempted to Change Our "Picture of the Month" Rating Right Now to "The Picture of the Year"!

In dance numbers such as "The Ballet of the Baby Grands" Warner Bros. touch a new high in spectacular surprise.

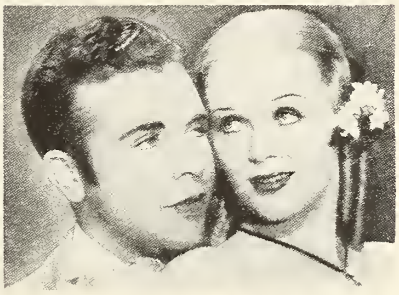
# GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935



The hundreds of gorgeous Gold Diggers seem actually more beautiful than they were two years ago . . . And

**DICK POWELL**

leads a round dozen of Hollywood favorites in the most side-splitting story that's ever been set to music—**GLORIA STUART, ADOLPHE MENJOU ALICE BRADY, GLENDA FARRELL FRANK McHUGH, HUGH HERBERT WINIFRED SHAW, DOROTHY DARE JOE CAWTHORN, GRANT MITCHELL and famous RAMON & ROSITA**



**Credit BUSBY BERKELEY** for the brilliant direction of both story and spectacle . . . And a low, sweeping bow to Warren & Dubin for authoring the widely radioed songs that have made "Gold Diggers of 1935" famous long before it reaches your favorite theatre — **"Lullaby of Broadway"–"The Words Are In My Heart"–"I'm Going Shopping With You."**

# Letters To The Editor

MOVIE CLASSIC readers pen their opinions of stars and productions and prizes are offered for best letters

"Shirley Temple . . . . . in *Bright Eyes* . . . . . lovelier than ever before"

## ALL STAR PICTURES

*($15 Prize Letter)*

Gone are the days of the one star pictures. Some of the greatest names in Hollywood are now being linked together and co-starred. To no one star goes all the glory. The one star pictures are a thing of the past.

It is true that star billing still exists, but it doesn't mean that the story is built around one character. Garbo, Del Rio and Dietrich are the only three I've noticed recently who topped star billing. Perhaps a few other names could be added to the list.

So, let us rest assured that in the future we can see first-class features with two or more stars and a real honest-to-goodness supporting cast thrown in to boot.—*James W. Cohea, 1738 N.W. Third Street, Oklahoma City, Okla.*

## BETTER THAN EVER

*($10 Prize Letter)*

I have just seen *Bright Eyes,* Shirley Temple's latest starring vehicle, and I was touched and affected by this human and interesting story. After witnessing *Stand Up and Cheer* and *Baby Take a Bow,* I couldn't possibly imagine *Bright Eyes* surpassing them, but it did. Lovelier than ever before, Shirley is superb as the daughter of Lois Wilson. The little actress again proved herself a fine singer by her rendition of the new song, *On The Good Ship Lollypop.* As usual, James Dunn is realistically convincing. Dunn, whose naturalness and lifelike performances cannot be matched by a Gable, Lederer, or Montgomery, is as essential to the film as Shirley herself. Between the two, they had tears streaming down my face and that is an accomplishment, inasmuch as I am not a booster of child pictures.—*Chris Matthews, 517 East Washington Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.*

Movie Classic wants its readers to write their opinions of stars, productions and movie conditions in general so that all readers may benefit by them. Each month Movie Classic will offer ten cash prizes: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; (4 to 10) $1 each. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The editors of Movie Classic will be the sole judges. Write your letters immediately and address them to Movie Classic's Letter Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

## HUZZAHS FOR HOLLYWOOD

*($5 Prize Letter)*

Hats off to the supporting casts of the great movie stars. I write to give them the laudation they so richly deserve for the work that has rounded out to perfection many a picture that might have failed. I call to your minds those hard-working supporting players who bring to each and every rôle they play unusual intelligence, fine characterization, restraint, perfectly trained voices, flawless diction, good taste and, above all, superior talent for acting.

Among these are Henry Stephenson, Edward Everett Horton, Phillips Holmes, Louise Fazenda, C. Aubrey Smith, Noah Beery, Mary Boland, Mary Astor, Brian Ahern, Ona Munson, Otto Kruger, Reginald Owen, Frank Morgan, and dozens of others who deserve high spots on the roll of honor.—*Harvey Peake, 2301 Speed avenue, Louisville, Ky.*

## A DESERVED BREAK

*($1 Prize Letter)*

I am glad to see Aline MacMahon appearing again in a good picture. She has real talent, but has been unpleasantly cast in characters that lacked the love thrill. She proved her worth in many pictures, but has also been the victim of poor casting. In *Babbit,* she gives a faithfully accurate characterization. It is well worth going to see, with Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee taking important parts. It will refresh your memory of the book and of the time when nearly everyone was reading *Babbit.*—*Mary Belle Walley, Butler, N.J.*

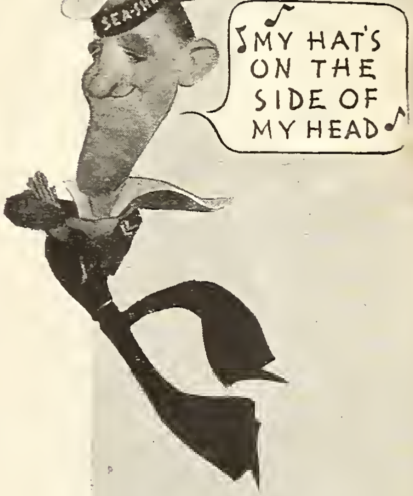
## CROWN FOR GRETA

*($1 Prize Letter)*

At last we Americans are beginning to wake up and give worthy credit due a great actress—Greta Garbo. I [*Continued on page* 58]

# THE GREATEST COMEDY FIND SINCE CHAPLIN!

# JACK HULBERT
# JACK AHOY


SEA-SHEIK
♪MY HAT'S ON THE SIDE OF MY HEAD♪

**THE FUNNIEST COMEDIAN**
**THE FUNNIEST DANCER**
**THE FUNNIEST SINGER**
**THE FUNNIEST LOVER**
***Discovered since Charlie Chaplin***

**COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE**

●

GEORGE ARLISS in THE IRON DUKE
JESSIE MATTHEWS in EVERGREEN
EVELYN LAYE-HENRY WILCOXON in PRINCESS CHARMING . . .
NOVA PILBEAM in LITTLE FRIEND
CHU CHIN CHOW • POWER
EVELYN LAYE in EVENSONG
MAN OF ARAN . . . . . . . .

**GB PRODUCTIONS**

# MOVIE CLASSIC

# The Editor's Page

IT HAS oft been said that tragedy breeds true understanding and that true understanding makes a great artist. Motion picture stars are artists of the highest rank. And those who attain this high station in life can almost invariably look back upon experiences which made it possible for them to understand human emotions in the manner necessary for accurate screen portrayals.

It is seldom that we learn of the tragic things which generate greatness in our film idols, because we are too much concerned with present day happenings and successes. Two MOVIE CLASSIC contributors, Jack Smalley and Eric L. Ergenbright, have gone behind the scenes to bring you some heretofore unrevealed facts about the lives of Lyda Roberti and Barbara Stanwyck, glamorous and entertaining members of Hollywood's film colony. These stories are found elsewhere in this issue of MOVIE CLASSIC and your editor recommends them to every reader possessing a desire to better his or her understanding of the things which contribute to greatness.

* * *

*When you see* Folies Bergere de Paris, *you will view the world's costliest dance. Darryl Zanuck, the producer, refused to approve the sequence until it met his demands. And when that happy time arrived, he had spent $160,000 on the one scene. But, then, you'll have a hard time calling to mind a Zanuck picture you didn't think was good entertainment.*

* * *

SCANNING the Hollywood picture horizon, we find a veritable sunburst of fine pictures in the making. It is worth noting that during a recent week, 42 pictures were in production as against 25 pictures for the corresponding week of 1934.

The quality of pictures, too, shows a vast improvement and augurs well for the programs which fans will enjoy during the next few months. Fox is turning out such productions as *Dante's Inferno* and *George White's Scandals*. At M-G-M the list discloses such certain winners as *Reckless, Naughty Marietta, Vampires of Prague* and *Times Square Lady*. Paramount is doing its part with *All The King's Horses, How Am I Doing?, Mississippi* and *Stolen Harmony*. RKO will bring you the first great all-color feature, *Becky Sharp*, and, in addition to this, will offer *Roberta*. On the Twentieth Century lot we find companies working on such master-productions as *Folies Bergere de Paris, Call of the Wild* and *Les Miserables*. Universal cameras are grinding out *The Return of Frankenstein and Princess O'Hara*. Warner Brothers have an imposing list of pictures headed by *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *In Caliente*.

All of this means that the quality of pictures is being improved and that the percentage of hit pictures will be greater than ever before. And that means that you will want to spend more time in your favorite theatre.

*In the glamour and ballyhoo of present-day picture making, the true art of the drama is frequently forgotten. Hollywood today has in its midst a young woman who is an actress in every sense that the word implies. Yes, there are several—Hepburn, Garbo, Sullavan and others. This young lady now ranks with the best. Her name is Bette Davis. In* Of Human Bondage *and, more recently, in* Bordertown, *she made you despise the personalities she portrayed. Only a real artist can make an audience do that.*

* * *

*BECKY SHARP*, the first all-color feature now being produced by Pioneer for RKO distribution, is having its share of tough luck.

First, the director, Lowell Sherman, died, halting production. The new director Rouben Mamoulian, decided to start all over again. Then the star, Miriam Hopkins, became ill and production was again halted. When she recovered, Director Mamoulian was taken ill.

In commenting on this trouble, we are not unmindful of the many obstacles faced by Paramount in producing *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, which so far looks like the year's best picture. Maybe trouble presages success and in the case of *Becky Sharp*, we hope so, for this picture, if successful, may change the whole scheme of motion picture production.

* * *

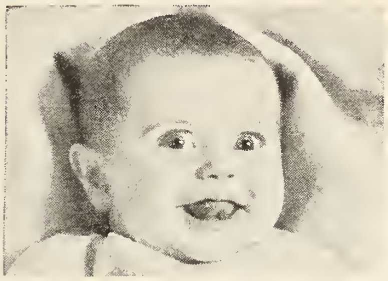
*Recently four pictures playing in major Broadway theatres at the same time were held over for long extra runs, with the houses filled at each performance. The pictures were* Lives Of a Bengal Lancer, David Copperfield, Bordertown *and* The County Chairman. *Which goes to show that good pictures will fill theatres—and that Hollywood **IS** turning out good pictures.*

* * *

TO Winfield Sheehan, guiding genius of Fox, goes the distinction of being the first motion picture producer in Hollywood to be decorated by the French government as a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. It is a deserved honor, for "Winnie" Sheehan, along with other producers, has contributed to the social and moral betterment of the entire world. In America we have no governmental honors other than those of a military nature, but if we did have, the men and women in Hollywood who have provided humanity with its greatest form of entertainment would be deserving of such recognition.

Murphy McHenry

# *The* GIBSON FAMILY



**DOT MARSH,** Bobby Gibson's girl—16 years ago, reclining in Ivory-washed clothes on an Ivory-washed blanket.

**TODAY** Dottie uses pure Ivory Flakes because salespeople in fine stores still advise Ivory, just as they did when she was a baby.

Ivory Flakes suit Dot's impatient generation to a "T." No dilly-dallying—those curly Ivory Flakes burst into instant suds the minute they touch lukewarm water. And delicate textures and colors are protected by the soap that's "pure enough for a baby's skin."

*Economy note:* The big blue box of Ivory Flakes is your biggest bargain in a fine-fabrics soap. You get 1/5 more flakes for your money!

**IVORY FLAKES · 99$^{44}/_{100}$% PURE**

**"PURL TWO—SLIP ONE,"** recites Dot Marsh grimly. "Gosh!—Where'd I lose those crazy stitches? Honest, Miss Jensen, will this ever be a sweater? Look at it—it's dirty *already!*"

"When and *if* it gets done, Miss Marsh," encourages helpful Miss Jensen of the Knitting Shop, "just douse it up and down in cool Ivory suds and it'll look dandy. Every department in this store is advising customers to use Ivory Flakes now!"

**"WASH WOOLS WITH IVORY!" SAY FINE STORES**

**"DAT OL' TEA SET** of yo' great granny's ain't wuth damagin' yo' hands fo', Miz Gibson," grins Theophilus. "Don' yo' want yo' hands to look nice fo' this here impo'tant tea party?"

"Give me that Ivory and start making the sandwiches,'Awful'," says Mrs. Gibson briskly. "Long before you came here to work, I washed dishes all the time with Ivory Soap. I *know* how nice it always keeps my hands!"

**PURE IVORY PREVENTS "HOUSEWORK" HANDS**

**"YOU'RE QUITE MISTAKEN,** Mr. Hamilton," teases the Masked Mystery. "I'm *not* Sally Gibson!"

"Oh, Sally, darling," whispers Jack, "what a punk disguise. I'd recognize your complexion in Timbuctoo!"

"Oh, Jack!" melts Sally, "I ought to put that in an Ivory testimonial, since Ivory is my beauty soap!" Yes, pure Ivory has kept Sally's complexion lovely since she was a baby.

**DOCTORS SAY "PURE IVORY FOR SENSITIVE SKIN!"**

from **160 pounds to 132 in just 8 weeks!**

**Just think of losing almost 30 pounds in twice that many days. That's just what Miss Hartford did through an easy method you can use.**

● "The day my weight reached 160 pounds I made up my mind that I must do something. The scales had been pointing higher each week until I despaired of ever looking my old self again. But that's all changed now—I weigh just 132 lbs.—exactly what I should for my height and age and, am I happy? Ask my family and friends.

"I used a simple method—one that is so easy I never dreamed it could accomplish such an amazing transformation. And, with this harmless, drugless method I ate my regular meals every day."

**Anyone can reduce by this DRUGLESS method**

Thousands of women—men too—are getting back to normal weight. With the loss of superfluous flesh comes increased vigor and vitality. Wate-Off is a HARMLESS food compound (no salts, no drugs of any kind) which, however, becomes a substitute for certain fat-forming foods and supplies the body with the necessary minerals and vitamins so essential to health. The directions say: Take Wate-Off before meals, then eat your hearty fill. "Results," users say, "are simply amazing."

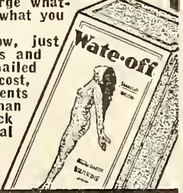
**No Starving--No Punishment**

No need to punish one's self by excessive and back-breaking exercise. No need to fast and deny yourself anything you need for health. A trial under our NO RISK offer will convince you.

**FREE Proof to anyone**

We want every woman in America, every man, too, for that matter, to know that it is possible to lose unwanted pounds. Therefore we say: Try Wate-Off for 10 full days—we furnish complete but simple directions—and then if you haven't lost weight as fast as you would like to, or as is good for you, if you don't feel better in every way, send back the container and every penny you have paid us will be returned to you. No charge whatever will be made for what you have used.

Send no money now, just your name and address and everything will be mailed promptly. Deposit the cost, only $2.45, plus a few cents postage, with the postman under our "money back guarantee" then let actual results decide whether or not you want to continue. Start that reduction now.



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**VITALIN PRODUCTS, Dept. 265**
**510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.**

You may send me a full 30-day treatment of Wate-Off for trial. I will deposit only $2.45, plus a few cents postage, with the postman upon delivery, but this is to be returned to me without question or argument if I return the package in 10 days. No charge is to be made for what I have used.

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NOTE: Of course, if you prefer, you may enclose $2.45 (check or money order) with coupon, and everything will be sent postpaid with the same "money back" guarantee.

# Questions

Q. Is Adrienne Ames married? Marion.

**A. Yes, Adrienne is married to Bruce Cabot, also of the screen.**

Q. Did Lowell Sherman finish *Becky Sharp* before his death? B. C. C.

**A. Pioneer's Technicolor *Becky Sharp,* which was interrupted by Sherman's death after 13 days in production, has resumed production.**

Q. Is Mary Pickford making any pictures this year? John.

**A. So far, Miss Pickford has not reported any plans for pictures. She is at present broadcasting over NBC.**

Q. Is Colleen Moore's husband an actor? H. R. T.

**A. No, Colleen's husband, Al Scott, was a former newspaper man and has more recently been on the New York Stock Exchange.**

Q. Who will direct the filming of Ziegfeld's *Show Boat?* T. D.

**A. Carl Laemmle, Jr. is in charge of the screen version of the famous revue and the last word was that Irving Cummings would be the director.**

Q. What has become of William Desmond who starred in so many silent pictures? D. M. W.

**A. The former star of western films is now playing bit parts — his most recent in *Naughty Marietta.***

Q. How long did it take to make *Three Little Pigs?* What is the cost of making these cartoons? B. B. B.

**A. It took four months after the story was approved to make the Disney picture. The average Mickey Mouse animated cartoon costs $18,000.**

Q. How did Jeanette MacDonald get her start as a singer? Hattie.

**A. Jeanette's first theatrical engagement was in the chorus of a Ned Wayburn show at the Capitol Theater in New York. *The Love Parade* was her first motion picture.**

DO YOU have questions concerning your favorite movie stars which you want answered? If you do, just ask THE MAN WHO KNOWS. If you desire an immediate reply, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope and he will reply to you by return mail. Or you can send in your questions and they will be answered in an early issue of MOVIE CLASSIC. Mail your questions now to THE MAN WHO KNOWS, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

Q. Was Dudley Digges always in the movies? H. H. P.

**A. No, Dudley Digges was formerly stage manager for George Arliss, after which he spent many years on the New York stage. He was also actor and producer at the Theatre Guild.**

Q. Is Ralph Forbes married again and, if so, to whom? Dotty.

**A. Yes Dotty, Ralph Forbes is married again and to Heather Angel.**

Q. Is it true that Charlie Chaplin is making his new picture in color and what is the title of the picture? G. D. F.

**A. Charlie will probably feature a sequence in color according to reports. As yet, the picture has no title.**

Q. Is it true that James Cagney is to have a part in *Midsummer Night's Dream?* Prof.

**A. Yes, *Mr. Bottom* is the rôle assigned to Jimmy.**

Q. Who is Jane Withers and where did she come from? R. J. L.

**A. Jane Withers was born in Atlanta and after moving to Los Angeles went into radio work until she was selected for the rôle of the bad child in Shirley Temple's *Bright Eyes.***

Q. How long did it take to make *Sequoia?* T. E. W.

**A. It took two years.**

# and Answers

## *By the Man Who Knows*

Q. Was Chester Morris ever on the stage before he went into the movies? J. Z.

**A. Yes, Chet was in vaudeville for many years and had several Broadway successes to his credit before he went to Hollywood.**

Q. What is the name of Marlene Dietrich's daughter? T. T. U.

**A. Marlene's daughter's name is Maria, but she is often called Heidede.**

Q. What has become of Dorothy Mackaill? Jerry.

**A. Dorothy has been on the stage in New York, Jerry. However, she is now in Hollywood and looking the picture situation over.**

Q. What has become of Melvyn Douglas? R. K.

**A. Melvyn Douglas is in New York. He directed the play *Within the Gates,* which closed, but caused considerable comment in New York.**

Q. How did Nancy Carroll get her start in the theatre and pictures? S. J. H.

**A. Nancy got her start by winning a prize in a local talent contest staged at a theatre in New York.**

Q. Where did George Brent get his first experience as an actor?

**A. George Brent got his first experience at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin.**

Q. Is it true that Noel Coward will appear in pictures? Alice.

**A. Yes, Noel Coward will make his first film and under the direction of Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur.**

Q. Has Frances Dee a sister and is she in the movies, too? Hall.

**A. Yes, Hall, Frances has a very talented sister by the name of Margaret who got her first chance in pictures when the late Lowell Sherman put her in the cast of *Becky Sharp,***

Q. Are Marlene Dietrich and Greta Garbo rivals off the screen? L. R. R.

**A. Just how far the rivalry extends is questionable. The two stars have never met, though it is said that Marlene has tried very hard to obtain an introduction.**

Q. What has become of Elsie Ferguson? Does she ever appear in pictures anymore? D. R. D.

**A. Elsie is in Hollywood and was to have appeared in RKO's *Becky Sharp,* but an eye infection forced her out of the cast.**

Q. What has happened to Ida Lupino who was so much in the limelight for a while? T. H. W.

**A. The Paramount player has been abroad and only recently returned to Hollywood and work in the pictures.**

Q. How did Jack Oakie get his start as an actor and screen star? Frances.

**A. Jack got his first break when he appeared in a Junior League charity, where he made such a hit that he got a vaudeville contract and later a part in the Ziegfeld Follies, which brought him to the attention of the movie bigwigs.**

Q. Has William Powell any children? G. R. G.

**A. Yes, William Powell has a son, William David Powell.**

Q. What is Barbara Stanwyck's right name? F. P. O.

**A. Barbara's right name was Ruby Stevens and is now Mrs. Frank Fay.**

Q. Where does Helen Morgan hail from and what was her previous acting experience? Dolly.

**A. Helen Morgan was born in Danville, Ill., and her first experience was as a singer in a Chicago night club. Later, she went to New York, where she became a Ziegfeld star and the owner of her own night club.**

*Two* of the 46,000,000

WHEN we tell you that 46 million people bought Ex-Lax last year we aren't just bragging. And we aren't talking about ourselves . . . but about *you* and a problem of *yours!*

Here's why it is important to you. Occasionally you need a laxative to relieve constipation. You want the best relief you can get . . . thorough, pleasant, painless.

And when 46 million people find that one certain laxative gives them the best relief . . . well that laxative *must* be *good.* When 46 million people agree on *one* thing, there must be something about it that is different . . . and better.

*Why America buys more Ex-Lax than any other laxative*

Here are the reasons: People realize more and more how bad it is to blast the system with harsh laxatives. Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take, yet it is *gentle.* Unlike harsh laxatives, it won't cause stomach pains, it won't upset you, it won't leave you feeling weak afterwards. People realize that habit-forming laxatives are bad. And they have found that Ex-Lax doesn't form a habit—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. People hate nasty-tasting medicines. Ex-Lax is a pleasure to take . . . for everybody likes the taste of delicious chocolate.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

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**COLD WAVE HERE** . . . and we mean *colds.* Sneezing, sniffling, coughing, misery-creating colds. To help keep your resistance up—KEEP REGULAR . . . with Ex-Lax.

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MP45 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
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# The bigger you are, the harder you'll fall for Shirley in "THE LITTLE COLONEL"

Another honey from the greatest trouper of them all—Shirley Temple. Watch fans of all ages go for this one. Here is the darling you adore in the kind of *dramatic* entertainment you'd expect with Lionel Barrymore as co-star!

You're going to laugh, cry, lose your heart as Shirley gradually steals the heart of Lionel, her grandfather, an embittered Kentucky Colonel of the hectic 70's . . . as she charms him into forgiving her mother (Evelyn Venable) for marrying a Yank (John Lodge). And you're going to cheer Bill Robinson, who'll show you some fancy steppin'.

**And the finish — GUESS WHAT! A gorgeous, Technicolor sequence, showing Shirley as she really is . . . with her peach complexion, golden curls, smiling, blue eyes, dimpled cheeks!**

So take my advice. Take the whole crowd to see "The Little Colonel." It's another in the list of "must-see" pictures coming from the Fox lots!

# HOT

**What a heart-stirring team they make! . . . this tiny star with Lionel Barrymore, veteran of a thousand hits.**

## ONE MORE HIT FOR GAYNOR AND BAXTER IN "ONE MORE SPRING"

Rave notices, everywhere! This unusual story from Robert Nathan's best seller tells what happens to two men and a girl when a winter of discontent melts into a spring of romance!

With Walter King, Jane Darwell, Roger Imhof, Grant Mitchell, Stepin Fetchit and others.

## SHIRLEY TEMPLE
## LIONEL BARRYMORE
## in
## "THE LITTLE COLONEL"

**Based on the story by Annie Fellows Johnston which thrilled millions!**

**"Now we're going to baptize Henry Clay just like the big folks do."**

**"If the old Colonel ever finds out where we got these sheets, he'll baptize us good."**

# SPOTS in latest hits!

by Jerry Halliday

**As the proud, fiery, Kentucky Colonel, Barrymore scores another triumph!**

**"Why do they call you the Little Colonel?"**

**"Because I'm so much like you! I've got a temper and I stamp my foot and I holler back at people, too."**

## Hollywood Notes—

The "grapevine" sees all, hears all, *tells all!* And right now the town is buzzing with the news that the Fox lots are rounding up the mightiest stories, the greatest plays . . . that Fox stars are scoring hit after hit *with more in the making!*

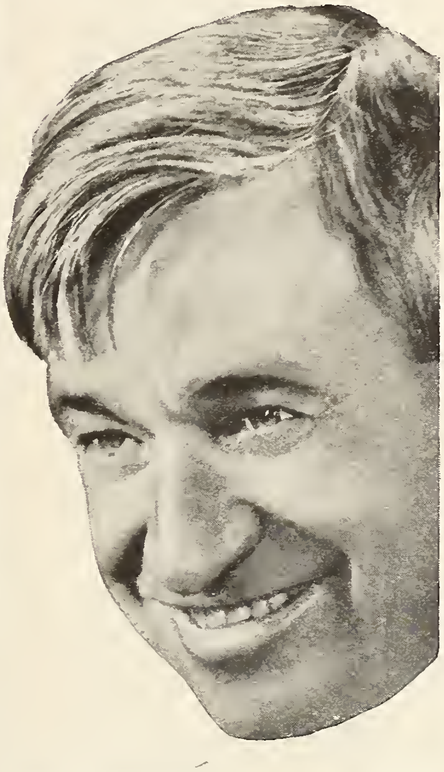
Just one look at these two pages confirms that story. So take a tip from Hollywood—if you're looking for entertainment, look for the name . . .

FOX

## Laughter never ends with WILL ROGERS in "LIFE BEGINS AT 40"

America's Number 1 star!...That's Will Rogers. And he zooms 40 notches higher in his newest and laughingest Fox hit!

Imagine Will as a modern country editor who finds his greatest fun in life after forty. Imagine Will dropping barbed wire wisecracks at pompous George Barbier, his sworn enemy! And *try* to imagine Will as a hog caller, aided by Slim Summerville, turning a political powwow into a hog's holiday!



Laughs galore . . . plus the heart-throb story of two lovers, Richard Cromwell and refreshing Rochelle Hudson, who fight the shame of a jail sentence . . . plus Jane Darwell who adds to the humor and romance . . . make "Life Begins at 40" another Will Rogers treat for the whole family!

So put this one down in your date book . . . it's another best bet of the month from the Fox studios!

### PREVIEW FLASH from Geo. White's SCANDALS of 1935

Coming your way soon! Songs, comedy, beautiful girls! With Alice Faye, James Dunn, Ned Sparks, Lyda Roberti, Cliff Edwards, Eleanor Powell, Arline Judge and George White himself.

**THE LOVERS IN "LIFE BEGINS AT 40"**
Richard Cromwell and Rochelle Hudson

"Now that you've asked me to marry you, when will it be?"

# "Of course I'll go—
# LISTERINE got rid of my SORE THROAT"

METROPOLITAN GRAND OPERA, direct from its N. Y. Stage—Broadcast by LISTERINE announced by *Geraldine Farrar* . . . Every Saturday . . . All NBC Stations

Relieves
SORE THROAT
LISTERINE
LAMBERT
Tested and Approved
4602
Good Housekeeping Bureau
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

*Gargle with* **LISTERINE** *twice a day to fight colds*

## Safe antiseptic relieves inflammation
## *Quickly*

It is wonderful how often Listerine relieves the pain associated with ordinary sore throat—the kind of sore throat that usually warns you of the onset of a cold. Frequently two treatments, and often one, are sufficient to get rid of that raw, constricted, painful feeling.

The instant Listerine enters the mouth and proceeds to the throat, it begins to work. Listerine attacks the bacteria lodged there in tremendous numbers; kills millions on throat and mouth surfaces.

The inflammation is quickly relieved by the destruction of the germs which cause it and by the soothing boric acid Listerine contains.

If, after several treatments with Listerine, your sore throat still persists, call your doctor. Some types of sore throat are exceedingly dangerous and should be treated only by a competent physician. Others may be the result of a chronic tonsil infection. Against these, Listerine can do very little.

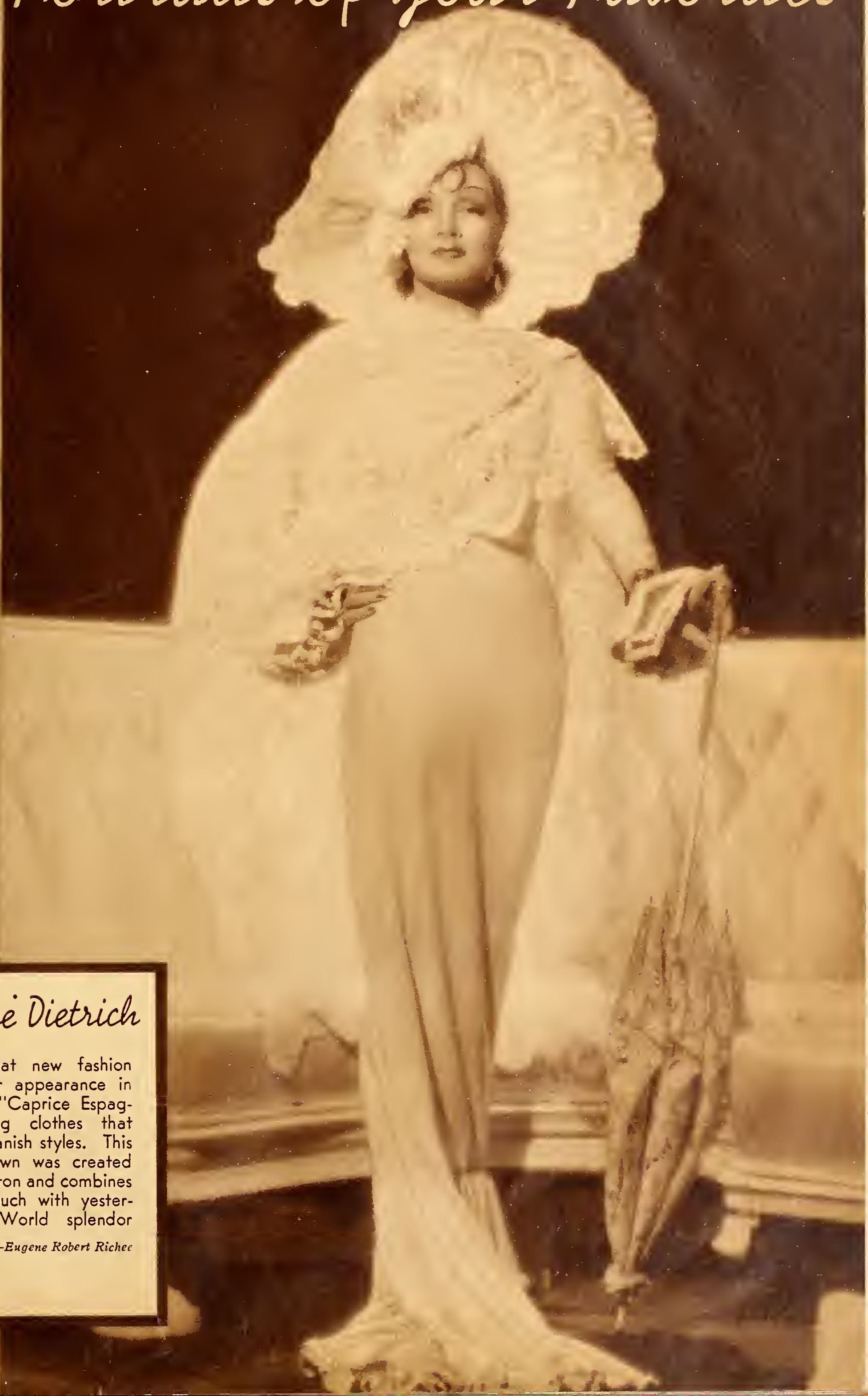
The most common type, however, and the one against which Listerine *is* effective, is that related to a cold. In this connection, let us point out that full strength Listerine used twice daily as a gargle is an efficient aid in fighting colds.

Bacteriologists explain that Listerine kills the germs associated with colds before they have a chance to multiply and pass on to infect other near-by tissues.

Careful tests have revealed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine caught *fewer* colds and *less severe* colds than those who did not gargle with it.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

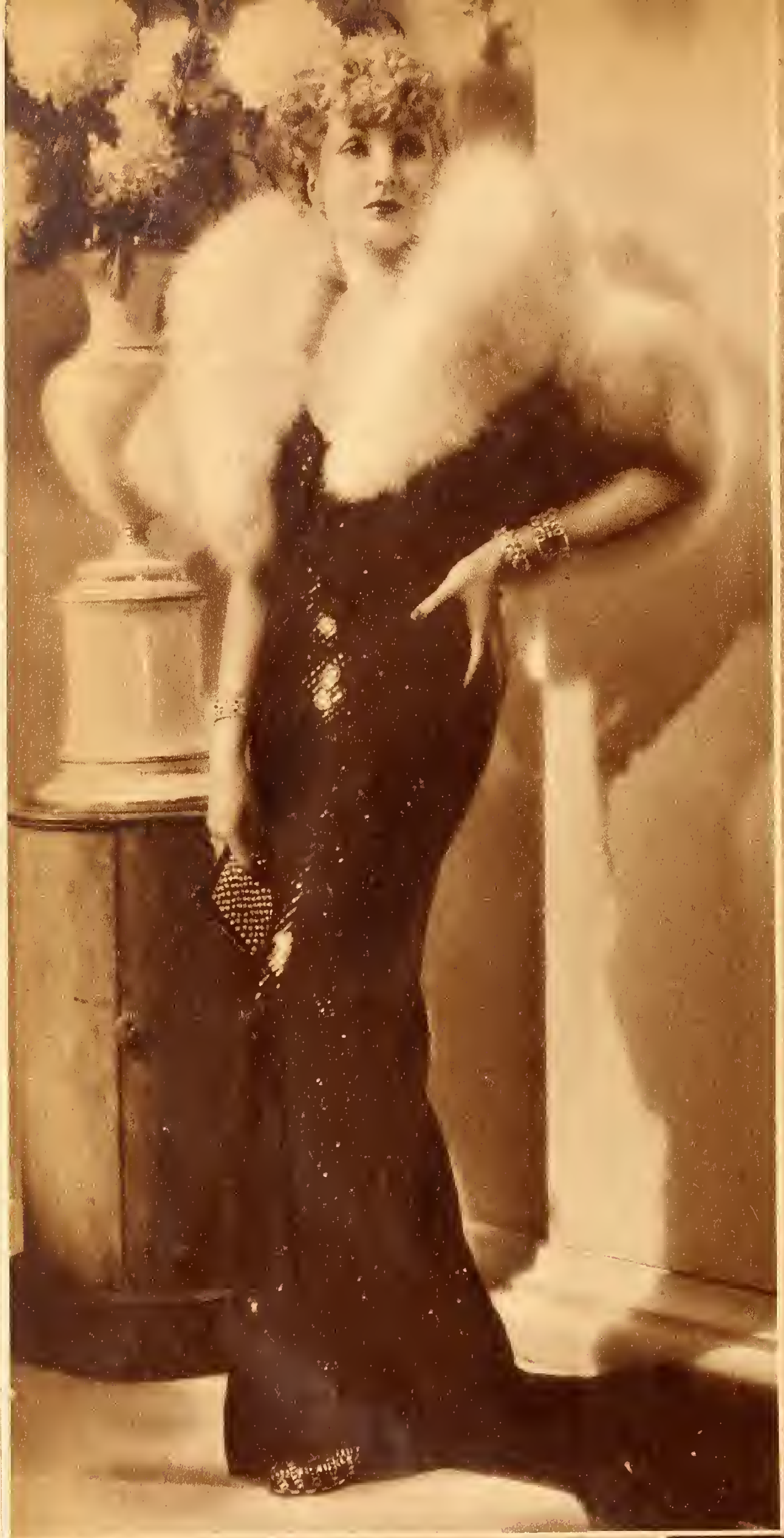
# MOVIE CLASSIC PRESENTS
# *Portraits of Your Favorites*

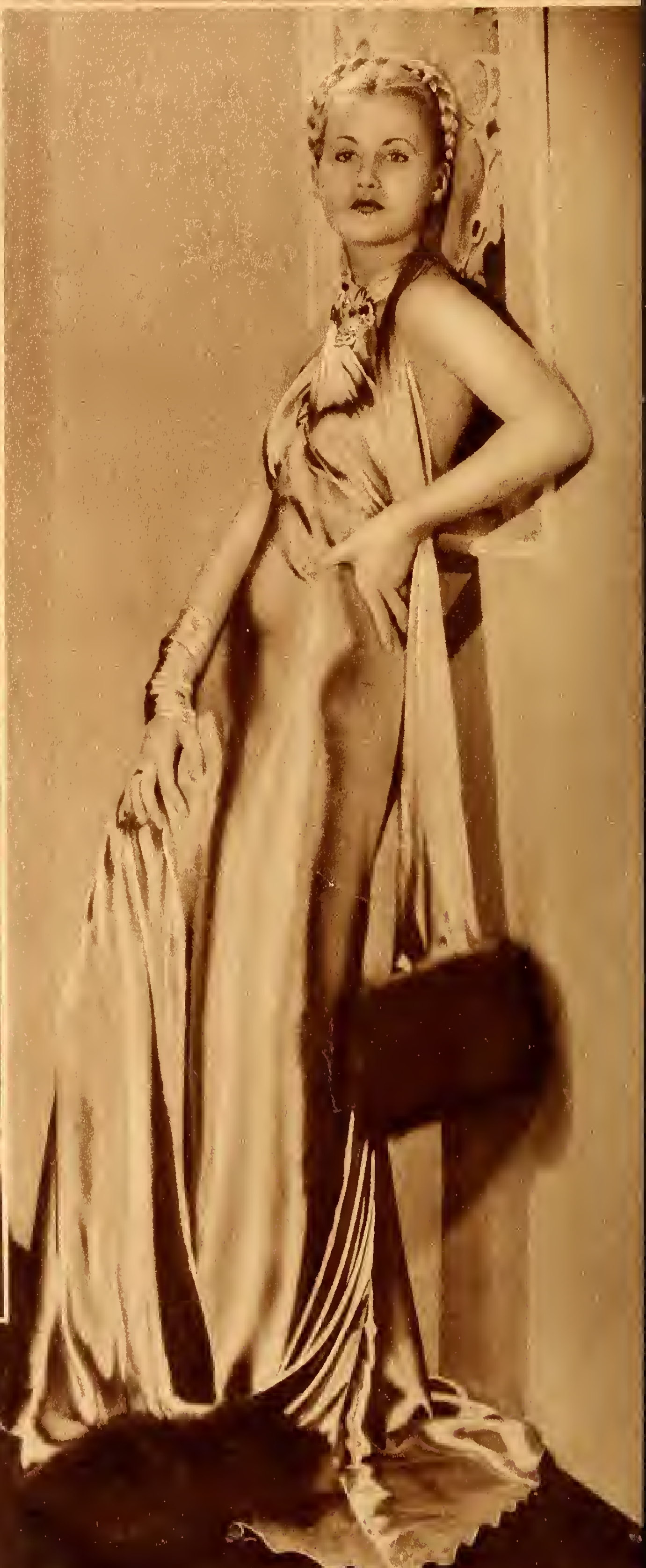


## *Marlene Dietrich*

starts a great new fashion trend by her appearance in Paramount's "Caprice Espagnol", wearing clothes that favor the Spanish styles. This delightful gown was created by Travis Banton and combines a modern touch with yesterday's Old World splendor

*—Eugene Robert Richee*





**Ann Sothern** —*Clarence Hewitt*

was overlooked by Hollywood and had to change her name and be discovered a second time. Now she is riding the waves of stardom, sharing honors with Maurice Chevalier and Merle Oberon in "Folies Bergere de Paris"

**Virginia Reid**

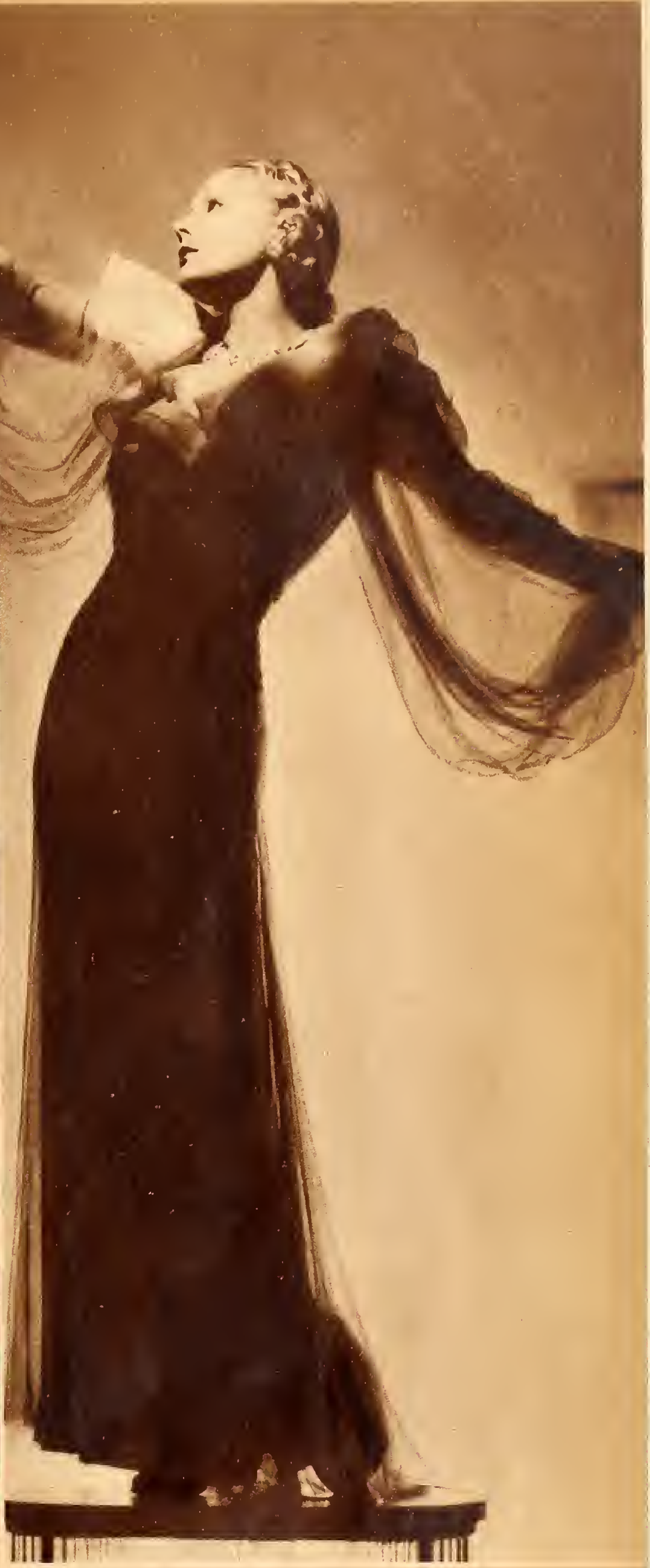
came from 'way down South in Dixie to share her charm with the world via the silver screen. You'll catch quite a few glimpses of her when you see "Roberta"

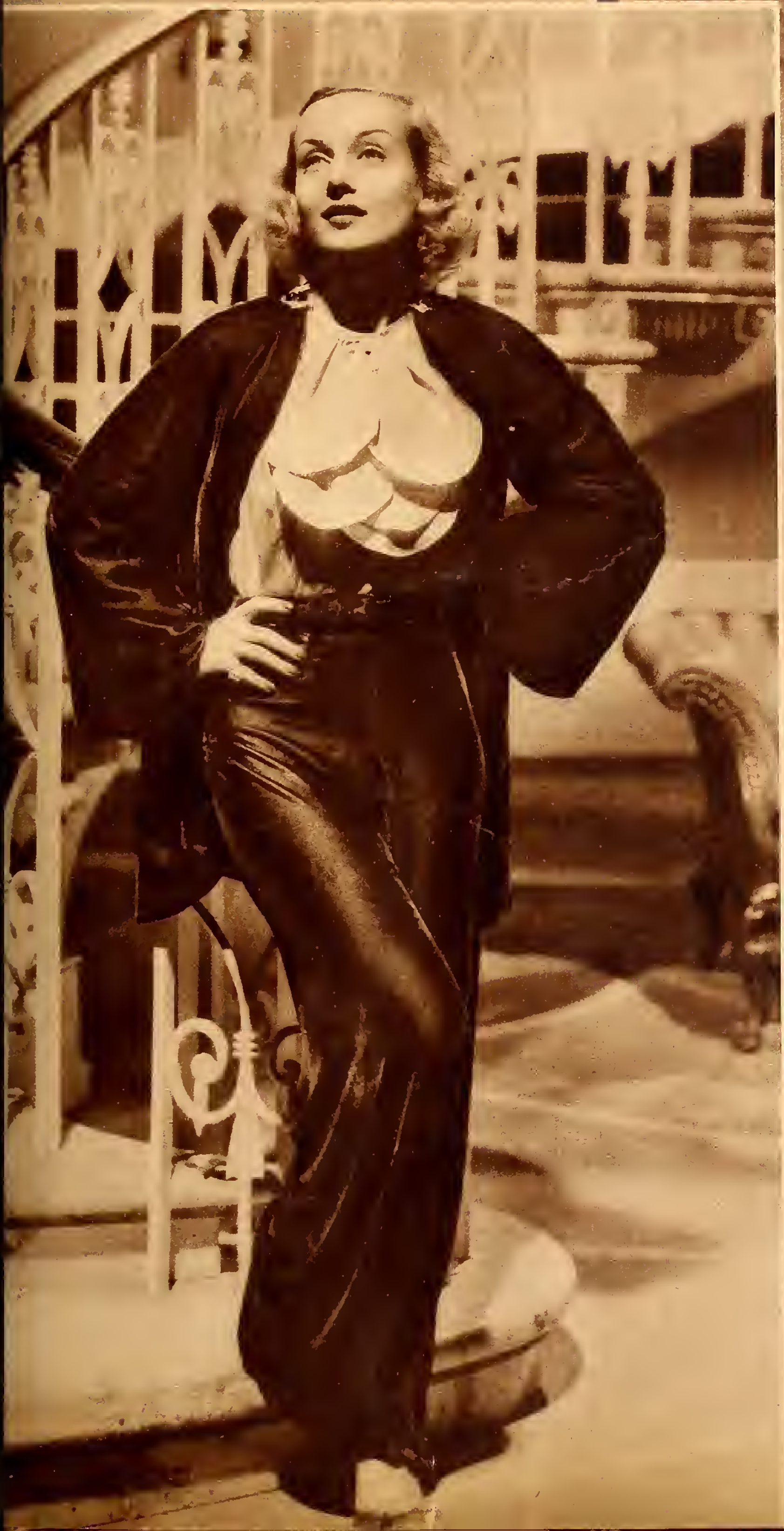
—*Fred Hendrickson*

## June Knight

You will see much of June Knight in the future, for she has just signed a long term starring contract to appear under the M-G-M banner. Hollywood's gain is New York's loss, for she was long a favorite behind legitimate footlights

*—Clarence Sinclair Bull*





## Carole Lombard

has earned lasting recognition as "Hollywood's best dressed movie star". These becoming pajamas are of sapphire blue velvet. The loose jacket with full sleeves clips at the neckline to a blouse of lighter blue

*—Eugene Robert Richee*

### Rochelle Hudson

came from Will Rogers old home town, Claremore, Oklahoma, and, strangely enough, she is now appearing in almost every picture with him. She has the part of Adele Anderson in "Life Begins at Forty"

*—Otto Dyar*

### Bette Davis

finds that sun-bathing is a great stimulus for health and vigor. The cameraman snapped her as she rested under the delightful rays of California's famous sun

*—Elmer Fryer*

# SCANDALS

The 1935 Screen Edition of George White's "Scandals" brings a lavish array of beauty and talent with such headliners as Alice Faye, James Dunn, Lyda Roberti, Cliff Edwards and Ned Sparks. MOVIE CLASSIC presents a preview of interesting scenes from this sensational Fox film

Alice Faye and James Dunn (would you believe it?) as they appear in the 1935 *Scandals*

And they lived happily ever after! Lyda Roberti, Ned Sparks (is he smiling?) and Cliff Edwards

Plenty of good looking girls in the new *Scandals*. Edna Mae Jones (center) and some of the dancers

# With FREDRIC on a South Sea

Hale and hearty, browned under a tropical sun, Fredric March paddles an outrigger canoe like a native

A famous screen star forgets the roar and excitement of Hollywood on hibiscus-scented Tahiti

"SURE I'll talk about my South Seas trip—did you ever meet a returned traveller who wouldn't?" laughed Fredric March when I cornered him in an office at Twentieth Century studios just a few days after he had returned from the land of golden-skinned hula dancers, cocoanuts and palm trees.

"I'll not only talk about it but I'll furnish pictures, free advice and—"

Freddie checked his offer in mid-air to dive under a desk after a brief case loaded with snap-shots, developed films and souvenirs of his two months vacation journey.

And while March hunted around for his case I sat back trying to regain my mental balance. Couldn't believe my own ears. Here was a star who wanted to be interviewed. An actor who volunteered just the kind of information you needed without waiting to have it dragged out of him bit by bit.

"For years I wanted to see Tahiti," Freddie explained as he dumped a huge pile of pictures on the desk and tilted his chair back against the wall at a dangerous, if comfortable, angle. "As a kid I read the usual South Seas yarns—Jack London, O'Brien, Frisbee and the rest of the old timers—but down in my heart I wanted to see for myself.

"Finally everything worked out swell—vacation weeks—sailing schedules—and inclination. I was fed up on Hollywood and needed a rest. I wanted to get away from autograph hunters, interviewers and everything else connected with pictures. Believe me," Freddie grinned suddenly, "I did."

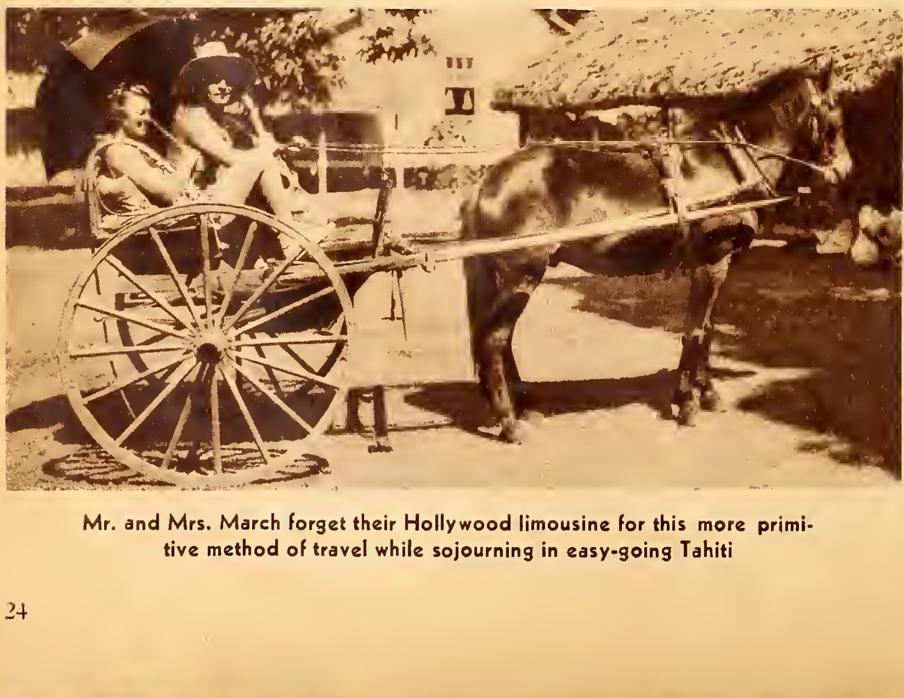
"We left Hollywood burdened down with all sorts of advice from our well-meaning friends and enough baggage to have seen us safely around the world in any direction.

"The party included Mrs. March and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Morgan. Jack is the author of the book, *Man of Two Worlds,* which he adapted for the screen.

"From the minute we stepped ashore at Papeete we started to 'unlax.' With the exception of half-a-dozen people who had seen *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* in San Francisco, not a soul even mentioned my work in pictures. And that, in itself, was a relief.

"The girls? Well, had I been interested, there would have been plenty to choose from. From the hundreds of 'street girls' who flock into Papeete whenever a boat comes in to the dozens of really lovely half-castes—youngsters who make friends as easily as in the days of Captain Bligh and the Bounty mutineers.

"One thing I DID notice," and March suddenly became serious, "the smart chaps among the unattached males steered clear of the 'street girls' and when they escorted the young women of the nicer families, they went well chaperoned.



Mr. and Mrs. March forget their Hollywood limousine for this more primitive method of travel while sojourning in easy-going Tahiti

# MARCH Isle

### By LLOYD BROWNFIELD

Happy were the hours Mr. and Mrs. March spent in the sylvan paradise of the South Seas. Shorts were all the vogue

"I won't say the natives are as beautiful as pictured by Stevenson, O'Brien and Frisbee—but neither will I admit that they are unlovely. As in America, there are all kinds and types."

*All of which proves that this Fredric March is not only a fine actor and a marvelous teller of stories but pretty much of a diplomat.*

"There's no denying that the Tahitians, like most of the Polynesian races, have a different standard of morals from the one we are taught," Freddie continued, "but that's a problem for the missionaries to worry about.

"The Tahitian women mature early and age quickly. A girl of fourteen or fifteen years is considered a grown woman while at twenty-five or twenty-six years they're rapidly approaching the matronly stage. The men are big, husky fellows with grand dispositions but a deep-seated aversion to continued hard work."

"FOR our stay in Tahiti," March returned to his story, "we took rooms at *The Plantation,* a sort of bungalow hotel some twelve miles out of Papeete, and rented a small automobile for a month. We had plenty of privacy and a grand place to stay.

"Jack was busy part of the time on his new novel but the rest of us loafed and played to our heart's content.

"Honestly," and March was never more in earnest, "for the first week or two I thought I was in paradise.

"Mrs. March and Mrs. Morgan went around dressed in shorts and bandanas while Jack and I were dolled up in shorts or blue jeans. I tried to wear the native *pareu* but couldn't keep it on—it kept slipping down around my ankles at the MOST INOPPORTUNE times.

Freddie admitted that he felt better about his [*Continued from page* 78]

The March party on a fish spearing expedition. That's Freddie, first on the left in the second row, with a tiaré Tahiti (white flower) in his ear

# Time Out For Fun

Hollywood Stars enjoy life away from the grinding cameras, but MOVIE CLASSIC'S cameraman is always on the job

Lilian Harvey enjoys the comforts of slacks while visiting at Agua Caliente, Mexico, with Mrs. Carl Winston, of Beverly Hills

Al Jolson sings *Mammy* for the boys of the Alabama football team when they visit the Warner studio after trimming the Stanford eleven

Jack Oakie runs across Jackie Coogan and Anne Shirley at the Biltmore Bowl and becomes emotional—for the benefit of the cameraman

Thelma Todd and Patsy Kelly play Double Solitaire between camera shots on the Hal Roach lot

# What *Love* Has Done For *Gloria Stuart*

### Only an actress who is really in love can . . . but wait! We'll let Gloria herself tell you the secret

**By DOROTHY CALHOUN**

"I'M TAKING out insurance on the future," Gloria Stuart told me with a new quietness that is very becoming. "I'm looking ahead and planning out what I want my life to be when the movies have forgotten me—as they will, when Hollywood is just a strange and exciting story to tell my children on some rainy afternoon. After all, I'm twenty-four now, and I've grown much older this last year, and a little wiser, too, I hope.

"The nightmare of most screen actresses is to look ahead to the day when they will begin to slip, when options won't be taken up, and the waits between pictures will grow longer and longer. That's because they aren't saving up any interests, any plans for the future. When that time comes to me I shan't be in Hollywood, waiting for the telephone to ring, feverishly talking about making a comeback. I shall be living very quietly in some country town, helping my husband run the local newspaper, teaching my children about the wild flowers and the stars, and the fun there is in doing things with one's hands. Children are the best insurance for the future, and yet I never liked them much—until lately.

"One thing I've decided. I shan't teach my children to expect too much from life. I used to think that I would be a great actress or a great writer and the gradual realization that I would never be either made me desperately unhappy. Now I know that it is only given to a very few people in this world to rise to the top of any profession. But if I can't be a great actress, I am going to be a better one now than I have ever been before, and I'll tell you why. It's because—*for the first time in my life I am in love*—"

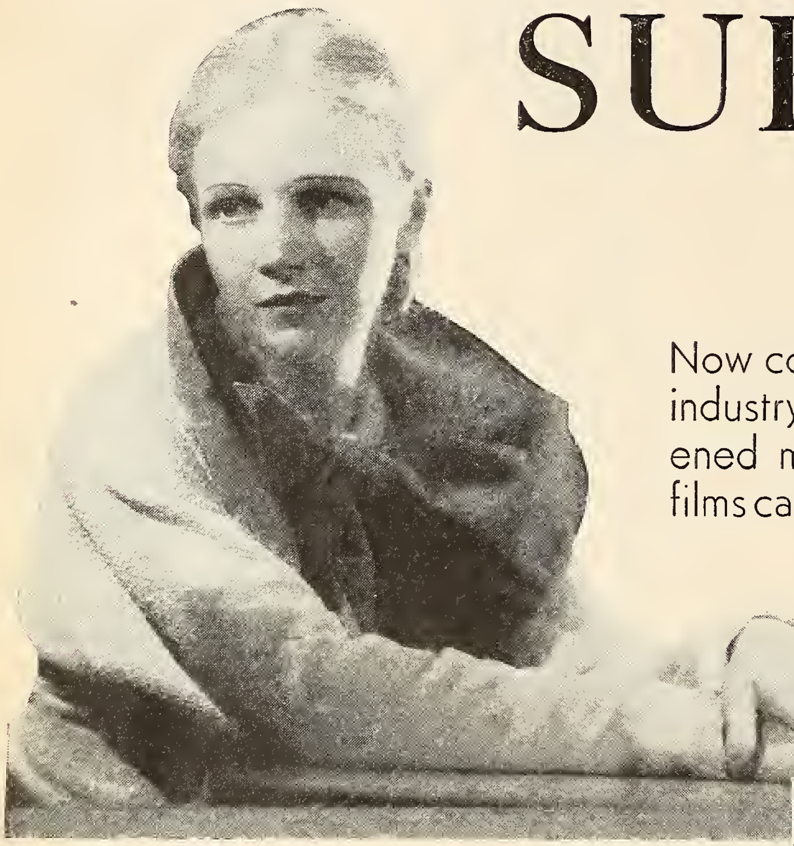
Gloria Stuart has been acting ever since when, at fourteen, she played the heroine of *If I Were King* in the Santa Monica High School, but despite the evidence of a huge fan mail, a movie pay check for four years, requests from every studio in Hollywood to borrow her blonde beauty—surely symptoms of success—Gloria has never been quite reconciled to Hollywood. Her passionate worship for the theatre which led her to brave her family's displeasure and live for a year in a converted woodshed in Carmel so that she might serve Art at the tiny Theatre of the Golden Bough at starvation wages

[*Continued on page 77*]

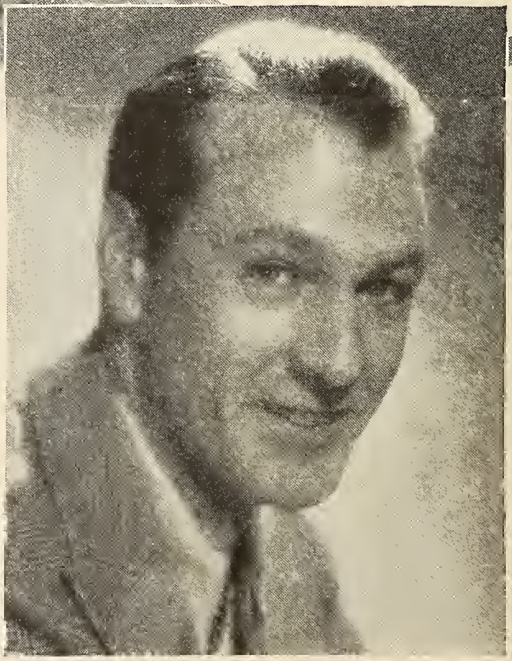
Glamorous Gloria Stuart looks to the day when she will raise children as the wife of a small-town newspaper editor

# *WHAT* STARS SURVIVE

Now comes color to upset the film industry and the upheaval threatened may rival the revolution of films caused by the advent of sound



**Tests show that Ann Harding will benefit greatly by innovation of color in films**



**Natalie M. Kalmus cites Gary Cooper among the male stars who will survive color**

AND NOW comes color to establish itself as the motivating force of the Third Era in motion picture history.

Talkies, you will remember, caused many upheavals in the industry to which the world looks for entertainment. Stars of the greatest magnitude became extras almost overnight—and in the same manner, extras arose to supplant the diminishing screen luminaries.

The same thing appears likely to happen with the advent of color pictures and there is hardly a star in Hollywood who is not wondering about the future—whether it will spell failure or still greater success.

The talkies were an unknown quantity. They came in so quickly that they brought panic to a very substantial industry. Color, on the other hand, has been introduced slowly. Walt Disney, in his animated cartoons, was the first one to show what could be done with a three-color process; later a short, called *La Cucaracha,* was a startling achievement. In it colors lived and breathed. For the first time, Hollywood became really aware of the potentialities and the possibilities of color. Full-length features in color are now being made. Jock Whitney is now producing *Becky Sharp* for RKO, the first of nine all-color features he will make this season. Many black and whites have color sequences.

The question today is, what stars of the sound screen will survive the penetrating color camera, which reveals not alone a surface beauty, but a beauty which even the eye cannot perceive.

Natalie M. Kalmus, the only color director in the world, who with her husband, Herbert T. Kalmus—the inventor of Technicolor—are without question the greatest authorities of this new motion picture medium, is in a measure reassuring to those already established on the screen, yet indirectly indicates that it will mark the doom of certain stars of today.

"These stars," she declares, "will survive color surely:

# WILL COLOR?

### By SONIA LEE

| | |
|---|---|
| Ann Harding | Robert Montgomery |
| Jeanette MacDonald | Gary Cooper |
| Miriam Hopkins | Norma Shearer |
| Ronald Colman | Jean Harlow |
| Claudette Colbert | Warner Baxter |
| Marion Davies | Kay Francis" |

Mrs. Kalmus explains her selections:

"Claudette Colbert, because of her great talent; Norma Shearer, because she is a down-to-earth player; Jeanette MacDonald, because of her startling coloring, which will be enhanced 100 percent; Ann Harding, who will be the outstanding star of color, because the color camera shows her in tests not the brittle Ann Harding of the talkies, but a spiritual, yet alive, person who is given an amazing glow—an inner beauty which the ordinary camera cannot possibly reveal or record; Marion Davies, Jean Harlow, Miriam Hopkins—all blondes—will continue on the screen fooling the years, because their startling blondness will be given depth and a new, sheer, illuminated loveliness which black and white backgrounds absorb.

"Among the men, Robert Montgomery will be indebted to the color camera. He will survive, and what is more, survive in his characteristic gay rôles. Warner Baxter, Ronald Colman, and Gary Cooper will survive.

"Technicolor will make new stars—stars of those whose personality the black and [*Continued on page* 73]

The great talent of Claudette Colbert will carry her on to new heights of popularity and film success when color predominates in the products of Hollywood's studios

The startling blondeness of Marion Davies will find new depth and loveliness in color

# *They Tried To Make A* Chaney *out of* Muni

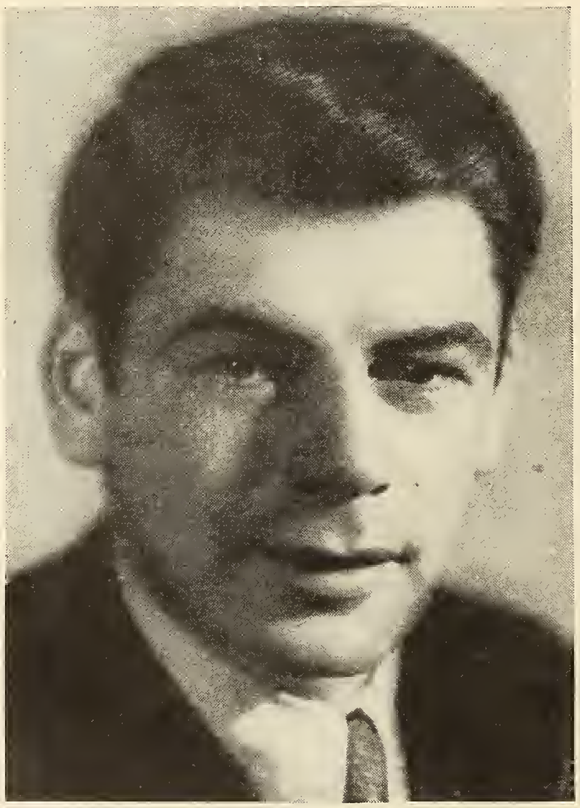
## And Muni gave his all, with the result that Hollywood shunned him until he forced it to recognize his real talents

### By DONALD G. COOLEY

AT THE tender age of eleven years, a young actor by the name of Muni Weisenfreund began his theatrical career by playing the rôles of doddering old men with his parents' traveling troupe. With a cane, a carefully simulated 60-year-old voice, and skillfully applied make-up, his success was so complete that critical audiences never dreamed they were applauding a youngster whose normal interests embraced such juvenile activities as hooking rides on trucks and playing cop and robber.

Some twenty-odd years later this virtuosity was to play its part in wrecking the budding film career of Paul Muni when he answered Hollywood's beckoning finger. Hollywood licked him thoroughly and completely, wrapped him up in celluloid and stored the sarcophagus in a compartment of the producer's trial and error department labeled "flop."

For Muni Weisenfreund, as you have guessed, is the Paul Muni of *Bordertown* and *Black Fury* and *Scarface*—Hollywood's perfect rugged individual who today sits at the top of the heap and looks back gravely on a string of smash hits. The comeback theme is an old one, in real life as in fiction, but rarely does it produce so happy an ending as it did for Paul Muni.



**Paul Muni . . . . rated by critics as among the ten best actors in Hollywood**

The whole trouble was that Hollywood tried to make a Lon Chaney out of him, knowing his skill with make-up and his mastery of the difficult art of submerging his personality into the parts he played. A highly intelligent individual, Muni sensed that the Chaney mold they tried to fit him into would prove unhappy. But he was a young actor with his first picture contract, and his was not to reason why—his but to do and die, cinematically speaking.

How did today's Paul Muni emerge from the ashes of Hollywood failure? It's as inspiring a tale as ever came out of the movie capital.

"It was back in the days when the talkies were coming in," he told me, with the intense seriousness so characteristic of him. The sets were cluttered with strange equipment which only a few men understood. The picture he was doing was called *Seven Faces*. In the Chaney tradition, he was called on to play the parts of seven different characters, each of them utterly different—old men, eccentrics, freaks. This he did so successfully that the picture was practically doomed, for he gave so much to the seven varied characters that Muni himself never emerged. As a stunt, it was a complete success; as a story, it was a box-office disappointment. And so Muni returned to the New York stage where he was an established favorite.

As he told me these facts his manner was grave but not condemnatory. You had to imagine the hurt he must have felt, for the theatre is everything to Paul Muni, his love of his profession the deepest reality of his life. He smiles but rarely. He is not a large man, scaling but 160 pounds, but his voice is rich and full, and his speech is easy with an actor's regard for precise shades of meaning. He hesitates briefly now and then, seeking the exact word which eludes him.

His temperament is nervous, responding to the distractions of slight sounds. He is gravely courteous, with a pleasing dignity never ruffled by a wisecrack or a practical joke. The boyish sweep of dark hair over his brow, the deep steadiness of his brown eyes, the strongly chiseled lines of his face confirm the thought that here is a philosopher at home with Hamlet, but never with a Falstaff.

In the interlude that followed his first screen efforts Hollywood seemed to have forgotten him completely. But there were plenty of theatre engagements for Muni, and Hollywood was entirely out of his mind when there came an unexpected summons from a producer. A picture was being planned and Muni seemed the ideal man for the leading rôle. It was

[*Continued on page* 64]

# KETTI GALLIAN'S *CONQUEST*

*by*

KATHERINE HARTLEY

**This delightful and beautiful French star of the cinema finds it best to laugh her way through life**

IN ONE of the smallest, and certainly *the* most expensive, night clubs in Paris, sat the King of Siam, the Prince of Wales, a French Count, a German Baron, a famous sportsman, a woman couturière who designs the world's most elegant clothes, another woman who wears them, a Georgian prince, a world-famous flyer—and Ketti Gallian.

The latter three were sitting together at a small table in this dimly lighted *Casanova*, where champagne costs 600 francs, or about thirty dollars a bottle. They were very gay, very merry. They were having every bit as good a time as were the other distinguished patrons there—in spite of the fact that not one of them had even one little sou in his pocket! The young prince was temporarily embarrassed because his allowance for the month had not yet arrived from home. The flyer never had any money, anyway . . . he spent all of his on planes . . . and Ketti, well, Ketti wasn't working at the time. Her evening gown was in excellent taste, and very expensive looking, but her purse was empty. The prince's Dusenberg was empty also. It was waiting outside with scarcely a gallon of gasoline in it.

When they had eaten and imbibed about all they could stand, they held a whispered consultation. "What'll we do? How'll we explain it? They can't ask a prince to wash dishes!"

"Oh, *can't* they?" said Ketti. "I'd hate to give them the opportunity. Gentlemen, there's only one thing to do." Ketti did it. She summoned the waiter and ordered another bottle of champagne.

Finally when they were at last in a mood not to care *what* happened, they called for the check, and the flyer calmly signed it. Ketti pulled her wrap around her and arose haughtily. The prince pulled on his white kid gloves and reached for his cane. He led the young lady to the door, clicked his heels and bowed low as he stood aside to let her pass through it. The proprietor stood watching them from the corner. "Such dignity must be deserved," he thought. Besides, he had seen the Dusenberg out front. He let them go.

Outside, Ketti whispered, "We're all right, if we can only get this crazy car around the corner, out of sight of the doorman."

"Yes, but when it stops there, what then?" asked the flyer.

"Why, then we get out and push," laughed Ketti merrily.

And that's exactly what they did do. Singing at the top of their lungs, a prince, a flyer, and Ketti Gallian pushed a Dusenberg home through the quiet Paris streets.

That was before Ketti was signed to do a small part in a play, *The Ace*, in London. Up until this time, Ketti's entire theatrical experience had been very little. She had done extra work in a couple of French pictures. She had attended a dramatic conservatory where artists for the great national theatres of France are instructed and prepared. Also, she had understudied Davia, a leading Paris vedette, at the Theatre des Capucines, and on one occasion when Davia was stricken ill, Ketti had stepped into her part successfully.

But even then, Ketti was well known in Paris. A stunning girl, full of life and pep and gaiety, the young blades of the town flocked to

[*Continued on page* 80]

# TRAGEDY
# LYDA ROBERTI

### By JACK SMALLEY

THE SAGA of Lyda Roberti is written in blood and tears, yet she can make millions laugh.

That is the amazing thing about this blonde and blue-eyed Polish girl. Knowing only the stark misery of extreme poverty, reared against the flaming background of war and the brutal violence of revolutions in Russia, she was able to escape through laughter. From behind that dark veil emerged one of the foremost comédiennes of the screen.

She learned the secret of comedy from her father.

Roberti was a poor musician without a fiddle for his bow, so he made one from a tin can and became a clown. In the midst of despair, he set out to wring laughter from people who had forgotten how to smile.

"Laughter springs from tragedy," he told Lyda. "That is why I am a clown."

He would put on his grotesque wig that stuck out in three funny sprigs, and draw black crosses over the somber eyes in his chalked face, while she sat dangling her legs from the top of a battered trunk. Then he would gather his collection of funny, home made instruments and stroll out onto the pungent pine shavings of the circus ring to make music. His favorite was *I Pagliacci*, and he would bring forth that hauntingly sad melody from a battered oil can strung with catgut.

Then Lyda would scamper in and be hoisted onto the broad, flat back of a dappled gray to do a simple little bareback stunt. She learned to walk a tight-rope and add color to the act with costumes her mother made.

These happy moments of her life in circuses, as her father, mother, sisters and brothers wandered through Poland, Russia, Siberia, China, Japan and Egypt, like bits of confetti blown by the wind, are the memories she tries to keep; the others, of bloodshed and brutish slaughter, of flames and death and heaps of bodies, she tries to shut out.

"I have never talked about my life," she says in her blurred English, "because so much of it is filled with bitterness. It makes my throat ache, and then I cry—when I should be clowning.

"Always, it seems, there were people trying to kill each other, everywhere I would go. I have heard bullets go by my head—sssss—and seen people die. The circus is burned, and I escape. A bridge blows up. Yet always we are lucky."

Perhaps it was because God wanted to keep laughter alive in a world filled with sorrow.

Those were terrible years. Lyda Roberti lived through one of the blackest periods in modern history, for Russia during the revolutions slipped back into the dark ages. Lyda was born in Warsaw, Poland, the 20th of

**You wouldn't know, to look at Lyda, the hardships she has gone through. She has tasted the full measure of life's bitterness**

# TAUGHT *To SMILE*

If you laugh at the antics of this cute little star it is because blood and tears have made that infectious smile a permanent facial fixture

It's hard to beat the smile on Lyda Roberti's lips—but it is a smile born amid the whizzing of bullets and the groans of dying men and women

May, 1909. Her father was German, her mother a Pole.

ROBERTI was clever; he could make a funny looking musical instrument out of anything. A horn from a piece of pipe, a drum from a cheese box. But mostly he liked to rig up comical stringed instruments, and make people laugh even while they wept over sad songs.

When the World War came, Lyda was going on six and the circus had long since gotten into her blood. A circus over there was like our burlesque wheel, traveling from theatre to theatre and playing under canvas only in small towns. But the war changed everything.

Very few people know the horrors of the Eastern front—it is of the Western front where the Yanks fought that everyone talks about.

Poland belonged then to Russia, and its people were forced to fight for the Czar against Germany. Lyda's father had relatives in Germany fighting against the relatives of Lyda's mother in Poland. Warsaw was filled with bearded troops hastily mobilized. There was no room on the few railway lines for traveling circuses. The Roberti's, on the other hand, could not remain in Warsaw, only a few hundred miles from Berlin and in the path of the German offensive.

They packed their comedy props and started to work their way out of the war area.

"It seemed to us that we must always be in the midst of shooting," Lyda related. "When I was only three we were in traveling with a circus in the Balkans, and they would carry their fights right into the theatre. Czecks were trying to kill Turks, and Bulgars shot at Serbians.

"One night I never forget, though I am very small. There was a little Polish girl, only fourteen, riding bareback in the ring when a fight started in the circus. The crowd jumped up and tried to get out. A Turk ran up to us and grabbed father by the knees. 'Don't let them shoot me!' he yelled.

"My father had lost his red wig. He grabbed me up and ran. They shot the Turk as he followed us. And that poor little Polish girl on the horse—she jumped off and fell to the ground. Everybody was scared and they trampled on her as they tried to get out. Afterwards my brothers and father picked her up. She was dead.

"It is that way wherever we go, always death.

"When the World War came, we could not leave Russia, and there was very little money. Railroads were clogged. We tried to go toward Siberia, away from the front, and at last we found work in a hippodrome.

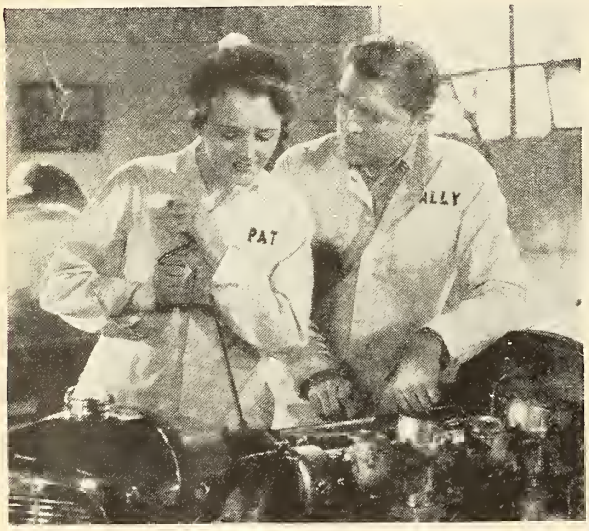
"Only a few rubles we had, and those we kept sewed in father's vest. We moved all we had into the theater and left our little room. The night mother was packing the last box, neighbors began to shout in the street. She went out and saw red lights in the sky, like a big mushroom. They said the hippodrome was on fire.

"She knew father and her children were there, maybe dead.

"We were getting ready for our performance when it started. My sister, a very beautiful girl who spoke so slow we joked her about it. [*Continued on page 66*]

# These

There's plenty of drama and comedy in *David Copperfield,* as you can imagine from this scene with Frank Lawton and W. C. Fields



Love over the engine of a racing automobile. Mary Astor listens to the sweet words of Lyle Talbot, unaware of tragedy to follow

Some explaining, with Roscoe Karns trying to right things with Myrna Loy and Cary Grant. Karns seems to have trouble on his hands

## DAVID COPPERFIELD—M-G-M

*The Famous Novel Comes to Life*

ONE of literature's grandest offerings comes to life in this marvelous screen portrayal of Charles Dickens' most beloved novel. All the characters you became acquainted with in your explorations into bookland parade before you in a manner that will appease your most fanciful dreams.

There are so many stars and so many excellent performances in *David Copperfield* that one hardly knows where to start, but it is safe to say that to Freddie Bartholomew, the lad who portrays David, the boy, go outstanding honors because it is his initial theatrical appearance. His work is superb.

W. C. Fields, as Mr. Micawber, actually brings to life that long talked about figure of fiction. No matter how you pictured Mr. Micawber in your own mind, W. C. Fields fills the bill. Frank Lawton, taking up the part of David, the man, is an admirable successor to little Freddie. Lionel Barrymore is only briefly present, but you will not soon forget his performance. And that comment goes, also, for the work of Elizabeth Allan, Edna May Oliver, Roland Young, Madge Evans, Maureen O'Sullivan, Lewis Stone and almost a score of other players.

Nothing of the original Dickens charm has been lost in moving the story from the book to the screen. You can't afford to pass up your chance to see *David Copperfield.*

## RED-HOT TIRES—WARNER

*Melodrama at a Race Track*

HERE'S an old plot, tossed into a modern mixer and served as a film cocktail. You'll like the taste, but notice something familiar as it passes your lips. Lyle Talbot is cast as an automobile racer unjustly accused of killing a rival speed demon. He is sent to prison for twenty years. Mary Astor is the girl who never forgets and she manages to get him out on parole just in time to save the family name and fortune by permitting Lyle to win the race. Talbot's name is cleared and all ends well. There is a thrilling airplane race to get Talbot to the speedway in time for the race.

## WINGS IN THE DARK—PARAMOUNT

*Aviation Pleasantly Romanced*

TAKING off very smoothly down a short runway, the plot of *Wings in the Dark* steers an interesting and exciting course and finally winds up with a graceful landing. Myrna Loy, Cary Grant, Herbert Cavanaugh and Roscoe Karns give perfectly grand performances. Cary plays the part of an aviator blinded in an explosion just as he is about to make the great flight to Europe. Myrna is the lady stunt-flyer who buys his stories

# REVIEWS OF THE

# Movies

of dubious value with her dangerously earned money, all the while telling him that the coin is coming from eager editors. The scene that will make your hands clench and take the slump out of your back is the one where the blinded pilot flies through the fog to rescue Myrna, who is lost.

## BORDERTOWN—WARNER

*Muni and Davis at Their Best*

"POWER" is the word that one is tempted to ditto mark until it totals a good round dozen when referring to Paul Muni's characterization of the young Mexican law student who turns gambler in *Bordertown*. Here is a picture that thrills and a cast of players who do much better than "their best."

Bette Davis is seen as the wife of Eugene Pallette, a racketeer associated with Muni. Bette loves Muni, so she does away with her undesirable husband, only to find that Muni has transferred his affections to Margaret Lindsay. Bette's confession of the murder causes a pretty mess—but we won't satisfy your curiosity and reveal the ending. Bette proves that her splendid acting in *Of Human Bondage* was only a sample of what she could do when given the right rôle.

## SOCIETY DOCTOR—M-G-M

*A Hospital Film with a Punch*

METRO proves that hospital stories can be uniquely done and punctuated with thrills.

Virginia Bruce, who is proudly proclaimed the coming star on the Metro lot, does much to prove her right to that place of distinction with her portrayal of the nurse who is loved by two interns, Chester Morris and a pleasing new chap, Robert Taylor. Morris, condemned for his lack of professional ethics, accepts the favors of Billie Burke and Virginia turns against him, but there is a happy finish.

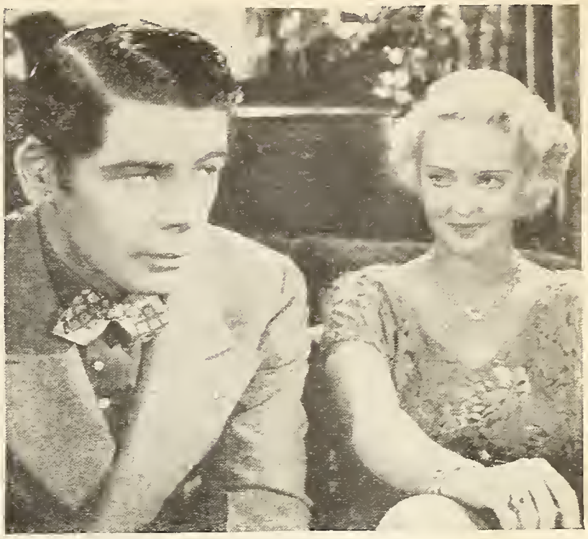
## UNDER PRESSURE—FOX

*A McLaglen-Lowe Feud*

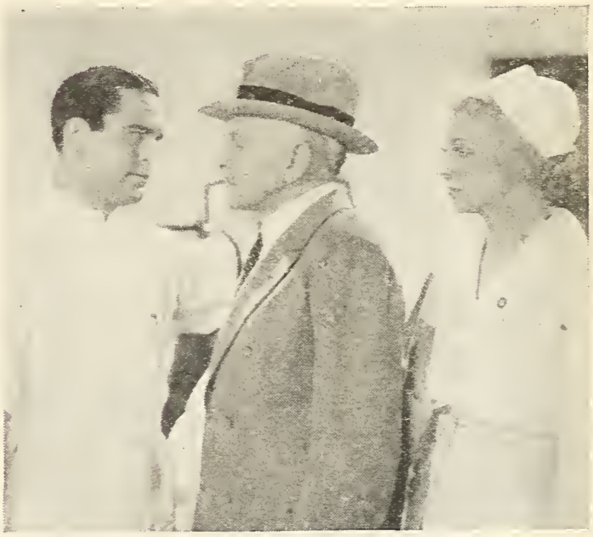
HERE is a picture that might have really deserved those hard-worked adjectives "colossal" and "stupendous."

The subject is entirely new and food for a good pen—the men who risk death in the air-protected tunnels beneath our rivers. Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen steer the comedy and drama as laborers on a tunnel crew. Charles Bickford is the villainous boss of a rival crew and the source of trouble. Marjorie Rambeau is not cast to advantage as McLaglen's woman, but Florence Rice does very nicely as the big pitapat in Lowe's life.

CURRENT PICTURES



Paul Muni, in this scene from *Bordertown,* learns about feminine charm from Bette Davis, who happens to be the wife of Paul's partner



Chester Morris puts plenty of punch and romance into his role as the *Society Doctor.* He is very ably supported by a well-known cast

At it again! Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen as "sand hogs" helping to build a subway. Between them is Marjorie Rambeau

# These Movies

Oh, for the life of a soldier gay! George Arliss, as the gallant Duke of Wellington, has his lighter moments in company of a gay and pretty young lady

Douglas Montgomery and Valerie Hobson supply plenty of love interest in Universal's production of Dickens' thriller, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*

A conference between the Governor of India (Montague Love) and Colonel Clive (Ronald Colman). There are many tense scenes in *Clive of India*

## THE IRON DUKE—GAUMONT-BRITISH

*Interesting Historical Drama*

THERE are times when it seems that headlines should not be reserved for stars alone. The work of Cameraman Courant in this film is worthy of a great deal of electric light splashing, for his photography is so realistic and perfect in detail that it tells the story more eloquently than some of the characters.

George Arliss gives another one of his masterly character portrayals in a film that takes full advantage of its period setting. As the Duke of Wellington, he battles Napoleon, but, better still, is his battle of wits with the duchess of the House of Bourbon, a rôle capably handled by Gladys Cooper. Despite a few spots in the picture that drag heavily, *The Iron Duke* is well worth seeing.

## THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD —UNIVERSAL

*A Charles Dickens Thriller*

DICKENS seems to have caught the public fancy to such an extent that now some of his weird and gruesome tales are being transferred to the screen. This story of horror will make your teeth chatter, so, if you're looking for real excitement, don't miss it.

That capable portrayer of the weird, Claude Rains, is seen as the villainous choirmaster who murders his own nephew in a fit of jealousy. A cast of unusual ability aids Mr. Rains. Douglas Montgomery, Valerie Hobson, Heather Angel and David Manners are among those most prominent in the picture.

## CLIVE OF INDIA—20TH CENTURY

*The Life of India's Conqueror*

HERE is a spectacular picture, a great love story. Ronald Colman is perfectly cast as Robert Clive, the dashing and daring young clerk who conquers India through his military genius and becomes England's "man of the hour." Loretta Young, as the wife who aided him in his dangerous campaign, was never better cast.

The best scene is that in which Colman and Miss Young await the decision of the council as to whether honor and fortune are to be swept away. Other high lights are Colman's speech in the House of Commons and the charge of armoured elephants during battle.

## THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL—ALEX. KORDA

*France under Robespierre*

THIS is a picture that booksy people will love and thrill-seekers will find bloody enough to appease their probable distaste for the sophisticated elegance of a Leslie Howard.

The plot is laid in the abundantly blood-stained reign of Robespierre, when French aristocracy bent their heads at the guillotine. Leslie Howard, as the daring and cunning savior of French royalty, sweeps smoothly from comedy into drama. At one moment, when he would hide his identity in the character of a fop, his pompous asininities are glittering in their brilliance, and again, in the serious mood of leader, he shows his ability to portray power as well as delicacy.

Merle Oberon, who plays the traitor wife, is a pretty and unusual type, but disappointing to one who has listened to the superlatives so carelessly used in her behalf in advance publicity. The cast is an excellent one and includes Joan Gardner, O. B. Clarence, Raymond Massey, Walter Rilla, Anthony Bushell, Ernest Milton, John Turnbull and others. The costumes and settings are noteworthy. In all, a picture that belongs on the not-to-be-missed list.

## BABOONA—FOX

*A Martin Johnson Thriller*

MR. AND MRS. MARTIN JOHNSON, who in their years of experience with animals in jungles and on open veldts have brought many thrillers to the screen, bring this time a novel film with an interesting mixture of pathos, humor and horror.

With planes equipped to land on water or land, they have succeeded in obtaining some most unusual shots—swooping down on stampeding herds of wild animals, floating over animal-infested waters and ensconced in their plane on the ground, they film animals gathered around them. Truly brilliant photography.

## A NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN—UNIVERSAL

*Entertaining Murder Film*

ARE you a murderer at heart? Have you escaped being catalogued as such merely because there has never been a sufficient incentive to induce you to commit the crime?

This is the theory on which *A Notorious Gentleman* is based. Charles Bickford is the attorney and murderer who attempts to bluff his way out of suspicion and is trapped by the district attorney, Onslow Stevens. This strange story is handled in a manner which makes it believable. Stevens steals the picture with a brilliant performance as the prosecutor. Helen Vinson, who is the love interest, handles her part well, but Bickford's acting is a bit disappointing and unconvincing.

## VANESSA—M-G-M

*Hayes and Montgomery at their Best*

HERE is a picture that will call forth lusty cheers from even the most cynical critics. Sadness shrouds many of its scenes, but you can manage a smile now and then along with your tears. It is a powerful piece, powerfully handled. Helen Hayes will warm your heart with her supremely sensitive portrayal of the girl deprived of her happiness by a Victorian family of rigid principles. Robert Montgomery as a gentleman of slightly shady reputation and the object of Miss Hayes affection, shows a heretofore unknown ability for truly fine acting. Otto Kruger, as the husband of her family's choice, demonstrates again his unusual talents. Members of the supporting cast do great work, especially Lewis Stone, May Robson, Henry Stephenson and Lionel Belmore. A picture not to be put aside even though your calendar is full.

Merle Oberon and Leslie Howard in the exciting picture sent here from England, *The Scarlet Pimpernel.* It is the kind of picture you will not soon forget

Mrs. Martin Johnson gives a dusky son of Africa a few lessons in modern American baking methods in this scene from the latest jungle thriller, *Baboona*

The relentless prosecutor (Onslow Stevens) confronts the ruthless murderer (Charles Bickford) with his charges in this scene from *A Notorious Gentleman*

Charles Laughton has leaped to fame on the most extraordinary stepping-stones in theatrical history

RUGGLES O'RED GAP

Here's Laughton all dressed up and studying for his part as the butler in *Ruggles of Red Gap*

# Charles

### By
### NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

WHEN he first came to Hollywood, acting a quiet part in a quiet little tragedy I was the only fan who followed Charles Laughton around.

Nobody stopped him for autographs, no one crowded to shake his hand and tell him how wonderful he was, and the studio had no demands for photographs of him. But I often left my luncheon unfinished when, from an adjoining table, I saw Charles Laughton pull his napkin from under his chin and go back to work.

Then I would creep, by Mr. Laughton's permission, into a dark corner of the *Payment Deferred* set and watch fascinated as he played a scene over and over, his voice low-pitched, his gestures sparing, but full of significance. It was not what he did or what he said which made the simple scene so enthralling, but an inner something which emanated from the man himself—some secret power which a hundred other famous actors, more showy, more eloquent and certainly more handsome than Laughton, lacked.

Since the release of *Payment Deferred* which made only a comparatively slight ripple in the sea of success, Charles has leaped to the very heights of screen fame on a series of the most extraordinary stepping-stones known in the history of acting.

The first rôle that set all Hollywood talking of him was one in which he spoke only two lines and gave a Bronx cheer which echoed around the world. I refer of course to his immortal raspberry, as presented to his "boss" in *If I Had a Million.* There are some who dispute as to who, out of that wonderful cast, stole the picture, but the Laughton adherents are probably in the majority. At any rate it is certain that this extraordinary bit put Laughton before the producers in a big way and made them realize that he might "hold something." His long and distinguished theatrical career in London was just one of those things, so far as the Cinema City was concerned, for screen-credits are the only ones which really interest the front office of any studio.

But I had seen Laughton in London and I knew that here was probably the greatest actor of our times. I went around shouting this to Hollywood at large, which did no good except to my own vanity when at last, after the failure of *The Island of Lost Souls,* and the personal triumphs of *The Devil and the Deep,* a character out of history suddenly stepped into vivid life and knocked the entire industry breathless. I refer, of course, to Laughton's impersonation of Henry VIII. Hollywood did not make this glorious picture, but it was jolted into a consciousness of what Laughton could do.

Furthermore, it made the industry realize that Laughton had taken a grip on the imagination and affections of the picture-going public which was no mere flash in the pan, but a vital, genuine thing based on—well, on what?

WHAT FORCE HAS DRIVEN THIS MAN TO HEIGHTS

The rôle with which Charles Laughton will always be associated, that of haughty King Henry VIII

An informal picture of Laughton and his talented and charming English-actress wife, Elsa Lanchester

# Laughton's SECRET

On what, is Laughton's secret. I know what it is and I am going to tell it to you, but first I want you to realize, with me, that Charles Laughton broke every stereotyped rule of the motion picture game, every precedent of picture-making and violated all the edicts of picture society in order to make his success.

NUMBER one rule, he was no Romeo, and he developed no "line" with which to hook his public. Yet he has attained a firmer hold on his public than any beautiful young screen hero going.

He "yessed" nobody and played up to no powers. He never "partied" with any group in order, through social contacts, to achieve studio contracts. This is what I meant when I said he violated the society game as played all too often by picture-climbers.

His name was comparatively unknown to the American public, so he did not climb aboard the band wagon on the strength of that.

In short, none of the routes so often used in screen successes were his. The only person on the screen today to whom I can possibly compare Laughton, either in regard to the type of hold they have on their public or the quality of their success, is Katharine Hepburn. In both cases, their success was based on a very simple thing. Sheer merit. And the recognition of it which proves that the public is far less of a fool than it is credited with being.

All right then, if Laughton used none of the ordinary tricks and was equipped with little of the unusual physical charms which lead to success on the screen, what did he use?

Charles Laughton used his faith.

I don't mean that Charles involved any particular church or strictly speaking, any religious formula in the building of his career, but I do mean that never, from the beginning of his work as an actor, has the man cut himself off from a deep consciousness of the inner spark which created his mind and of which his intelligence is a part. He is as direct and honest a man as ever lived, and what is more, he's *direct and honest with himself*.

Before he undertakes any rôle, he sits back quietly and allows his mind to open, deliberately and completely, to what intelligence tells him is the real personality of the character he is to portray. Never once does he try to make this decision for himself, nor does he allow himself to be influenced by his personal tastes. Art is always impersonal in its essence, and Laughton not only recognizes himself as a mere instrument for expression, but he has earnestly cultivated the capacity which is in all of us, for allowing truth and beauty which is truth, to take possession of him. He never tries to fool himself, because that would be to destroy himself.

And he is a truly great por- [*Continued on page* 63]

OF STARDOM? A FAMOUS WRITER TELLS YOU

# *How* Hollywood

You've heard a lot about those social affairs in the Cinema City—here is an authentic description of what they are actually like

### By GERTRUDE HILL

A HUNDRED canary birds are singing their little heads off; a phonograph is pulsing with intoxicating tangos; and dozens of dark-eyed men who are too, too utterly handsome are saying perfectly lovely things to gorgeous dark-eyed girls. Ramoń Novarro is giving a party at the home of his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Samaniego. Cousins from all over Mexico are there, and most of Los Angeles' Mexican colony. You and I are about the only Americans present, and are we thrilled! Well, I am, at any rate.

A buffet supper is arranged on the long dining-room table, which is covered with a handmade cloth of cream filet lace which Ramoń brought over from Italy. The china, or rather, the pottery, is Italian too. The heavy plates and thick-handled cups are ivory colored, with brilliant borders of raised flowers and fruits. For sheer decoration, two vivid pottery parrots guard each end of the table with extremely superior attitudes.

The many platters are filled with delicate, fancy foods—sliced breast of capon, salads of lobster, crab, and shrimp, hot dishes of creamed mushrooms, cold cuts, and little anchovies curled about giant Spanish olives. Crisp celery stalks are heavy with rich, spicy cream cheeses and all sorts of preserves and pickles add to your appetite. The desserts are particularly elegant. Spun-sugar baskets in artistic shades of rose, green, and gold, laden with a frothy ice, boast fluffy bows of tulle ribbon on their handles. The parrots regard these as mere foolishment, and apparently think little more of the huge fresh strawberries which are wearing overcoats of vanilla fondant, with only their green stems and a tiny leaf or two sticking out. A very sumptuous affair, we think, but the other guests sample this and nibble that and remain unimpressed. After the supper is over, we trail a few of the family's intimates to the kitchen, and there we discover them laying away great pans full of Spanish rice, frijoles (pink Mexican beans), and chili, which they have promoted from the pretty little *moza*, or housemaid. She is very gala in her full skirt of black satin with the wide band of embroidered red roses around the hem. We leave the party still wondering whether we missed the best of the refreshments or if we have merely witnessed an old Spanish custom in action.

In sharpest contrast to all this Latin grandeur is the charming simplicity of Herbert Marshall's tea arrangements. It is just five o'clock, so let's tap on his dressing-room door and see what happens. Marshall himself, looking very substantial in grey tweeds with tasteful touches of blue in his sox, shirt, and cravat, welcomes us into the little sitting room. After plumping cushions at our backs, and passing cigarettes, he tells his man to order tea, or would we prefer cocktails?

We choose the former, and the valet gets in touch with Marshall's chauffeur, who gets in touch with the commissary, which delivers the tea tray to the chauffeur, who gives it to the valet, who places it on a small table beside our host. By this time we are convinced that Marshall is a member in good standing of the NRA, and that our tea has given employment to the largest number of people possible.

It comes in the conventional restaurant type of dishes, Brown Betty teapot, solid white cups and saucers, and ordinary little cream jugs. A plate of small sweet cakes accompanies it. The occasion is made regal by the deft attentions of Marshall's man,

**This is the romantic interior of the famous Cocoanut Grove, where many of Hollywood's stars frolic**

# Stages *its* *Parties*

who passes sugar and offers lemon very beautifully and with exceeding solemnity. Have you ever noticed how sad butlers and valets and waiters are? Chauffeurs, on the contrary, have a perpetual, expectant gleam in their eyes. I don't know why, but there it is.

Speaking of tea in dressing rooms, Carole Lombard has made a charming gesture toward glamour. She recently had her quarters redecorated in powder blue and cream. To match her new color scheme, she ordered a special set of Haviland china, cream with a blue border, expressly for entertaining at the studio.

Director Eddie Sutherland and beautiful Gail Patrick forget formality amid the picturesque surroundings of the *Mississippi* set

Margaret Sullavan presides over this sumptuous offering of food for a buffet supper in honor of her new husband, William Wyler

OF ALL the tea services I have seen in Hollywood, that of Mrs. Jean Hersholt is the daintiest. She usually serves tea upstairs in the library, and while you go into awed raptures over the splendid fourth folio of Shakespeare, and Jean's centuries-old illuminated parchment manuscripts, I am breaking my heart over the sweetest little dishes this side of heaven. They are all scaled down a bit from regulation size. The cups hold only about half as

[*Continued on page* 81]

Mr. and Mrs. Jean Hersholt are among the most interesting and frequent of Hollywood party hosts

Tullio Carminati . . . . his father disowned him when he became an actor

# TULLIO CARMINATI —*New Heart RAVE*

### He made love to actresses in all the languages of Europe—but a single picture made him the idol of women throughout the world

### By DOROTHY CALHOUN

OUTSIDE a London broadcasting station, a crowd of women waited patiently in the raw November fog . . . brawny Cockneys, shopgirls, stenographers, and society matrons from the West End. Their eyes, glued to the door, all held the same hungry glitter, like a pack of animals waiting for their prey . . .

From the door stepped a stalwart and elegant figure, grey top hatted, afternoon coated, caned and gloved. A murmur went up from the waiting women, swelled to a growl—

"It's the Italian!" "It's Carminati!" "It's that adorable *Monteverdi* himself!" "Please, Mr. Carminati, your signature—"

Tullio Carminati shudders, as he speaks of it, in the tone of one recalling a frightful danger from which he has barely escaped. "This is happening to me for the first time in my life! I have acted everywhere on the stage—I have made love in all languages to the most charming actresses of Italy, France, Germany, England, but never before *One Night of Love* have the ladies showed their admiration for my art by wishing to tear me to pieces! I am not a young matinée idol. I am facing forty. One would suppose that a trifle old to appeal to women romantically, but they pressed upon me from every side. I was drowning in perfume. They laid hands upon me and tore off my coat buttons. It was touching, but it was also frightening. Suddenly, I saw two big English Bobbies, and I called to them, 'Help me! Help!' Their four enormous arms held back the women so that I could breathe. For forty-five minutes I had to write my name. It was the least that I could do for them."

Tullio Carminati is not a newcomer to the screen. He had strolled with his suave manner and old world charm through many pictures, silent and talkies, before he stood in the prompter's box in *One Night of Love* and *looked* his love for the singer with such sensitive and quivering sympathy that a world of love hungry, dissatisfied, unnoticed women felt suddenly that he was looking straight at them. As in the case of many another actor before him, the women will make Tullio Carminati's fortune.

"Since I am fifteen I have been earning a living by acting," he says, "sometimes a very good living, indeed, but now—it is so unexpected that I am still a little strange in the head. In London I have received five splendid offers—pictures, musical shows, the stage. I did not accept any of them. What, would you? It was vacation for me. Money is not everything. It is perhaps almost everything, but I must live also. I must have time for my friends, for travel, to hear music, to live like a civilized man. So I say, 'Thank you, but not now,' and come back to New York.

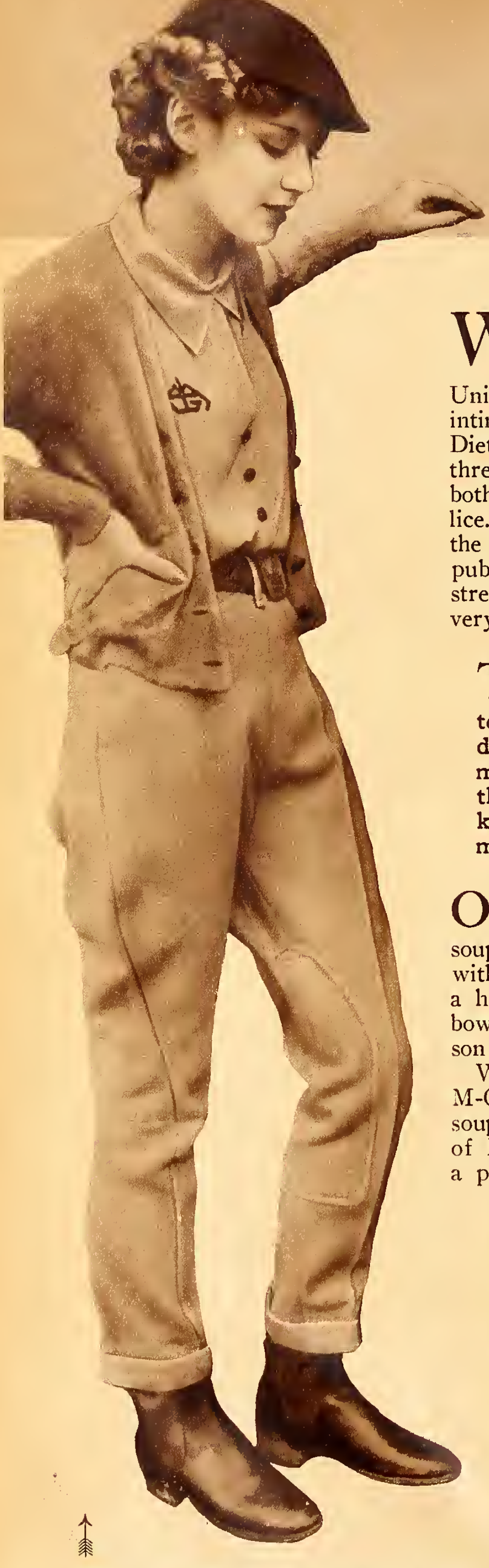
"There it is the same thing. My agent calls me up with three offers of long term contracts from Hollywood. Shall I sign away my life for seven years? Never! So I say, 'No,—one picture perhaps, but that is all, and only that one picture if my friend, Victor Schertzinger, directs it.' So that is on a Thursday. On Friday my agent is on the telephone, and says 'Tullio, the studio says okay if you will sign the contract this afternoon and take the aeroplane to fly to Hollywood tomorrow.' And I say, 'My friend, for nothing or nobody I will fly.' So then, it is Saturday, and my agent telephones me late in afternoon, and says, 'Tullio, they have decided to let you come by train, so you will start tomorrow,' and I say very politely, 'I am sorry but I do not travel on Sunday. There are things to be done. [*Continued on page* 60]

# *Lovers!*

But only on the screen, of course. Clark Gable and Constance Bennett keep the love interest sustained in such scenes as the one (above) from the new M-G-M picture, "After Office Hours". And we'll wager that Chester Morris and Virginia Bruce (below) will give your pulse a romantic beat when you view them in "Society Doctor", a picture which promises to elevate both players to the heights of romantic stardom

# Straight

## Intimate News Notes



WHEN WILL gangland learn that Hollywood is one of the best policed towns in the United States and therefore not to be intimidated? Last month, Marlene Dietrich and Colleen Moore received threats from mysterious callers and both ladies promptly informed the police. By fighting such threats with the weapon hoodlums most fear—publicity—Hollywood folk show strength and courage—and find their very best defense.

**THE first star since Bebe Daniels to draw a jail sentence, Francis Lederer got five days for speeding at seventy miles an hour. Franc appealed the case despite our offer to keep him supplied in jail with magazines and fruit.**

OVER at M-G-M, the studio cafe makes a specialty of chicken soup. And what chicken soup it is with pieces of white meat as large as a half dollar floating around in the bowl. It is as much as any one person can eat for luncheon.

We have just learned why the M-G-M cafe specializes in chicken soup. It seems that Louis B. Mayer, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, was once a poor boy. His favorite dish was chicken soup, a luxury his family could seldom afford. He made a boyhood vow that someday—someday when he was rich—he would have it every day.

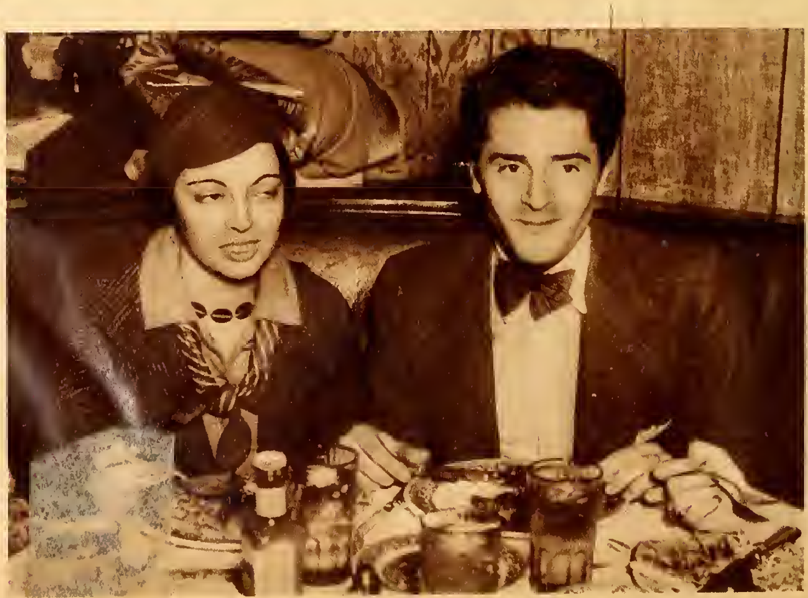
**ANOTHER item we just learned concerns the origin of those blonde chases in which Harpo Marx always indulges. It has become almost a trade-mark of the mad Marx pictures that Harpo chases a blonde through some scene.**

**Well, in their first film, somebody told the Marx Brothers that all they needed in the script was a "running gag." Harpo pretended to misunderstand.**

GEORGE RAFT can hardly get near the mirror on his own dressing room table these days. In fact, seldom can he find enough makeup. You see, his companion of many years, familiarly known as "Killer" Grey, and his new valet, that amazing colored boy, Alex, are now both in pictures too. All three use the same dressing room, namely, George's. Raft says he doesn't care, for if either or both of the other boys make good, he can retire and live on their earnings.

↑

Little Anne Shirley is correctly attired when she attends the Santa Anita races near Hollywood



Francis Lederer is paying quite a bit of attention to Mary Loos, actress and niece of Anita Loos, writer. Hollywood would not be surprised to hear of an elopement

# from Hollywood

## from the Cinema Capital

**BECKY SHARPE** will see the début of Frances Dee's young sister, Margaret. The directors happened to see Margaret one day when she dropped in to visit her sister on the set, and wouldn't take "no" for an answer. So Margaret is in the movies.

CREDIT the boys at Warner Brothers with creating something that might well become a national institution. A child's ballet was filmed for *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* All the children, of course, were accompanied to the studio by their mothers.

Warners established a recreation room, with the latest magazines, comfortable chairs and bridge tables. All of the mothers were confined to this "nursery" while the children performed.

**TWO state income tax bills are currently before the California legislature. If either of them passes, Hollywood will be hit pretty hard. Stars now pay the government of the United States taxes ranging up to 50% of their income, and now here comes California.**

**One measure provides the taxing of incomes from 3% to 21%. The other is considerably lighter, providing for taxation from 1% to 5%.**

ECHOES of the Alabama-Stanford Rose Bowl game are still being heard in Hollywood. Dinner table conversations still recall how Johnny Mack Brown gave twelve points on his Alabama Alma Mater, and wasn't at all worried even when Stanford led by seven points in the first quarter. Johnny Mack won many thousands of dollars on the contest, while Bing Crosby was the heaviest Hollywood loser.

Crosby's enthusiasm for Stanford led him to announce on his radio program that he was covering all bets. Citizens of Tuscaloosa, the Alabama University town, raised a pool and wired Bing their bet.

**PAT O'BRIEN and Joel McCrea, both buy hats, dresses and even shoes for their wives.**

IT IS just such accidents as this that cause visitors to Hollywood to believe that this is a wild, wild town. Going to work the other morning Ricardo Cortez discovered his

Gene Raymond enjoys a visit from his mother, Mrs. Mary Kipling, and his brother, Robert Marlow. They came from Long Island and this picture of the happy trio was snapped at the Santa Anita races

Movie Classic's cameraman snapped Carl Brisson as he rested between scenes on the set of *All The King's Horses*

Mary Brian and Dick Powell are almost constant companions. Here we find them at the Trocadero club

Una Merkel was carving her name on this huge piece of wood when MOVIE CLASSIC'S cameraman happened along

automobile battery to be dead. Consequently, he borrowed his valet's ancient Ford and started out for the studio. Ric always dresses and makes-up at home, and therefore, his costume as he drove through the streets at an early morning hour was a full dress suit.

Ric had gone only a few blocks when the radiator cap of the car blew off. Leaving his motor running, the actor retrieved the cap. Then turning around again, he was dismayed to see the car running down the hill by itself. There ensued a wild chase for several blocks. And we can well imagine the scene caused innocent bystanders to believe the worst.

**RICHARD DIX and his wife, the former Virginia Webster, are expecting a "little stranger."**

INTERNAL dissension threatens to bring to an end the organization of Hollywood's publicity men, familiarly known as the Wampas. Studio publicity heads have recently been meeting with the idea of forming another association.

One of the points in dispute is the annual selection of Wampas Baby Stars. In choosing unknowns last year, the Wampas made their worst guesses to date. It is thought that the current Baby Stars will be the last selected by the publicity men.

**TO BAYARD VEILLER goes the honor of making Hollywood's most often repeated *bon mot* of the month. The playwright answered some fellow who didn't like the dialogue of one of his new pictures, by saying, "You have the average uneducated man's hatred of short words."**

WILHELM DIETERLE, who is directing *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with one of the largest casts of actors in Hollywood history, is having a great deal of difficulty keeping the players from wandering. The other day he was heard to remark, "What the movies need are actor dogs."

Someone, thinking this another insult to the much maligned actor, asked an explanation. "What I mean," said Dieterle, "is an actor dog who is trained to nip the heels of actors who try to leave the set. You know, like a sheep dog herds sheep."

**LUPE VELEZ and Johnny Weissmuller are going places these days with other escorts. The girl who is seen quite frequently with Johnny is Ann Macy, of the Macy department store millions, while Lupe plays the field.**

**What makes Hollywood think this split up may be serious is that the quarrel between Lupe and Johnny was staged very quietly. When they're just quarreling for fun, this pair do it quite publicly.**

CAROLE LOMBARD, accompanied by her boon companion, "Fieldsy," got away on that European trip about which they have been talking so long. They are going to Europe for the best reason you have heard—"just to get a lot of laughs." Before she left, Carole bet Robert Riskin a thousand dollars that she would beat him to Paris. There is no question but what she will win her bet, for no sooner was she out of town that Riskin drew a writing assignment for another Frank Capra picture at Columbia. While Carole is gone, William Powell is keeping her dogs.

**SPEAKING of Bill Powell, reminds us that his proposal to start a "dull book" library has certainly caught on. Last month, we invited all of you to send Bill any dull books you might have on hand, and the answers have come pouring in. Moreover, all of Bill's friends in Hollywood**

Maureen O'Sullivan presents this silver gift at a tea honoring British Counsel Wentworth Guerney. Left to right are Ronald Colman, Mr. Guerney, Mrs. Guerney, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Evelyn Laye, Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow, Maureen's fiance

**have entered into the spirit of the fun with the result that he will have the largest collection of dull books in existence before you can say Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.**

CHARLES LAUGHTON, noted for his biting barbed wit, has little use for critics, holding that anyone who sees as many motion pictures as the average critic is required to see, has no right to judge entertainment values. The critics, according to Laughton, all suffer from jaded appetites.

When last in London, the outspoken Charles impaled a newspaperman, who had seen fit to criticize an actress for her lack of beauty, with this remark, "You are not a mirror of opinion, but merely a reflection of your own short-comings."

**FOLLOWING the death of her beloved father, Jack West, Mae West was offered a two week layoff by Paramount. Mae refused the offer, saying that while she appreciated the thoughtful gesture, she would prefer not to throw out of work all of the people concerned in her new production, *Now I'm a Lady*.**

WHEN you see *David Copperfield* on the screen, you will doubtless agree that one of the outstanding scenes is the prayer of little Freddie Bartholomew. It is so beautifully done it doesn't seem like acting at all. And perhaps it wasn't.

We hear that just before the preview, Freddie's mother found the boy on his knees in the bedroom offering a real-life supplication. He prayed that the public would like *David Copperfield*.

**WALT DISNEY has finally made up his mind. For a long time he has been contemplating making the Mickey Mouse cartoons in the same color process he uses for Silly Symphonies. This meant adding another building to the Disney studio, which was recently completed. So, from now on, Mickey Mouse will cavort in full colors as befits**

→

**his station as Public Favorite No. 1.**

LORETTA YOUNG celebrated her birthday last month. The years are finally catching up with Loretta, and she's now an old lady of *twenty-two*.

**RUDY VALLEE will hereafter divide his time between radio and pictures. His hit in *Sweet Music* caused Warner Brothers to sign him to a new long term contract.**

IN QUIET good taste, Mary Pickford obtained her divorce from Douglas Fairbanks. The proceedings were conducted with impressive simplicity, absolutely devoid of any touch of sensationalism. Six questions were asked Mary, and six times she answered, "Yes." And the decree was granted.

**DARRYL ZANUCK will bring to the screen one of the most colorful living figures of the West. Negotiations were completed with Death Valley Scotty to film his life story. This is one of the few times a living character has been depicted in celluloid. But odder still is the refusal of Scotty to accept payment for his life story rights. And there's gold in these thar movies, too.**

LILY DAMITA is back in Hollywood after a long sojourn in Europe. She has been deluged with picture offers, so you will be seeing her soon.

**FRED KEATING calls his home in the hills *The Casa Escrow*.**

Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Menjou (Verree Teasdale) pose with their Great Dane, Simba

Jack Osterman, left, visits his wife, Mary Daley, on the *Devil Dogs of the Air* set and meets James Cagney

Jeanette MacDonald, with the aid of Sid Grauman and Maurice Chevalier, places her handprints in cement to be placed in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese theatre on Hollywood boulevard

# THE EVOLUTION

## Following the Screen Career of

**1927** The picture by which Miss Gaynor will always be remembered is "Seventh Heaven", in which she appeared with Charles Farrell

**1926** Here's Janet as she appeared in her first Fox picture, "The Johnstown Flood". It made her a star overnight

When this picture was taken, Janet hardly suspected what the future held for her, for she was just a little school girl

**1929** Hotcha! Miss Gaynor doesn't play these rôles any more. Here you see her as she appeared in "Sunnyside Up"

# OF A STAR

## Beautiful Little Janet Gaynor

**1931** In "Daddy Long Legs", Janet Gaynor earned the love of millions of fans. Possibly YOU will recall this rôle

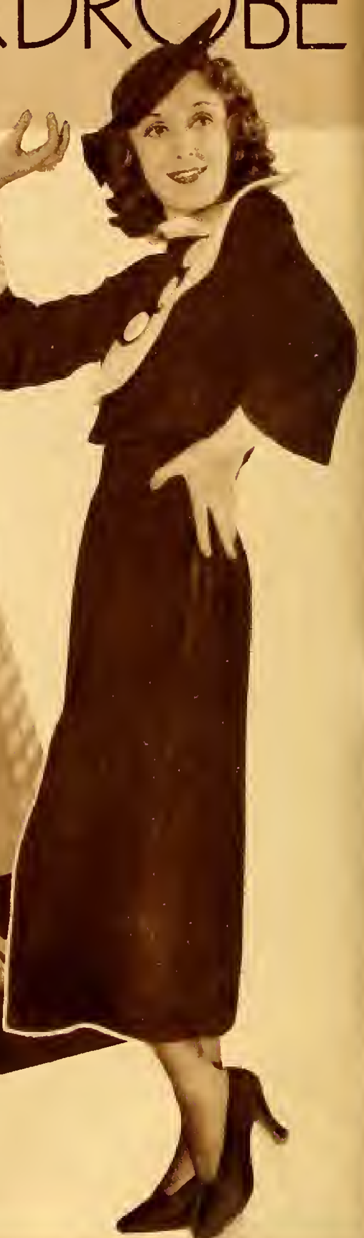
**1934** Janet brought 1934 to a fine climax with her splendid work in "Servants' Entrance". This is how you saw her

**1935** And this is Janet Gaynor of today, as you will soon see her in the Fox picture, "One More Spring"

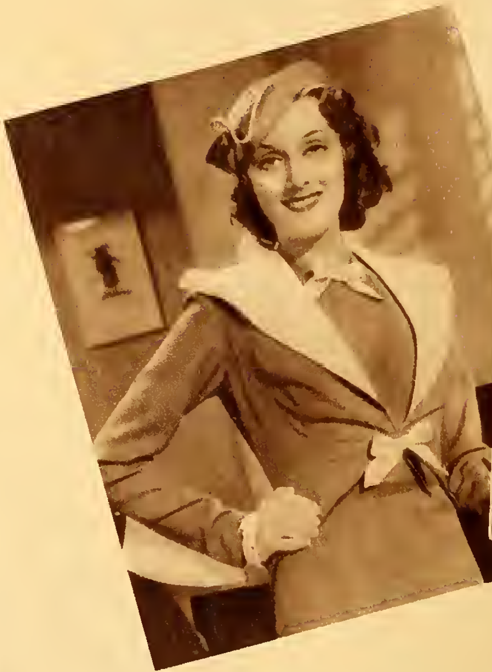
**1932** In this year Janet Gaynor found happiness in Hawaii. When she returned she brought this outfit

# FAVORITES IN A MOVIE STAR'S WARDROBE

Ann Dvorak, popular Warner Brothers star, gives MOVIE CLASSIC readers a preview of the latest styles

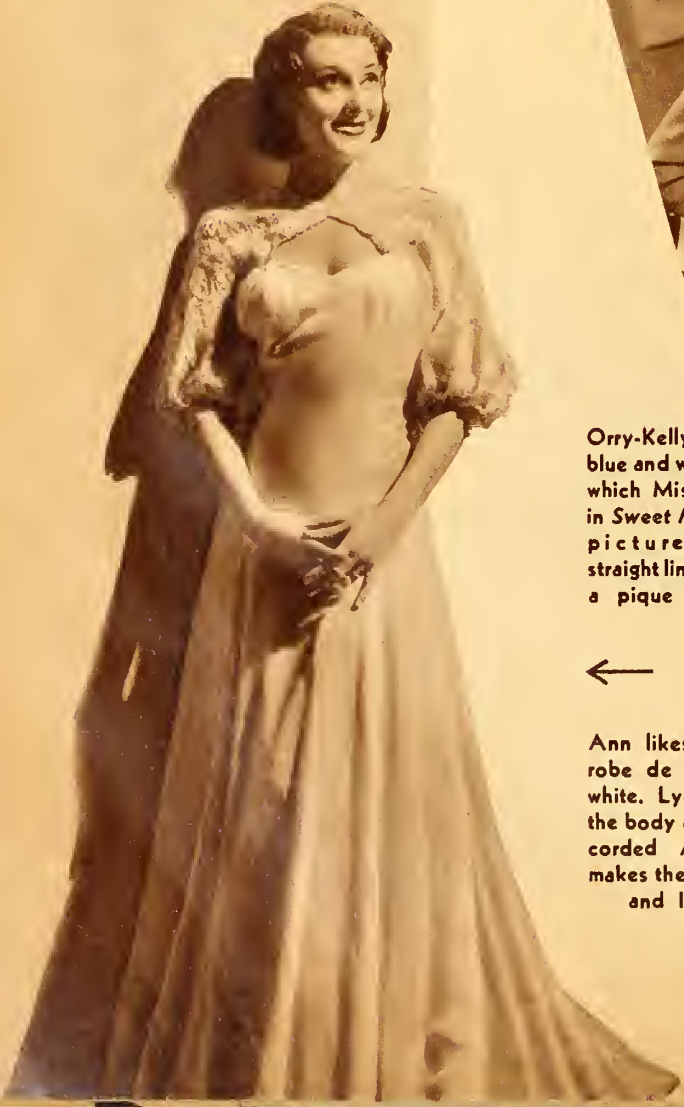


For daytime wear, Ann believes this stream-lined dress is most becoming. Heavy corded silk forms gauntlet under-sleeves and single flaring rever

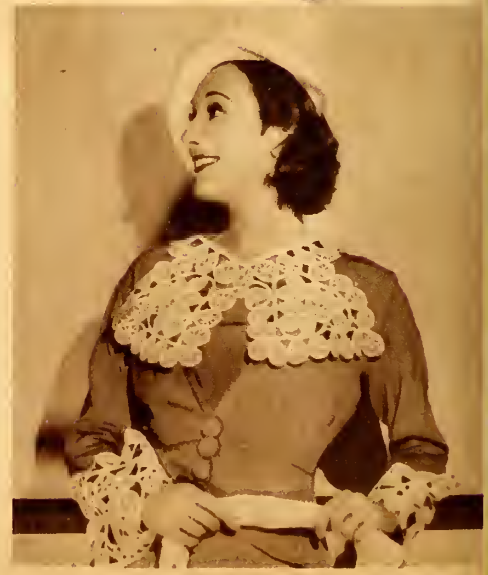


Orry-Kelly designed this blue and white crêpe frock which Miss Dvorak wears in *Sweet Music*, her latest picture. The skirt is straight lined, topped with a pique trimmed jacket

←



Ann likes this youthful robe de style in oyster white. Lyons velvet forms the body of the dress and corded Alencon lace makes the puffed sleeves and low cut back



This is a delightful spring frock of apple green crêpe, trimmed with a slashed bib and flaring cuffs of cut-out embroidery

Printed in U. S. A.

# "LESSONS IN LOVELINESS" (Reg.)

*Women who are no longer young in calendar years need not fear the inroads of time if they will avail themselves of modern methods*

By

Nell Vinick

*Famous New York beauty consultant and lecturer, friend of the stars*

**Do you envy Jean Harlow her beauty? Jean has learned the value of taking care of her skin . . . and Miss Vinick brings this valuable information to YOU**

IN THE last issue we discussed the subject of beauty-aids for the very young girl and I think we thrashed out that much-debated question rather thoroughly.

Today, let us consider beauty-aids for the older woman and I want all you youngsters to stay right with this "Lesson in Loveliness" because it concerns YOU every bit as much as it does women who may be several times your *calendar* age.

Of course, you're more interested in make-up than you are in wrinkles or flabbiness. When the contour is youthful and firm—the skin clear and smooth—it is difficult to picture oneself any other way—but just you look about you and see how many *young* girls have deep, ugly little squint lines around their eyes—at the corners of their mouths . . . Why? Certainly not because of old age with which we usually associate wrinkles, but because they do not give their complexion the necessary *protective care*. . . . It is much easier to guard against and postpone wrinkles than it is to get rid of them once they get a head-start on you.

True—while make-up *is* a great help towards a more beautiful appearance—it cannot save you from having wrinkles. . . . It takes a good nourishing cream to do that. When I say nourishing cream, I mean something altogether different from a cold cream —something altogether different from an all-around or all-purpose cream—something altogether different from cleansing cream.

**IN ADDITION to these "Lessons in Loveliness"* in MOVIE CLASSIC, you will find other "Lessons in Loveliness"* by Nell Vinick featured on the following radio stations, with Miss Vinick, in person, telling you simple, effective ways of solving your beauty problems:**

- **WOR, New York—8:15 a.m., Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays; also 11 a.m., Mondays and Thursdays**
- **WMAL, Washington, D.C.—8:15 a.m., Thursdays and Fridays**
- **WSJV, Washington, D.C.—12:15 p.m., Tuesday and Thursdays.**
- **WCKY, Cincinnati — 8:15 a.m., Thursdays and Fridays**
- **WBAL, Baltimore—11 a.m., Mondays and Wednesdays; 7:55 a.m., Thursdays and Fridays**
- **WHK, Cleveland—8 a.m., Thursdays and Fridays**

**Title registered.*

Every skin,—and I'm speaking to all of you now—needs two different kinds of cream every day. First, a thin, light, quickly melting cleansing cream that can come completely *out* of your skin along with the dirt—and also a rich nourishing cream that will *stay in* your skin to lubricate it—to replenish the natural oils which weather and climate and other things are constantly drying out of the skin.

If you have been using only one cream, just ask yourself how the same cream can come out and also stay in. . . . it would be like expecting to run your car backward and forward at the same time.

The young girls of today who are beauty-wise need never grow old-looking in an unattractive way. Notice I say in an *unattractive* way.

Is there anything more sadly ridiculous than the woman of mature or sophisticated years who tries to look kiddish?

[*Continued on page 70*]

# Jean Harlow's

With the threat of death constantly hanging over her beautiful blonde head, Jean fought on through 1934 and breathed a sigh of relief as 1935 dawned

WHEN the year 1934 drew to its dreary close, many of us had cause to sigh with relief—something of a "Phew, I'm glad that's over." But not one of us, I'll wager, had half the reason that Jean Harlow had to welcome the beginning of a new year. In Jean's memory book, 1934 stands as the darkest year of her life.

Most of the ill fortune, bad luck or just tough breaks—call them what you will—that Jean encountered last year have been pretty thoroughly discussed in public print. There is no need to review again and again her long list of personal disasters. She has been distressed enough before by the reading of such unpleasant discussions. Yet I do believe that you should know one hitherto unknown fact about Jean's dark year. It was perhaps the unkindest trick of an unkind fate.

Early in the year, Jean received an astrological reading that predicted her *death in an automobile accident before the end of 1934.* The message came in the mail one day, entirely unsolicited by Jean. The self-appointed fortune teller simply thought she ought to know.

Now, I don't know if you have ever had your own death predicted, or even if you personally subscribe to the theory that the courses of stars in the heavens influence the lives of human beings on earth. But in any event, I'm sure you can sympathize with Jean.

Just change places with her for a moment. You are having your morning coffee when the mail is brought in. Most of the mail is quite ordinary. Then suddenly you open an envelope containing a long letter, an astrological chart and you see underlined the words, "The stars predict your death in an automobile accident before the close of this year."

Now wouldn't such an experience shock you into reading the entire message? Of course it would.

The fortune teller went to great lengths to explain the source of the prediction, using, as all fortune tellers do, a wealth of unfamiliar terms. The message was made even more impressive by a recounting of other forecasts given by this person which came true. It continued by listing three more film players whose lives were endangered by the same stellar disturbances that would bring about Jean's death.

Jean made a valiant attempt to laugh off the threat. But such things don't laugh off easily. She did succeed, however, in forcing the matter from her mind. She had nearly forgotten about it as the first few months rolled by without disaster when one of the others named with her in the fortune teller's death sentence died. This brought back the entire distressing affair into a sharper focus than ever before.

Even today, Jean doesn't relish a discussion of her

# "Women welcome frankness when talking about these Kotex advantages"

## CAN'T CHAFE · CAN'T FAIL · CAN'T SHOW!

Mary Pauline Callender
Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

*Your druggist can't tell you these things without embarrassment. But as one woman to another I want to tell you of these remarkable improvements in sanitary protection.*

①
CAN'T CHAFE

To prevent chafing and all irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. That means lasting comfort and freedom every minute Kotex is worn. But, mind you, sides *only* are cushioned . . . the center surface is left free to absorb.

There is a special center layer in the heart of the pad. It has channels that guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad—thus avoids accidents. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use . . . makes Kotex keep adjusting itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 *times* more absorbent than cotton.

Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always. No "give away" lines or wrinkles . . . and that makes for added assurance that results in peace of mind and poise.

FRANKLY, I believe that I know what women really want in sanitary protection. For I have talked to thousands of women of all ages, and from all walks of life, about their personal problems. In intimate chats I've heard the faults they find with ordinary pads. And I know you'll be grateful to hear about the remarkable new Kotex.

Here are the facts that will interest you most.

Kotex *is* much softer because of its downy, cotton sides. 8 women in 10 say it prevents chafing entirely.

Kotex gives a freedom of mind for hours longer because the "equalizer" distributes moisture evenly, avoids accidents.

The tapered ends permit you to wear clinging gowns without the fear of lines that show.

Kotex eliminates pulling and twisting. *The reason for all this is contained in the pad itself and the new pinless belt.*

These are exclusive Kotex features of which no other napkin can boast.

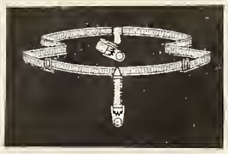
*Super Kotex for extra protection*

Just let me mention that women who require extra protection find Super Kotex ideal for their needs. It costs no more than the regular. For emergency, Kotex is available in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

**WONDERSOFT KOTEX**

**NEW ADJUSTABLE BELT REQUIRES NO PINS!**

No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort . . . and the low price.



Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery . . . QUEST, *for Personal Daintiness.* Available wherever Kotex is sold. Sponsored by the makers of Kotex

BRIGHT
EYE-DEAS
by Jane Heath

MEN may hate extreme styles, but there's one beauty point that always gets them, in business or in ballrooms. Lovely eyes! Practice looking eager and attentive; two-thirds of the trick of that "starry-eyed" look is a matter of concentration. The other third is a little patented implement called Kurlash. Slip your eyelashes into this for a few moments each morning. They emerge with the lovely, lasting curl Nature forgot to give them. Curled lashes look *much* longer and make eyes sparkle . . . and Kurlash costs only $1 at any leading store.

Improving on Nature

Men do not like an artificial "beaded" look on eyelashes, which is why so many professional beauties are using new liquid mascara *Lashtint.* $1 buys a charming dressing-table bottle . . . water-proof and tear-proof (remove it with cold cream) to make thin or pale lashes appear dark and luxuriant.

Beauty in the Handbag

Shopping or business over—and a sudden urge for beauty overcomes you! How lucky you are if out of your handbag comes *Lashpac.* From one end a stick of mascara pushes forward to use *both* on lashes and eyebrows. A tiny brush for grooming swings from the other end. Mrs. D. N. writes that it makes a most original $1 bridge prize!

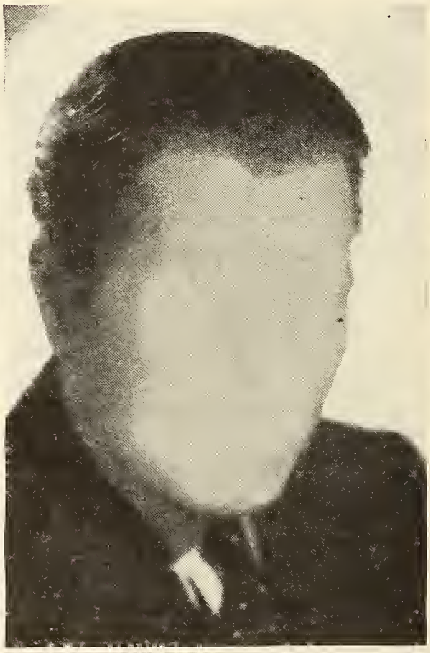
Kurlash

*Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department F-4, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.*

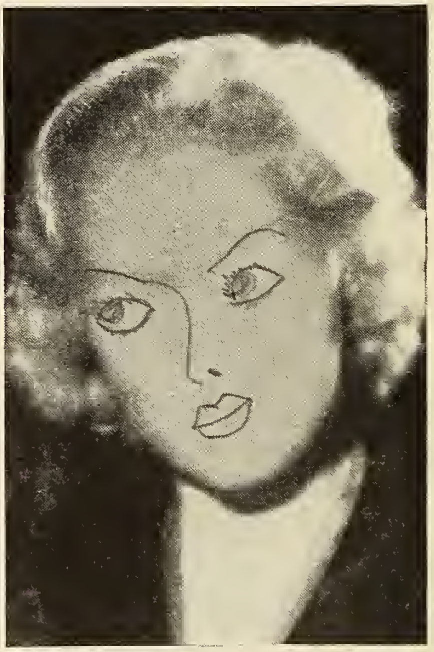
Copr. The Kurlash Co., Inc., 1935.

# Do You Know Your Stars?

MOVIE CLASSIC offers an intriguing new contest with several cash prizes to the winners



Star No. 1



Star No. 2

HERE is a sparkling new contest for readers of MOVIE CLASSIC. seven cash prizes are being offered and everyone is invited to join in the fun.

The rules are simple. All that you have to do is:

1. Identify the two stars whose pictures, with certain features hidden, are printed above.

2. Write, in 50 words or less, your opinion of each star. This means that 50 words may be devoted to each star.

3. Mail your answer so that it is postmarked not later than March 28, 1935. Letters received after that date cannot be considered.

Winners of this month's contest will be announced in the June issue of MOVIE CLASSIC. Prizes will be awarded as follows: (1) $10; (2) $5; (3 to 7) $1.

All entries will be judged by the correctness of identification of the pictures printed above and by the merit of accompanying letters containing opinions of the stars. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. You need not be a subscriber to MOVIE CLASSIC to enter the contest. Editors of MOVIE CLASSIC will be the sole judges. Employes and relatives of employes of Motion Picture Publications, Inc., are ineligible for entry.

Start working on the contest now and mail your entry so that it will be postmarked on or before March 28, 1935. All entries must be addressed to Contest Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Join In This Interesting Contest Now!

## Charles Laughton's Secret

[*Continued from page* 39]

trayer of humanity because he keeps his heart open constantly to the Great Intelligence which motivates humanity.

Perhaps I have tried to tell you something which is almost too intimate to be put into words. But "as a man thinketh, so is he." And Charles Laughton is one of the most honest thinkers it has ever been my pleasure to meet.

Don't get the idea that he is in any way a religious crank or that he has any of the aspects of one. In ordinary everyday life, he is an extremely cheerful, friendly soul, loving life, loving a good joke and telling a funny story whenever he has a really amusing one on hand. He loves good food, and what's more, he knows it. He is not an indiscriminate eater, but a very sophisticated one.

In spite of his pleasant, friendly manner, he has a certain shy reserve, and in the depths of his round, bright eyes there is occasionally a glint of sadness, a wistful appeal such as one sees in the eyes of a child who wants to be liked.

Without a doubt he is one of the cleanest, best-groomed men I have ever met. There is always a faint odor of fine soap about him and his skin, in spite of the passing years, is as pink and fresh as a baby's. When he looks at you, his glance is so clear that you'd be ashamed to be anything but genuine with him.

UP TO DATE Charles Laughton is, so far as I'm aware, almost the only actor or for that matter, actress, in Hollywood who has successfully fought off being typed. They tried to make him a monster and he fooled 'em by making an even greater success as a high comedian. Now he's going to play a valet in *Ruggles of Red Gap*. But that won't prevent his doing a swell job as Napoleon Bonaparte, which I personally think would be a grand picture for him. Or any other character you'd like to mention except, maybe, substituting for Shirley Temple.

One of the reasons we fans get tired of stars is because they play *themselves* over and over.

Charles Laughton can never play himself, because a simple, charming gentleman is not particularly dramatic material. But *he* can be a thousand people, each one different from the other. And it won't be a set surface, speaking different lines. It will be the character itself, temporarily functioning through Laughton's flesh.

Remember that even when his face is away from the camera you know what Laughton means to convey—a slight gesture of the shoulders tells the story, the pose of a hand.

And this is because Laughton himself believes, and never fails to call upon the force which aids him.

Charles Laughton's Secret is the secret of life itself—the fearless facing of truth and the using of it to true ends—an unfailing formula throughout the ages.

HAVE YOU A
"DIRTY LINEN" SKIN?
?
DOES IT LOOK
A DULL GRAY,
LIKE LINEN
COME BACK FROM
THE LAUNDRY
IMPROPERLY
WASHED
?

**It's a Sign You're Not Reaching that Hidden Dirt, that Dirt that Lies Buried Beneath the Surface!**

By *Lady Esther*

One thing women notice about the use of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is that it seems to lighten their skins—actually makes them look shades lighter after a few days' use.

This is not due to any bleaching action on the part of Lady Esther Face Cream. It contains no bleaching agent.

The explanation is that Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin so thoroughly it does away with that grayish cast caused by embedded dirt. It is just like half-washing a white handkerchief and *thoroughly* washing it.

That penetrating dirt and greasy soot that works its way into your skin will not only cause your skin to look much darker than it really is, but it will cause a number of other blemishes.

It will give root to blackheads and whiteheads and cause the skin to become coarse and canvas-like.

**It Calls for a PENETRATING Face Cream!**

To give your skin a thorough cleansing, to get at the dirt that buries itself deep in the pores, you must use a face cream that gets to the bottom of the pores! In other words, a *penetrating* face cream!

Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is penetrating. It is reaching and searching. It does not merely lie on the surface of the skin, but penetrates the pores to their depths.

Almost instantly, it dissolves the waxy grime that lies buried in the pores and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you immediately know it, for your skin tingles as it never did before.

**It Benefits Your Skin Four Ways**

Lady Esther Face Cream does four things of definite benefit to your skin.

*First,* it cleanses the pores to the very bottom.

*Second,* it lubricates the skin. Resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible.

*Third,* because it cleanses the pores thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small.

*Fourth,* it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

**Prove it at my Expense!**

I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for *your* skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge. Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you. But let Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream speak for itself. Mail a postcard or the coupon below for the 7-day trial supply.

Copyright by Lady Esther, 1935

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*) (11) **FREE**
Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.
Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.
*Name*____________________
*Address*____________________
*City*______________ *State*________
(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.*)

Thrilling new lipstick shade!

TATTOO

"HAWAIIAN"

A truly stunning South Sea-ish lipstick shade with more cute "dare" than a grass skirt on the avenue
TATT

What a lipstick shade this is... it's daring, stunning, captivating...all in one. More than that; it's downright *wicked*, and lips that wear it have no trouble finding trouble... at Waikiki or here. "Hawaiian" is your one big chance to "*Go Native*" as native has never been gone before. Like all TATTOO... you put it on... let it set ...wipe it off. Only the *color* stays, and it's really transparent. Absolutely non-purplish. Try "Hawaiian" at any department or drug store. It's a dollar.

So Very Easy

.....AND TO THINK YOU'VE HAD IT ONLY A WEEK...

● Popularity! Step right into it with a P-A Sax'. Play beautiful tunes first week. Learn quickly. Join a dance band in 90 days. Only P-A assures such rapid progress. Easiest blowing, fingering; beautiful tone. See your P-A Dealer, or write direct for beautiful literature. No obligation. Easy terms. You can do it. Write today.
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PAN-AMERICAN
457 P-A Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

Moderate Price

Gray Hair

**Best Remedy is Made At Home**

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

40th Year: Stage, Talkies, Radio, Graduates: Lee Tracy, Fred Astaire, Peggy Shannon, Zita Johann, Una Merkel, etc. Drama, Dance Vocal, General Culture, Teaching and Directing. Appearances, Debuts. For Catalog write Sec'y M. P. Ely, 66 W. 85th St., N. Y.

Hollywood turned out for the elaborate preview of *David Copperfield* at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Among those present were (left to right) Joseph Sifton, Minna Gombell (Mrs. Sifton), Glenda Farrell and Captain Roscoe Fawcett, executive head of MOVIE CLASSIC and other leading magazines

## They Tried To Make a Chaney Out of Muni

[*Continued from page* 30]

his chance to erase the failure which still rankled in his memory, and without a definite knowledge of the part he was to play he accepted the offer.

Muni completed the picture and waited anxiously for the verdict of the public on his comeback effort. He had a long wait. He could have grown whiskers long enough to play one of his old-man rôles without benefit of make-up while the powers that be permitted the master negative to do a Rip Van Winkle in the storage vaults.

For Muni's picture was a gangster drama. He played the part of an underworld czar with a ruthless affection for the machine gun and the one-way ride, and gore ran through the yarn by the hogsheadful. Its theme song was the staccato rhythm of gunfire and "rugged" was the mildest description that could be applied to its stark drama. Gang dramas at the moment were in disrepute throughout the fair breadth of the land, and Muni's performance was so compelling that the producers were infected with a severe attack of jitters. It seemed the practical thing to do to put the picture into cold storage. Its name was *Scarface*.

It seemed that he had chalked up another failure, and with understandable resentment Muni turned his back on Hollywood when the opportunity came to take the lead in a new Broadway play by Elmer Rice. It was *Counsellor at Law* and it turned out to be the smash hit of the season. It put Muni's name in fat-watted electric lights on the Great White Way. He was still playing in it when *Scarface* was released—nine months after it had been completed.

Overnight the name of Muni exploded into the consciousness of movie fans all over the country. The man whom Hollywood had thought to mold into another Lon Chaney behind its trappings of wigs and putty and distorted grimaces, emerged as an actor who had caught hold of a tremendous part and thrown it for a loss. Thrown it so hard that when it landed the reverberations reached the ears of Muni's producers and convinced them they had a "find."

*Scarface* made history. It was followed by *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*,—three hits in a row for Muni, one of them a stage play. Hollywood, which had dismissed him as a failure, was Muni's on his own terms.

BUT neither his failures nor his successes greatly disturb him. All he asks are parts which, as actors express it, he can "get his teeth into." It is pleasant when a picture or a play starts a flood of money into the ticket office and the accountants tally up the take while executing fandangoes and adagio twists expressive of extreme glee. But to Muni, the important thing is whether or not he has given the rôle the best that is in him.

When I talked to him, he had just completed *Bordertown* and I asked him if he was satisfied with his performance. He explained that he had not seen the picture!

"I never see my pictures before they are shown in the theatre," he said. "Never watch the 'rushes' of the day's work. I always see something in the scenes which I would like to do over—improvements I want to make. It is disturbing."

That his concentration is amazing when he lives a part is proved by his answer to my request for a few anecdotes of offstage incidents which had occurred during the filming of *Black Fury* and *Bordertown*. He was unable to recall a single one, though he assured me that dozens of them had occurred. He had lived through them without their making the slightest impression on his mind, for he had been a character acting out a story, not an observer.

Last year he and his wife took a trip through Europe, going as far as Moscow to witness the productions of the Russian Art Theatre. He speaks German and Russian as well as English, an ability which he discounts after the fashion of the Continental born. His birthplace was Lemberg, which used to be Austrian but is now a part of Poland. His parents were strolling players and he started kindergarten in London, finishing his grade school course in New York's East Side. It was natural for him to follow the profession of his father, and his début at the age of eleven was made at Cleveland. He is thirty-nine years old.

In Europe he was pleasantly gratified to learn that he was not exclusively identified with *Scarface*. Many Europeans liked him better in *Fugitive;* others preferred him in lighter vein, as in *Hi, Nellie*. He admits that he likes rugged rôles best and believes they fit his talents most happily.

He studies his rôles with the aid of the dictaphone, as this device enables him to hear what Muni sounds like. Critics rate him as one of the ten leading actors.

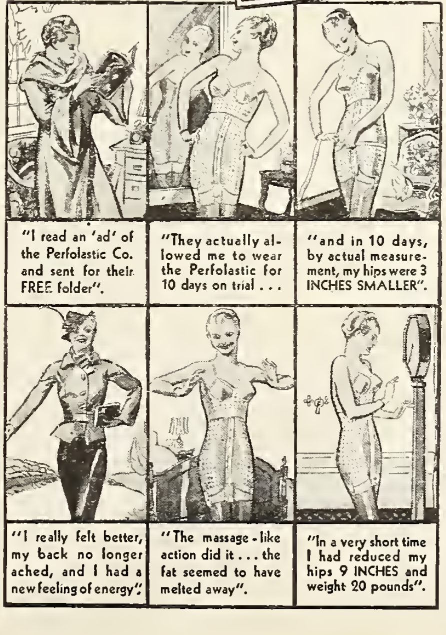
His marriage to Bella Finkle is one match which will safely hurdle the Hollywood hazard. Mrs. Muni has an attractive oval face, brown eyes like her husband, and much of his graciously courteous manner. They were married in 1921.

His name is pronounced like the first syllable of "munificent." The pronunciation, however, doesn't seem to matter much to him. Perhaps the word "munificent" is more than a happy accident. That's how Hollywood is treating him today, making amends for its early error.

. . . NOW *You* can *Reduce*

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
**THREE INCHES in 10 DAYS**
***with the***
**PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE**
***. . . or no cost!***

. . . . Read how
Miss Jean Healy
reduced her hips
9 INCHES!


"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder".

"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial . . .

"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".

"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy".

"The massage-like action did it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away".

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and weight 20 pounds".

**TEST the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere for yourself for 10 days . . . absolutely FREE! Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around the waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!**

**THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY AND SAFELY**

■ The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

**KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH**

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times.

**SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER**

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce *you*. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense! Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

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41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 164, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

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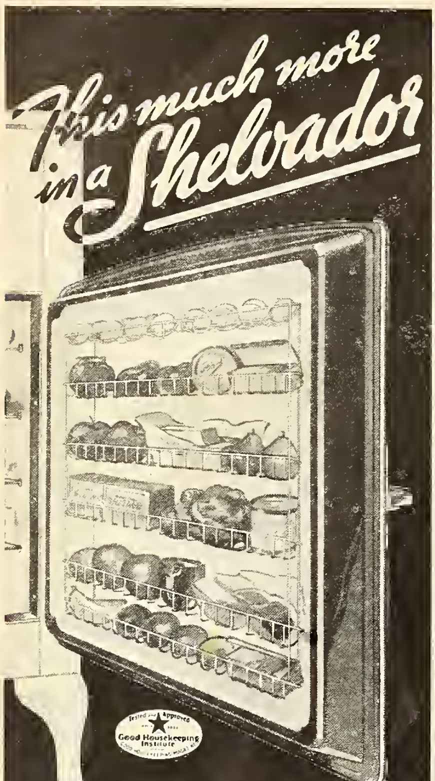
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Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Institute

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CORNS
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RELIEF IN ONE MINUTE!

No matter how your corns, callouses, or bunions may hurt, New *De Luxe* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will give you immediate relief. They stop pressure on the painful part; make new or tight shoes fit with ease; prevent corns, sore toes and blisters; quickly, safely remove corns and callouses. Flesh color, waterproof; won't stick to stocking or come off in the bath. Try them! Sold everywhere.

CALLOUSES

BUNIONS

SOFT CORNS

NEW *De Luxe* FLESH COLOR WATERPROOF
Dr Scholl's
Zino-pads
*Put one on—the pain is gone!*

Mae West and Fred Kohler, Sr., as you will see them in Mae's coming picture, *How Am I Doing?*, the film which was started under the title of *Now I'm A Lady*

## Tragedy Taught Lyda Roberti to Smile

[*Continued from page* 33]

came into the dressing room. We always spoke in Russian in those days, for German was not popular. She said: 'The circus-is-on-fire.'

"Father heard a shot then. He decided there was more fighting. Quickly he locked the door. He always locked us up away from shooting if he could. He hurried through the tunnel to the arena and saw that the place was a mass of flames. Employes, mad at the circus owners, had poured benzine everywhere and set it afire.

"In that horrible confusion, he cannot get back to us. Smoke was thick in our dressing room, and my brothers and sisters helped break down the door. They tried to carry out our things—all we had in the world—and I ran into the arena. The roof was on fire. Everybody screaming. A soldier came by, trying to get a horse out. He saw me crying, and let go the horse to save me.

"My brother had staggered into the arena with a trunk. I screamed at him. He dropped the trunk and ran, and then the roof fell in. The soldier carried me outside, slapping at my burning clothes."

After this catastrophe they started to work their way toward China. Russia had fallen to pieces with the flaming rapidity that saw the destruction of the circus, and the old autocracy lay in ashes. Corruption and brutality had bred anarchy. Lyda Roberti and her family knew the horrors of strikes, riots, street fighting, and assassinations. Poland was liberated. Alexander Kerensky rose to power.

But the Russian revolutions did not bring peace. Red factions fought White. The Robertis had been traveling in the miserable third-class cars of the Russian railroads toward Nizhnii-Novgorod. As they came to the bridge over the Volga, the train clattered and shuddered to a halt. The next instant there was a terrific explosion and the bridge flew into fragments.

"We went on. At last we were near to Vladivostok.

AND then the Americans came—the inter-allied Siberian expedition, to stop the fighting. The American soldiers ate at the camp—they had bread, even butter! My father and I and my brothers and sisters would go to the camp and try to get food. There was an officer there who spoke some German, and father offered to put on shows if they would feed us.

"They liked to see my sister and I dance, and listen to our Russian songs. For the first time we had enough to eat.

"And the American soldiers went away. Only the Japanese soldiers remained. No longer could we sing and dance for our food. But father talked with the Japanese, and decided to tour Japan with a show. A year we spent there, and I learned the language quickly. It is a lovely language.

"Chinese is not, to me, a pretty language. We left Japan and spent three years in China, but I never learned to speak it. Our luck, it is now better. My sister and I found work dancing at the Carlton Cafe in Shanghai. We are strong, and we do not mind the long hours from nine in the evening to three in the morning. Many Americans came to that cafe. They would all say: 'You should come to America—there you would make a big hit!'

"Finally Manya decided to go and see this wonderful country. Six months later I had enough money. I came, also.

"I could speak only a few words of English. And nobody wanted me. I would hang about the Capitol theatre, trying to get a job in the chorus, but —that Polack! Nobody wanted her.

"But in Hollywood I had better luck. I got into the chorus of a Fanchon and Marco unit. I was happy—so happy!

"Finally Miss Fanchon insisted I sing, so I accept on one condition, that I can still be in the chorus. All the girls thought that was crazy. Such a dumb foreigner—to want to stay in the chorus! I sang at the Paramount, and at the Egyptian, and then what I suspect happens. They took me from the chorus! I cried and cried.

"And I ran away. I would take a train and just wander until my money was all gone. The unit went to the East, and I would run away and go to New York. There somebody would always find me. Once I work three weeks in the Bronx and run away. So I am fired. I went to work at last in a Paramount Publix show and Lou Holtz saw me singing to Rudy Vallée.

" 'I want that girl for my new show!' he said.

"I cannot speak much English now; then it is worse. So I went on with the unit and played in Buffalo. There Jack Yelland, who owned half the new show in partnership with Lou Holtz, saw my act. He said I am just the girl for their play. And finally, in St. Louis, I decided to accept. I went to New York and walked into the office of Mr. Holtz.

" 'Hello, Polack!' he said. I grinned at him. Lou is perfectly swell. 'Here is your script,' he said, and handed me a big, thick book.

"I took it, and look at the pages very carefully. I could not understand any of it. 'That sounds like a good part,' I said.

" 'You got the book upside down,' said Lou. 'Can't you read English?'

"They did not know what to do. The show had been in rehearsal two weeks already, and in another week they open in Philadelphia. The more they tried to teach me, the worse it was. Lou would tear his hair, almost. So finally I got mad. I said I would learn the darn book without them. I went to Benny Baker with it and pointed out the words I did not know, which was every other one. That night I studied until four in the morning, and was ready for rehearsal at eleven.

"We were a big hit in Philadelphia. Lou decided to build me into every scene. When we reached Broadway, Lou and I were doing everything but shift scenery in that play. After the New York run we moved to Chicago, and there I signed a contract with Paramount pictures."

Not long ago Lyda had enough money saved to send for her brother Robert. He is a fine musician, and she is helping him to find a place in America.

Perhaps, after Lyda finishes her work in her next picture, *Scandals,* she will be able to send for more members of her family. But she is not sure that Mama and Papa Roberti want to leave the friends they have known so long in Shanghai.

Read this *Glorious News* about Gray Hair!

MARY T. GOLDMAN'S GRAY HAIR COLOR RESTORER

1 Now, it's simplicity itself to bring color to gray streaks. Just empty a little powder into a water glass.

2 Pour Mary T. Goldman's water-white liquid over the powder, mix the two, and you are all ready.

3 Just comb it through the gray and you are *through.* When the hair is dry, the gray is gone. So *simple.* So *easy.*

***A Startling New Development*** **now makes coloring gray hair no more trouble than a manicure! No more costly than a jar of good face cream! Yet transforms gray hair with youthful lustre...*We invite you to* TEST IT FREE *in 10 short minutes on a single lock from your hair . . . Read this unusual news. Then mail the coupon and find real freedom from gray.***

Now, in an unheard of short space of time, you can transform the gray in your hair into youthful lustre and loveliness. You can start this morning and before evening the gray in your hair will be gone. You can do it easily, quickly, yourself at home. No experience needed. No "skin-test" required. Medical authorities pronounce it SAFE—harmless to hair and scalp.

Just the three simple steps above are necessary. No delay or waiting except for the hair to dry.

No matter what the natural color of your hair, (black, brown, auburn, reddish, or blonde) Mary T. Goldman's new method blends with natural shade so evenly that detection need never be feared. It will not wash out, fade, nor rub off on clothing and linens. You can wave or curl your hair just as always.

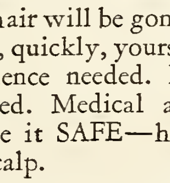
This new method was developed by a leading scientist after special research. His results place gray hair coloration on an entirely new plane. You are not asked to take our word for it, nor to believe a single statement in this advertisement without a fair, free trial.

*Send us the coupon below.* We will supply you FREE with a sufficient quantity in an unmarked package to test on a small lock snipped from your hair. You can judge the results for yourself.

If you prefer, your druggist or department store can supply you with the full-sized bottle for complete treatment. Money-back guarantee.

*Mail the coupon now.* The day you receive your FREE Single Lock Test Package, you will realize that your gray hair problem is ended for good.

THE NEW IMPROVED *Mary T. Goldman* COLOR FOR GRAY HAIR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*Please send me your FREE Single Lock Test Package as checked below.*

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Street..........................................
City........................State....................

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SHE'LL NEVER SEE 45 AGAIN!
Suffering Made Me An Old Woman Till...

In 3 weeks I Felt 10 Years Younger

"THAT remark almost broke my heart. How *could* I look young and peppy when I was in almost constant pain?"

300,000 suffering women have found marvelous aid and relief from feminine disorders, backaches, headaches, nervousness, fatigue and constipation (resulting from bad posture or displaced organs) by wearing the Natural Body Brace. No medicines or tedious exercises. Just blessed, natural relief!

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550 Meyer Bldg. Hollywood, California

# For Moviegoers to Puzzle Over

By L. ROY RUSSELL

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 C | L | 2 A | 3 R | 4 K | | 5 S | 6 P | Y | | 7 S | 8 T | 9 O | N | 10 E |
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| 13 H | 14 M | ■ | 15 D | N | ■ | 16 O | N | 17 H | ■ | 18 E | D | ■ | 19 D | R |
| 20 R | O | 21 N | ■ | 22 G | 23 A | T | E | S | 24 O | N | ■ | 25 M | A | N |
| 26 A | N | N | 27 A | ■ | 28 S | H | ■ | 29 T | R | ■ | 30 W | E | R | K |
| | A | ■ | 31 S | 32 O | ■ | 33 E | G | O | ■ | 34 A | H | ■ | K | |
| 35 M | ■ | 36 S | T | A | 37 R | R | ■ | 38 R | 39 O | M | E | 40 O | ■ | 41 I |
| 42 A | S | I | A | ■ | I | ■ | ■ | ■ | L | ■ | 43 E | N | I | D |
| E | ■ | 44 N | I | 45 X | O | 46 N | ■ | 47 A | D | 48 E | L | E | ■ | A |
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| 54 L | O | 55 V | E | ■ | 56 G | R | ■ | 57 L | 58 E | ■ | 59 R | 60 O | O | 61 M |
| 62 A | N | D | ■ | 63 G | O | M | 64 B | E | L | 65 L | ■ | 66 F | A | Y |
| 67 N | B | ■ | 68 B | A | ■ | 69 A | I | N | ■ | 70 I | 71 S | ■ | 72 N | E |
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| 76 T | R | E | N | E | | 77 A | G | E | | 78 C | L | A | U | D |

## HORIZONTAL

1. Mike Bradley in *Chained*
5. *Madame*——
7. Captain Smollett in *Treasure Island*
11. Sophie White in *There's Always To-morrow*
12. Garbo is the ——— of *The Painted Veil*
13. *I ——— Suzanne*
15. Don's initials
16. Her last name is Munson
18. Short for Kennedy's first name
19. ——— *Monica*
20. Short for Armstrong's first name
22. Amy Lawrence in *Big Hearted Herbert*
25. *My ———, the King*
26. Katusha in *We Live Again*
28. Halloway's initials
29. Rickett's initials
30. Mrs. Maxwell in *That's Gratitude*
31. ——— *This is Africa*
33. Some players have an inflated one
34. Exclamation used when you see a beautiful picture
36. There's a Frances and a Sally with this last name
38. ——— *and Juliet*
42. The name of the role of one of the children in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*
43. Usually plays motherly roles
47. Arabella in *We're Rich Again*
48. Her last name is Lacey
50. Famous crooner (init.)
51. ——— *Daily Bread*
52. *You Belong to* ———
54. *One Night of* ———
56. Harry Young in *Limehouse Blues* (init.)
57. Initials of a rubber-legged comedian
59. *Girl Without a* ———
62. *Now ——— Forever*
63. Maizie in *The Lemon Drop Kid*
66. Nan Brockton in *Cheating Cheaters*
67. Nigel's initials
68. John in *What Every Woman Knows* (init.)
69. A river in Chevalier's home land
70. *Straight ——— the Way*
72. Neely's initials
73. Husband to Clara Bow
74. He made some good comedies teamed with Zasu Pitts
76. Ellen in *The Age of Innocence*
77. *This Day and* ———
78. O'Brien in *Crime Without Passion*

## VERTICAL

1. Mrs. Douglas in *Jealousy*
2. Blackface comedian
3. Vilma Banky's husband
4. First name of a director
6. She is always seen with George Raft
7. Star of *We Live Again*
8. Juvenile actor
9. *For love ——— Money*
10. His first name is Edward
14. Anne Barry in *I'll Fix It*
16. *No ——— Woman*
17. Bessie Foley in *The Case of the Howling Dog*
19. ——— *Hazard*
21. Barry's initials
23. ——— *the Earth Turns*
24. *Sinner ——— Saint*
25. Janet Gaynor was born in this state (abbr.)
27. Guy Holden in *The Gay Divorcee*
30. Bert in *Cockeyed Cavaliers*
32. Oscar's initials
34. *I ——— A Fugitive from a Chain Gang*
35. Ruby Carter in *Belle of the Nineties*
36. *The ——— of Nora Moran*
37. *Flying Down to* ———
39. *The ——— Dark House*
40. ——— *Night of Love*
41. Marigold Tate in *Ready for Love*
45. Fifteen (Roman)
46. Elizabeth in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*
47. Julian Barrow in *Ready for Love*
48. Maxwell's initials
49. Carlotta in *Affairs of a Gentleman*
53. Prudence Kirkland in *The Pursuit of Happiness*
54. Zita in *The Great Flirtation*
55. Author of *Pick-up* and *Chance at Heaven* (init.)
56. *Transatlantic Merry ——— Round*
58. Philip Gabney *Gift of Gab* (init.)
60. *Imitation ——— Life*
61. Her first name is Carmel
63. Flora in *Blind Date*
64. Paul Lawton in *She Loves Me Not*
65. Her last name is the same as Tracy's first
68. Bob Wilson in *Crimson Romance*
71. Chaplin's brother
73. *Born to ——— Bad*
75. Auer's initials

*(Please turn to Page 75 for Solution to Last Month's Puzzle.)*

# THE RECORD

## MARRIAGE

Joselyn Lee and James Seymore say "I do."

Betty Boyd becomes bride of M. B. Olmstead.

Josephine Hutchinson takes time out from studio to wed James F. Townsend.

Anne Roosevelt Dall goes to altar with John Boettiger, assistant to Will Hays.

## DIVORCES

Mary Pickford wins decree from Douglas Fairbanks.

Claudette Colbert breaks ties with Norman Foster.

Harry Bannister seeks to take custody of child from ex-wife, Ann Harding.

## THE STORK'S DEPARTMENT

Alan Mowbray proud papa of bouncing boy.

George O'Brien and Margaret Churchill happily expecting stork's visit.

## HERE AND THERE

Mae West may head for London to do personal appearances and help King George V celebrate his Jubilee.

Carole Lombard skips out on blizzard-stricken New York and lands in Havana.

Connie Bennett becomes stable-owner by purchase of "Rattlebrains" from Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney.

Eleanor Boardman back in Hollywood after two year visit abroad.

Gene Raymond taking in the sights along Broadway.

Wally Beery entertains proposal to make picture in England.

Shirley Temple made an Idaho colonel. (Kentucky please note.)

Jim Tully asked to London to write stories for British films.

Jean Muir slightly injured when horse she was riding in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* ran into tree.

Adolph Hitler reverses order barring Pola Negri from German picture work because of alleged anti-German activities.

Clark Gable, Loretta Young and other members of *The Call of The Wild* company snowbound while shooting on northern location.

Samuel Goldwyn announces plans for six pictures during the coming year.

Joan Blondell made honorary colonel in CCC.

Francis Lederer files appeal in attempt to escape five day jail sentence tossed at him for speeding 70 miles an hour along a California highway.

Hugh Walpole, noted English author, slated as story editor at M-G-M.

## DECEASED

Lloyd Hamilton, once famed comedian, dies after illness from stomach disorder.

Mrs. Edmund Goulding, wife of noted director, succumbs to long illness at Palm Springs.

Here's that Remarkable NEW Make-Up

*So Many Women Are Asking About*

**WRONG MAKE-UP** *gives a "hard", "cheap" look.*

**RIGHT MAKE-UP** *provides a natural seductiveness — free of all artificiality.*

These Pictures, Both of the Same Model, Show the Difference Between Right and Wrong Make-up

THERE IS NOW a *new* and utterly different way in make-up... the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colorist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a religion. A *totally* NEW idea in color that often changes a woman's whole appearance.

*That is because it is the first make-up—rouge or lipstick—yet discovered that actually matches the warm, pulsating color of the human blood.*

*Ends That "Cheap", "Hard" Look*

This new creation forever banishes the "cheap", "hard" effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely *natural* and unartificial color.

As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question today among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

*What It's Called*

It is called ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form in many alluring shades.* You use either on *both* the lips and the cheeks. And one application lasts all day long.

In its allure, it is typically, *wickedly* of Paris. In its virginal modesty, as natural as a *jeune fille*—ravishing, without revealing!

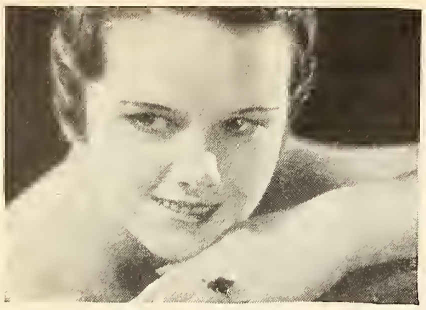
Do as smart women everywhere are doing — adopt Angelus Rouge Incarnat. The little red box costs only a few cents. The lipstick, the same as most American made lipsticks. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.

*See the marvelously gay, new daytime colors—*Pandora* and *Poppy*

*The "Little Red Box" for lips and cheeks*

*The Lipstick*

Angelus Rouge Incarnat
BY LOUIS PHILIPPE
USE ON BOTH THE LIPS AND THE CHEEKS



**Can Such Youth — Be Yours?**

Practice this simple preventive measure if you want to look and feel younger—much younger than your years. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets, a substitute for calomel. By cleansing the system they help relieve constipation, renew energy, give cheeks color. Made of vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. Safe, non-habit-forming, effective. Used for 20 years. Take one or two at night and watch results. At all druggists—15c, 30c, 60c.

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Eye Make-Up

A Truly Waterproof Eye Make-Up. Can Not Be Washed Off

**"I"-Last**

*One Application Lasts All Day*
*Will Not Smudge or Flake Off*
*Will Not Smart the Eyes*
*Stays On Until Removed*
*Easy to Apply—Easy to Remove*
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Prove to Yourself "I" LAST Really is a DIFFERENT Eye Make-Up. $1 at toilet counters or send 10c for trial size bottle—*Black, Brown, Blue or Green.*

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## "Lessons in Loveliness"

[*Continued from page* 51]

As for hereditary lines (usually grooves running from the nose down to the corners of the mouth, or finely etched lines about the lips and eyes), these run in some families for generations. Yet it is amazing how many people try to overcome them. And when a woman does try this, she is attempting to overcome something that is as much a part of her face as her nose is. She may know perfectly well that the same facial characteristic existed in her mother or father, her grandmother or grandfather; yet she asks what she can do to take those lines out! Such lines or grooves can no more be taken out than the color of the eyes can be changed. The thing she ought rather to be concerned with is the texture and color of her skin; if the color is fresh and clear, and the texture smooth, it will be these that make her look attractive—the grooves or lines will not be noticed.

So, when I discuss wrinkles with you and how to avoid and overcome them, I mean the unattractive and unnecessary kind, which is the kind we see most in the faces of older women.

AS ONE grows older there are bound to be certain changes of expression, of contours, of features, of figure—subtle changes. After twenty-five years of age, certain lines denote character and personality; they indicate experience and memories. Surely no woman of mature or sophisticated years would want to go through life with a face as empty as a doll's, devoid of feeling and expression. And that's how a mature face without lines would look—empty, masklike. There ought to be laughter lines, character lines, on a mature face!

There is too much confusion between a woman's charm and attractiveness and her age. It is a woman's charm that makes the world go round. Somehow, a mistaken idea has arisen that it is a woman's calendar age that governs her charm, or lack of it. Perhaps that has been brought about by all the "pretty girl" pictures in advertisements. A woman's calendar age has nothing to do with her charm, her appeal. Charm and feminine allure do not belong exclusively to the teens and twenties.

This is all by way of exposing the folly of useless despair over accumulating birthdays. But on the other hand, lines of neglect and avoidable wrinkles are a totally different matter. The thing to do if you have not held them at bay, for whatever cause or reason—neglect, indifference, or unavoidable causes—is to set to work on them and get rid of them.

"At 30, a woman should stop patting herself on the back and start patting herself under the chin."

And I mean just that—*patting under the chin.*

Every night before bedtime when you pat nourishing cream all over your face and neck—as all of you *should* do—the woman of 30 or over should pat, pat, pat, pat *under* the *chin* for a full half minute by the clock. . . .

*How to do it*—Pat with the back of your hand, moving just the wrist—pat upward briskly—and of course you will have applied nourishing cream on the back of your hand before you start patting under the chin.

You know, of course, that the way to pat nourishing cream on your face is with the three middle fingers held closely together. . . .

The way to apply nourishing cream on the eyelids and around the eyes is *very gently* with a finger tip, being careful—always—*not* to put or pull or move the skin.

Which brings me to one of the worst sins committed in the name of beauty culture—this business of so-called "kneading or molding". . . . Many women actually rub or "push" wrinkles into their skin by so-called massage or manipulation or "movements."

WOMEN are not, I have found, interested in causes. When they have anything the matter with their skin or their hair they want to know what to do—what to use; which is just as it should be. It is frequently, however, impossible for them to overcome their troubles, because unknowingly they go right on doing the very thing that is causing the trouble. Therefore, the most prevalent causes of wrinkles are set forth for your guidance and avoidance.

*Hasty reducing—"stunt" dieting*—The loss of a great deal of weight in a short time is no cause for self congratulation; quite the contrary. The human skin does not shrink or contract fast enough to take up the "slack" caused by losing weight quickly. . . . What is the use of losing a few pounds or inches if it leaves you looking older and "dragged out."

*Other causes of wrinkles:*

Lack of sleep or rest.

Eyestrain.

Delayed dental work.

Unhappy facial expressions, such as frowning.

Massaging—too much manipulation, or inexpert manipulation.

Worry, temper, or peevishness.

Unwise eating or drinking, faulty elimination, constipation.

Aching feet.

I am certainly all for the woman who is awake to the necessity of using good beauty preparations to enhance or improve her appearance—that goes without saying. But I am also on the side of nature!—for the *prevention* of disorders. . . .

*Make-up*—There are many women past thirty who look years older than they should, not because of wrinkles, not because of gray hair, but simply *because they have no color.* Like a faded dress. It may be a perfectly good dress, fine material, fashionable lines, but because it is faded it looks old.

Faded eyebrows and lashes, lifeless-looking skin, colorless lips are just as bad, just as unattractive as a painted effect.

I'm speaking, of course, of good make-up, deftly applied. . . . Make-up in good taste for *your* type, for *your* environment and activity. Many women in their dislike for the badly made-up, painted effect we see on many girls, overlook the fact that there is a big difference between bad make-up and natural-looking make-up to add warmth and vitality to the skin, reflected sparkle to the eyes, a lovelier curve to the lips.

### WHAT EVERY WOMAN PAST 30 SHOULD HAVE IN THE WAY OF BEAUTY AIDS

*FOR HAIR—*

*Liquid shampoo*—a pure, bland make.

*Wave-setting liquid*—a pure vegetable type.

*Hairbrush and comb*—and wash your comb and brush at least once a week.

*FOR COMPLEXION—*

*Cleansing cream*—quick, melting type, not a "thick cold cream."

*Soap*—a pure bland complexion soap.

*Mild Skin Tonic*

*Facial Tissue*

*Nourishing Cream*

*Acne lotion*—(not salve) for the occasional eruptions to which even the most perfect skin is subject.

*Strong astringent*—for an extra firming treatment against flabbiness or sagging to be used once a week.

*Muscle oil*—for the eyelids and around the eyes. If lines around the eyes are already very deep, you need this for the sensitive eye-area instead of nourishing cream.

*Face powder*—A daytime shade. . . . Also an evening lavendar to give radiance to the skin under artificial lights.

*Lipstick*

*Rouge*

*Eyeshadow and eyebrow pencil*

*Magnifying mirror*—a great help in getting your eye make-up on just right. Use it also if or when necessary to shape the eyebrows.

*Tweezers*

*Eyebrow brush*—This tiny brush is the best way to remove all face powder from the eyebrows and lashes. Also to keep them silky and well shaped. An excellent way to train that alluring upward curve of the lashes.

### FOR PERSONAL DAINTINESS

*Bath brush*—with long handle so you can get your back clean.

*Tooth powder or toothpaste, deodorant mouth wash*—use morning, night, and after lunch if possible.

*Deodorant for armpits*

*Depilatory or safety razor*—for superfluous hair on limbs and armpits.

*Bath salts*—of a stimulating fragrance, such as verbena or pine.

*Eau de cologne or toilet water*—spray this on with an atomizer.

Your eau de cologne, bath dusting powder, and sachets should be the same fragrance as your perfume.

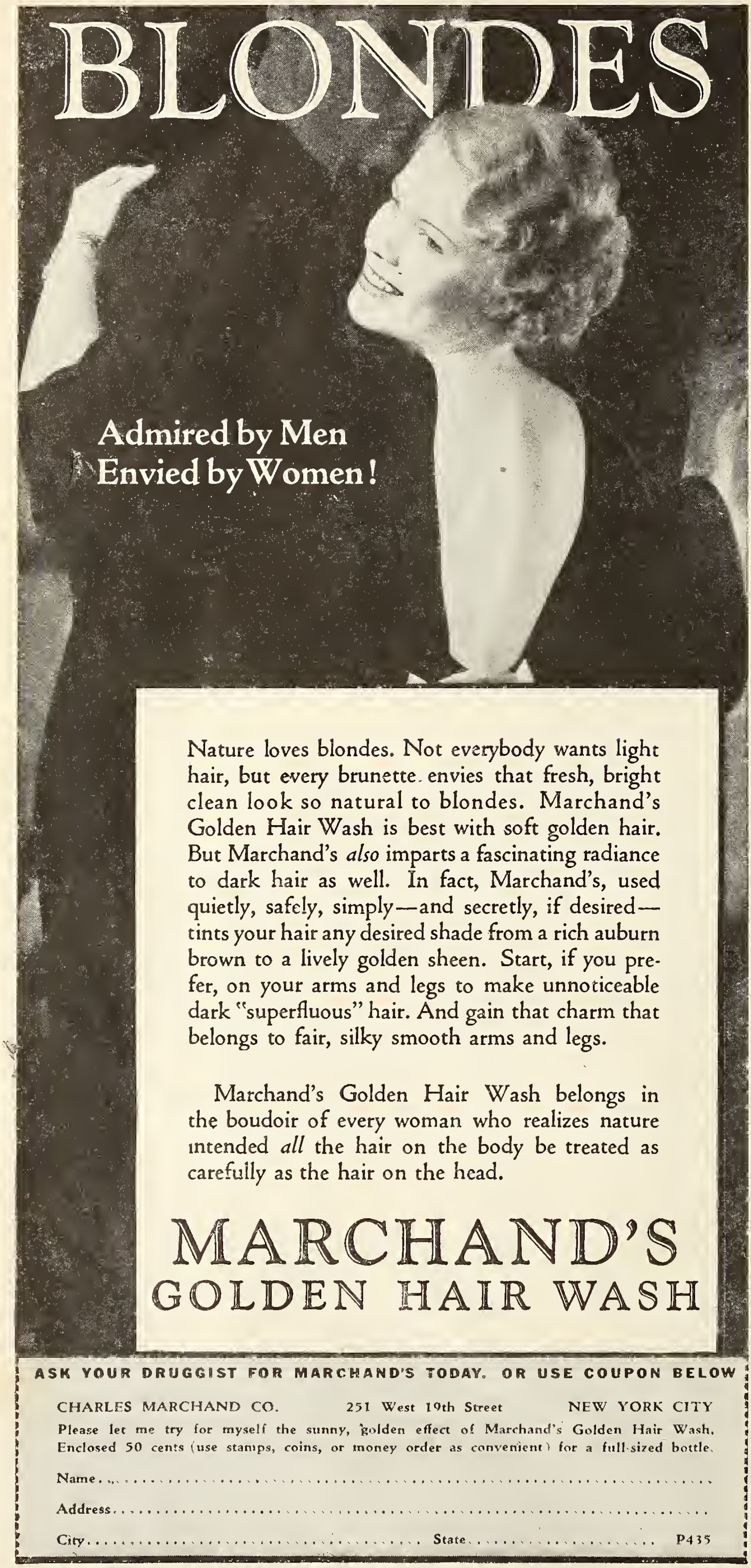
### FOR HANDS

*Hand lotion*—to keep them soft and smooth.

*Nail file, orangewood stick*—flat-tipped, not sharply pointed.

*Nail polish, manicure scissors, nail buffer.*

ty of lips and loveliness
WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
DOUBLE DISTILLED PEPPERMINT
of chin, chew Double Mint gum
every day—this is a natural
beauty exercise, unequalled.
P-53


BLONDES

Admired by Men
Envied by Women!

Nature loves blondes. Not everybody wants light hair, but every brunette envies that fresh, bright clean look so natural to blondes. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is best with soft golden hair. But Marchand's *also* imparts a fascinating radiance to dark hair as well. In fact, Marchand's, used quietly, safely, simply—and secretly, if desired—tints your hair any desired shade from a rich auburn brown to a lively golden sheen. Start, if you prefer, on your arms and legs to make unnoticeable dark "superfluous" hair. And gain that charm that belongs to fair, silky smooth arms and legs.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash belongs in the boudoir of every woman who realizes nature intended *all* the hair on the body be treated as carefully as the hair on the head.

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY. OR USE COUPON BELOW

CHARLES MARCHAND CO. 251 West 19th Street NEW YORK CITY
Please let me try for myself the sunny, golden effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coins, or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

Name........................................

Address........................................

City.................................... State.................... P435

## Jean Harlow's Dark Year

[*Continued from page* 53]

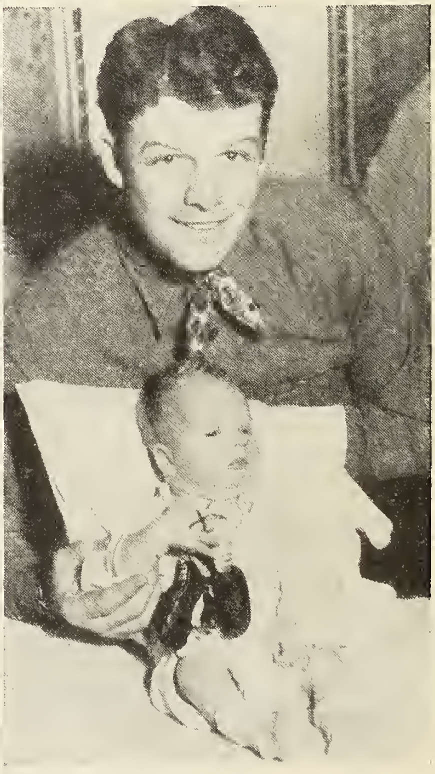
stammered out her belief that she had seen a ghost.

Jean can laugh about these incidents now, but they weren't so funny in 1934. There was something decidedly fantastic in the frequency with which automobile accidents figured in stories concerning her. There was the definite knowledge that the fortune teller had correctly predicted death in at least one case. Coupled with all the other unhappy things that were happening to Jean, the forecast of her death was like a dark cloud over her few brief moments of happiness.

Narrow escapes from other accidents that did not concern automobiles also occurred during the year. Once a heavy overhead arc light crashed from the rafters on the set. Only the quick wit of a workman, who pulled Jean out of the way, saved her life. Another time, she slipped from the garden wall of her hillside home and was painfully bruised.

Many girls might have broken under the strain, the uncertainty, the constant threat. All of us face death from countless sources every day of our lives, little thinking of the possible consequences. Each time we cross a crowded street or do a million other accustomed things, we take our lives in our hands.

"I seldom think about death nor am I afraid to die," Jean said to me. "I try never to take unnecessary chances nor to be foolhardy, but I'm rather a fatalist. I believe that when my number is up, it's up, regardless of what I attempt to do about it."



Here is Clara Bow's baby, Rex Larbow Bell. Behind him is his proud dad, Rex Bell, western star

Mr. and Mrs. Bing Crosby (she is Dixie Lee of the films) take time out from their screen work to enjoy the races at Agua Caliente

## What Stars Will Survive Color?

[*Continued from page 29*]

white camera has failed to grasp completely, and who have missed greatness because their natural charm has baffled the flat eye of black and white.

"Here are the new stars of tomorrow: Frances Dee, Glenda Farrell, Lilian Bond, Ginger Rogers—a star today, but not nearly as great as she will be in color; also a girl playing unimportant rôles today—Betty Furness. All these girls share a vitality which Technicolor will intensify and a reality which it will not underkey.

"If Mary Pickford wishes, she can be as great a star in color as she was when she was known as America's Sweetheart.

"Among the men, we will again have Richard Barthelmess as a great star. We will have the same Barthelmess of *Broken Blossoms.* His acting has always been consummate. His has been a valorous ability, which yet could not overcome the handicaps of the maturity which audiences did not want in him. Technicolor will restore to audiences the Barthelmess of ten years ago.

"Lyle Talbot's vivacious quality, which is flat in black and white, will be revealed in color. Even though he has had important rôles, Lyle has never been a star of the first magnitude. He *will* be in Technicolor.

"Gene Raymond, of course. His striking coloring will be startling and so unusual that he will rate true stardom.

"With Technicolor, Hollywood's collective hair will no longer have to be bleached so that the black and whites can pick up light. On the contrary, the brunette will come into her own, for Technicolor records gradations in coloring. It will, to some extent, simplify casting problems. Today, contrast is essential. A support player must be of another type than the heroine. In the future, two brunettes with different shadings will be sufficient contrast.

"It will be a kindly era for brunettes, and girls like Dolores del Rio, Wini Shaw, and Raquel Torres will become amazingly beautiful, more so than they ever were, for the Technicolor eye gives to the very dusky beauty a radiance denied them by the talkies of today.

"TECHNICOLOR will bring another boom to pictures. Dieting as a fad will be unnecessary. The color camera does not demand that extreme thinness which the black and white does. It does not put on that extra ten pounds—rather, it is quite possible to slim down the over-plump figure through the proper use of color in costumes and backgrounds.

"Silents satisfied the emotions; talkies satisfied the emotions and the ear. Color pictures go further. They will fill the eye with beauty, exhort the imagination to new flights in dreams, for it sees what the eye cannot perceive. It records a hidden beauty, gives a fourth dimension quality to pictures which will intrigue the imagination just as much as Al Jolson's pioneer talkie did."

Katharine Hepburn, who lays no claim to beauty, is one of the astounding phenomena in motion pictures. She registered before cameramen learned how to make her beautiful. Her fight in Hollywood was to retain her unusual qualities of face and feature. She has screamed in projection rooms when the day's rushes were shown: "You have made me beautiful! I don't want to be beautiful."

Color is a new chapter in glamour—not with the glamour of strangeness—but the glamour of reality, heightened, accentuated, beautified, glorified!

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CORK-TIPPED

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*Look Years Younger*

SAFELY, quickly—and at home—you can overcome the handicap of gray, faded or streaked hair. With a small brush and Brownatone, you can impart a rich, natural-appearing shade of blonde, brown or black. Look 10 years younger and retain your youthful charm.

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Please send me Test bottle of BROWNATONE, and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover, partly, cost of packing and mailing.

State shade wanted
Name
Address
City State
**Print Your Name and Address**

## Where Hollywood Spends Its Evenings

[*Continued from page* 56]

"regulars" who never miss a night. Donald Odgen Stewart is usually still there when the waiters pile up the chairs and put away the linen. Groucho Marx and W. C. Fields hold long and serious discussions about "comedy" while the dawn breaks. This, by the way, has become almost an old Hollywood custom—watching the sun rise from the Troc's porch.

Eighteen successive nights recently saw Marlene Dietrich dancing at the Troc to the music of Phil Ohman's band. That's almost as often as Marlene has been seen in all of the rest of Hollywood's night spots since she first come from Germany. Robert Riskin, the scenarist, comes nightly with a party which usually boasts the presence of Carole Lombard. Kay Francis, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable, the Dick Barthelmesses, Jean Harlow and Bill Powell—but why go on? The Troc's patrons comprise a roster of practically all of Hollywood. And more and more are joining the list of "regulars."

ONLY recently, the Troc became front page news throughout the world when the heretofore never-seen Greta Garbo elected to stage her night life première. Escorted by a party of select friends, Greta drove up to the Troc, calmly entered, declined a 'secluded table in a far corner and took a "ringside" seat adjoining the dance floor.

Hollywood—and that meant almost everybody of consequence in the film industry from Marlene Dietrich to Louis B. Mayer—was there. Garbo sat under a spotlight and smiled all the while. She enjoyed the entertainment and when somebody suggested that they depart, she demurred and asked to stay until an entertainer she enjoyed sang another song.

It was Greta's first night out and the importance of the Troc in the social life of Hollywood is indicated by the fact that she chose that spot for her initiation.

Wilkerson, upon opening, did an astonishing stunt. For one week, he raised his prices so high that the average check for dinner and perhaps a bottle of wine amounted to about twenty dollars a person. Word quickly got around that the Troc was no place for people of limited incomes. Then, abruptly, Wilkerson dropped the prices to a level of the usual high-grade restaurant. The Troc is still no place for penny-ante spenders but the movie crowd is willing to foot the bills that will keep the place exclusive. Tourists and sight-seers have caused the film bunch to desert one after another the once popular restaurants and Wilkerson frequently says that he will raise prices again rather than let the autograph hunters invade the Troc.

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**UNSIGHTLY SKIN**

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**ROMANCE, HAPPINESS**

DO MEN LOOK your way—or do they look away? An attractive complexion, naturally fresh, unmarred by sallowness and ugly blotches unlocks the door to the romance every woman wants. Thousands of happy women have regained the fresh skin of their childhood with Stuart's Calcium Wafers. Magic, they call it. But there's nothing magic about it. Stuart's Calcium Wafers simply rid the system of bodily wastes and supply the system with the little calcium nature needs to create a healthy, glowing skin! Even stubborn cases often show marked improvement in a few days. Isn't it worth a trial?

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**MADAME WILLIAMS**
**P. B. 1** **Buffalo, N. Y.**

Jeanette MacDonald, heroine of *Naughty Marietta,* and her fiancé, Robert Ritchie, snapped at a "Paris Prevue" party she gave in his honor at the Cafe Trocadero

Today the Troc is on the beat of every newspaper reporter covering Hollywood. Many a romance has begun over its tables and to be seen there more than twice with the same companion is tantamount to announcing an engagement. Most of the film city's new wisecracks also originate there. The answer to "where did you hear that story?" is nearly always "The Troc."

But most surprising of all is that Los Angeles society—high society—is taking up the Troc, too. For the first time in Hollywood history, old California society and filmdom dance shoulder to shoulder. Recently the Junior League took over the whole cafe for the night.

The Trocadero has a sidewalk cafe, the only one in the city. The first floor holds the large dining room and dance floor. Below is the bar with a smaller dance floor and a private dining room for large parties.

### Solution to Last Month's Puzzle

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| W | A | R | N | E | R | | P | | H | O | W | A | R | D |
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| R | O | N | A | L | D | | N | | P | O | W | E | L | L |

"I chose the girl with Tangee Lips"

SAID HERBERT MARSHALL

HERE ARE THE LIPS HERBERT MARSHALL SAW

**UNTOUCHED** Lips often look faded

**PAINTED** Lips look unnatural

**TANGEE** Intensifies your natural color

**Popular English Star finds natural lips most attractive in lipstick test.**

"We see too much grease paint in the studio," said Herbert Marshall. "I have a positive aversion to it in private life. A girl's lips especially are unattractive if she's coarsened them with a heavy coat of paint."

Herbert Marshall isn't alone in that opinion. It's probably shared by 99 per cent of the men the world around. And that's where Tangee comes in. For Tangee isn't paint. It makes your lips soft and rosy and natural looking, merely by intensifying the color already in them.

Tangee looks orange in the stick. But put it on and you will see it change to the one shade of rose which is the natural tint of your own lips . . . because this lipstick alone contains the magic Tangee color-change principle, making it *actually* change to the color best suited to your type. Your lips look soft, full and lovely.

• Herbert Marshall, co-starring with Margaret Sullavan in **"The Good Fairy"**, made the famous lipstick test between scenes of this new **Universal Picture.** Present were one girl wearing no lipstick, one girl wearing Tangee, one girl wearing ordinary lipstick. Asked which lips were most appealing, Herbert Marshall instantly picked the Tangee girl.

Get Tangee. The large economical size costs just $1.10. A smaller size is 39c. Or make a quick trial with the famous 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set. Contains Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, and the New Tangee Face Powder. Send 10 cents with coupon below.

*World's Most Famous Lipstick*

**TANGEE**

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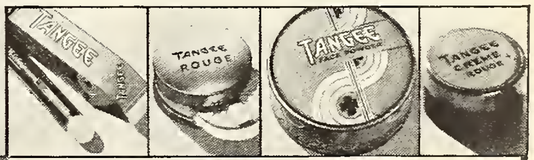

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**"WET"** *all year 'round!*

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*Now!*
HORSE RACING AT THE NEW
SANTA ANITA TRACK...

E. S. HAMMACK

## What Love Has Done for Gloria Stuart

[*Continued from page 27*]

has made her dissatisfied with her work on the screen.

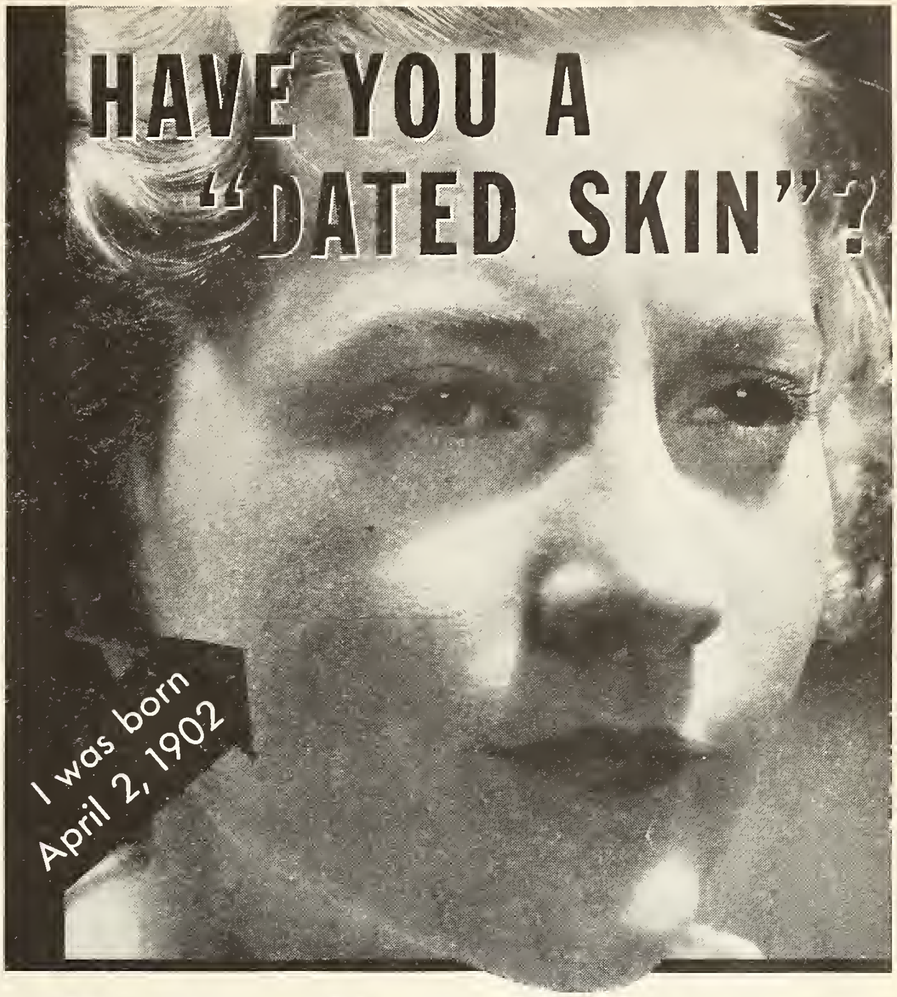
Gloria has attributed her failure to do her best work in Hollywood to the feverish excitement of life in the movie capital, to poor rôles, to the limitations of the screen—to this and to that—

"But now I know," said Gloria, earnestly, "that the greatest gift an actress can possess is capacity for *emotion.* She must be able to feel personally all the despairs, raptures, hopes, angers of the characters she plays. It isn't enough to understand and imitate these emotions—tears that come out of a glycerine bottle aren't as dramatic as those that come out of the heart! A real actress is born, not trained. I have discovered there are several ways of being born! And one of them is to fall suddenly, unexpectedly, and completely in love."

IN HER four years in Hollywood, Gloria Stuart has furnished the interviewers with some of their most colorful quotations. Proud of being intensely "modern" she delighted in uttering startling statements about her schoolgirl marriage to Gordon Newell, the sculptor, which was, she claimed, an absolutely free arrangement, without any such old-fashioned thing as jealousy or possessiveness in it.

"What I thought was being modern was just being young and inexperienced," Gloria laughs now. "Of course, the truth was, Gordon and I weren't really in love or we would have known that jealousy was the proof of a happy marriage! What wife in love with her husband wants to be 'free'? My marriage to Arthur Sheekman has shown me how wrong I have been about almost everything. It's given me an entirely new perspective. And it has taught me to *feel* for the first time in my life. Suddenly I understand a hundred emotions in other people which I haven't ever experienced myself. I suppose it's because love is such an all-embracing experience that it explains all others. Now Arthur and I go over my scripts evenings, and I seem to see the women I play as flesh-and-blood people, not characters in a picture. I *know* that I am going to be a better actress from now on. . . .

"I would rather be happy than famous. Right now I am happy in my screen work, happy to feel that I am advancing in it a little. But I will never let Hollywood break my heart as it has so many. When they begin to ask, 'Whatever happened to Gloria Stuart?' you can tell them that she is living in a little village within sight and sound of the sea, raising delphiniums and children, baking gingerbread, and writing accounts of church socials for her husband's paper. Love has taught me to be a better actress, but that isn't half as important as the fact that Love has taught me to be a better human being."



**The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Give Your Age Away Every Time!**

By *Lady Esther*

A woman's age is a woman's secret. Even the election laws acknowledge this when they require only that a woman state that she is over 21.

Every woman is entitled to look young—as young, frankly, as she can make herself look. That is a woman's prerogative and no one can deny it her.

But many a woman betrays her age in the very shade of face powder she uses. The wrong shade of face powder makes her look her age. It "dates" her skin—stamps on it her birthdate. She may feel 21, act 21, dress 21, but she doesn't fool the world a bit. To calculating eyes she is 31 and no foolin'.

**Why Advertise Your Age?**

Color creates the effect of either age or youth. Any artist, any make-up expert, will tell you this. Even a slight difference in shade will make a big difference in years so far as appearance is concerned.

The wrong shade of face powder will not only make you look your age, but crueller still, years older than you really are!

If you want to find out whether your shade of face powder is playing you fair or false, make this unfailing test: Send for all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free, and try each on your face before your mirror.

Don't try to select your shade in advance, as flesh, natural or rachel, etc. Try each of all the 5 shades. In other words, don't try to match your skin, but, rather, to flatter it. Merely matching your skin won't help. What you want to do is *enhance it in appearance!*

**The Shade for You Is One of These 5**

The 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder will answer all tones of skin. (I could just as well have made 25 shades, but I know from scientific tests that only 5 are necessary for all colorings of skin.) One of these 5 shades, probably the one you least suspect, will instantly assert itself as the one for you. It will prove your most becoming, your most flattering. It will "youthify" rather than age you in appearance.

When you get the supply of Lady Esther Face Powder which I send you free, test it also for smoothness. Make my famous "bite test". Place a pinch between your teeth and bite on it. Note how grit-free it is. Mark also what a delicate beauty it gives your skin and how long it clings and stays fresh. In every way you will find this the most flattering powder you ever tried.

Copyright by Lady Esther, 1935

*(You can paste this on a penny postcard)* (11) **FREE**
Lady Esther, 2040 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.
*Name*________________
*Address*________________
*City*__________ *State*________
*(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)*

MY EYES ARE KEPT *Clean and Clear* by using Murine daily. It soothes and refreshes tired, irritated eyes. Dependable for 40 years.

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Don't Take Drastic Drugs

Your Kidneys contain 9 million tiny tubes or filters which may be endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Be careful. If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Loss of Pep, Leg Pains, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, Neuralgia, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, you don't need to take chances. All druggists now have the most modern advanced treatment for these troubles—a Doctor's prescription called Cystex (Siss-Tex). Works fast—safe and sure. In 48 hours it must bring new vitality and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

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FREE BOOKLET

## Fredric March on a South Sea Isle

[*Continued from page* 25]

experience with the *pareu* when I told him I'd run into the same difficulty while trying to "go native" in the islands a few years ago.

"I tried spearing fish in the surf as the natives do, but without much success," March continued, "but we got some fine shots of the Tahitian fishermen with my little motion-picture camera. Later on I learned to use water goggles and prowled around under the waves looking at the gorgeous coral gardens and hunting for oysters.

"One morning we went out to the leper colony on the other side of Papeete. We saw dozens of natives suffering from this dread disease living in a tiny village with French physicians and nurses in charge.

"Mrs. March wouldn't go inside but the rest of us walked around and talked with some of the lepers. They seemed happy enough. I questioned two or three of them and they answered cheerfully."

Freddie tossed over a few pictures taken at the leper village.

"Now where was I in my travelogue," he wanted to know. I told him he had just finished with the leper colony and he swung back into his stride.

"Oh, yes," he resumed, "that trip kinda put a damper on our party, but the next day we went over to Moorea, a twelve mile trip across the roughest channel I ever saw. Some native friends had arranged an old-time feast for us and we got a chance to taste of whole pig roasted in leaves underground along with fish, *taro,* breadfruit, potatoes and *fei,* that last being a vegetable that looks like a banana but isn't.

"I even tried the raw fish of which the natives are so fond. They pickle it in lime juice and cocoanut milk and it's delicious—even if the very idea of eating raw fish sends chills up and down your spine.

"The best part of our trip was the swimming and fishing. The ocean is milk warm the year around and we could walk right in day or night without worrying about the temperature. Of course, you wear shoes of some sort to guard against coral cuts but you soon get used to that.

"We were fishing out in front of the hotel one morning when a native in a near-by canoe yelled for me to turn around. I whipped my boat around in time to watch a six or seven-foot shark glide by, his fin five or six inches out of the water."

"I SUPPOSE you're thinking our time on Tahiti must have been crowded, but we found plenty of time to loaf and sleep. We even took an evening off and visited the *'cinema',* Papeete's one motion-picture house where everyone and his dog goes two or three times each week.

"We saw a French talkie. No, it wasn't so bad. You know, Doug Fairbanks left the sound equipment for the *'cinema'* when he was down in the island in 1932 making Robinson Crusoe.

"Yep," in answer to one of my questions, "the dogs STILL parade up and down the aisles during the show and everyone eats watermelon, ice cream cones and candy from the Chinese candy carts outside."

Just at this time March suddenly discovered that he had been talking and showing me pictures for two straight hours.

"Say," he grinned like a school kid, "you probably have enough stuff to write a book on Tahiti. I have to get home."

He started cramming his pictures back into the bag but even then he couldn't quit the subject. We talked and talked—discovering mutual friends in Papeete and on Moorea—discussing Tahiti hotels, rum-punch recipes and the relative good looks of native and half-caste girls we both recalled.

March agreed with me when I ventured the opinion that *Turia,* niece of the queen, was the nicest of the bunch.

Although Freddie was still trying to make a polite exit I held him long enough to learn that he had become keenly interested in the brilliantly hued fish that swarm in the bays and lagoons of Tahiti. A friend of his is bringing back dozens of varieties for an aquarium now under construction at the March home.

Meet Cap'n W. C. Fields—excuse us, Commodore Orlando Jackson, distinguished gentleman—as he appears in Paramount's *Mississippi*

## Life Forced Barbara Stanwyck to be An Actress

[*Continued from page* 55]

lead my country against oppression. I couldn't picture myself as a shepherdess, for I knew nothing about green fields or uncrowded places. I acted Joan's life drama again and again, and I can still remember the crescendo of passion that I reached when I was led to the stake by the jeering soldiers—whose faces always bore a great resemblance to hardest looking characters along our street."

Strange that a half-starved little redhead in the tenements should spend her days playing Joan of Arc? No, for little Ruby Stevens who has lifted herself by her own bootstraps to stardom as Barbara Stanwyck, found a kindred nature in the French girl who lifted herself from the tending of her peasant father's sheep to the leadership of her King's armies. And Ruby Stevens, like Joan D'Arc, was a "different" child . . . and was often ridiculed."

I HAVE spoken of Barbara's father, the ne'er-do-well who sailed away to Panama and left his children to shift for themselves after the death of their mother. From time to time, he wrote to them and occasionally sent them a few dollars. For a brief time he played a part in Barbara's dreaming. He wrote that he was coming home. Barbara was eight years old then.

Home from the tropics, home from adventure! Barbara couldn't remember his features, but, for the first time in her life, she was really aware of her father. And her imagination glorified him. He would take them all out of poverty and give them a good home and love.

Conducted by her sisters, she took her dream to the pier to meet the ship. But she was never to know her father. En route from Panama, he had died and was buried at sea.

Boarding house slavey, orphan asylum charge, twelve-dollar a week typist, Barbara clung to her vicarious life of dreams with the tenacity that a ship-wrecked sailor clings to a floating spar—and for the same reason.

"But it's easy to dream too much. Most of my dreams were tinged with self-sympathy and I allowed my appreciation of my own misfortunes to grow on me until I began to lose perspective. When one 'grows up,' it's time to face facts.

"If I am thankful for the imagination that served me for armour against hardships when I was a child, I'm still more grateful for the shock that I had when Frank Fay took me to an orphanage, much like the one I had lived in, and made me see that the world is full of others no more fortunate than I was."

Life has forced Barbara Stanwyck to be an actress—and in giving her success and wealth and stardom, it has also given her memories which make her a very great person.

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try for an ART scholarship

Copy this girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win a COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE! This contest is for amateurs, so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter.

**Prizes for Five Best Drawings—FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, with drawing outfits. (Value of each course, $190.00.)**

**FREE!** Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a grading and advice as to whether he or she has, in our estimation, artistic talent worth developing.

Nowadays design and color play an important part in the sale of almost everything. Therefore the artist, who designs merchandise or illustrates advertising has become a real factor in modern industry. Machines can never displace him. Many Federal students, both men and girls who are now commercial designers or illustrators capable of earning from $1000 to $5000 yearly have been trained by the Federal Course. Here's a splendid opportunity to test your talent. Read the rules and send your drawing to the address below.

RULES

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

1. Make drawing 5 inches wide, on paper 6½ inches square. Draw only the girl and background, not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by April 5th, 1935. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

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"I was nervous and rundown. When I got up in the morning I felt too tired to do my work. I had such backache and soreness in my stomach I was always full of gas. Since I took the Vegetable Compound I am like a new person. I feel well and strong to take care of my big home and two children." Mrs. Amelia Otto, 3626 Fifth Street, Brooklyn, Maryland.

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How often we hear a woman say it. How discouraged and helpless she feels. Here is a medicine which has helped thousands of women who were tired, nervous and rundown. It will quiet quivering nerves—give you just the extra energy you need. Try it! All druggists sell it.

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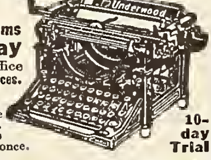

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## Ketti Gallian's Conquest

[*Continued from page* 31]

to take her out.

In *The Ace,* Ketti played the part of a French gamin, which was fortunate, because she knew no English. She was the only girl in the cast—and made a sensation in her part. (She would have, anyway, even if there had been a dozen other women in the play.) The gaminlike sheer black stockings and red garters which she wore, strangely enough, started quite a fad in dear old London. Shop girls and English society women alike cast aside the customary beige hose and began wearing lacy, transparent black.

And just as her unique fashion was taken up by everybody in general, so was Ketti, personally "taken up." The London night clubs seemed gayer because of her. The florists near the Lyric Theatre did a booming business. One florist in particular thought the world had come to an end when a certain distinguished London barrister ordered ten thousand roses to be sent to Miss Ketti Gallian. "You mean *all at once?*" stammered the astounded florist. "Yes, all at once," the gentleman replied, and just to show that he was a gentleman, he also sent vases in which to put the flowers!

Paris, London, New York, and Hollywood—the most eligible young men of each of these four centers of the world have all contrived to meet Ketti. That's the kind of a girl she is. She comes into a room and every man in the place immediately looks up his host and says, "Who's that girl? How about introducing me?"

Helen of Troy may have launched a thousand ships, and she still holds the record, but Ketti has launched quite a few herself, and given time . . . who knows? Her launching specialty is airships. After her brief sojourn in London, quite a few important Englishmen found it necessary to fly over to Paris on business. After her equally brief sojourn in New York, en route to Hollywood, some of Manhattan's hattiest men took off for the coast for a change, a rest, and a bit of fresh air. It's true that on the occasion of Ketti's first stay here, a sentry, or what amounted to as much, was stationed in front of her door—and Hollywood rumors that he was there to keep the men away.

During the daytime Ketti wears tailored suits, a simple tailored felt hat, black patent leather pumps, and no jewelry—which is a true Continental fashion. But in the evening—well, that is a Ketti of another color. Swathed in silk or satin of a simple, elegant cut, she flaunts diamond bracelets on both arms, usually from her wrist to her elbows. Even blasé Hollywood sits up and takes notice of that!

A NEW CONTEST!

Plenty of prizes and lots of fun. Turn now to page 62 of this issue of MOVIE CLASSIC.

## How Hollywood Stages Its Parties

[*Continued from page* 41]

much as ordinary teacups do; the plates are about the size of standard bread-and-butter plates. Every piece is delicately fluted, and tiny lavender rosebuds are scattered casually here and there over the ivory background. Gold bandings complete the decoration, and a honey of a baby silver teapot reigns over the entire tray, which is one of those cute carved walnut ones with legs about two feet high. The cloth and serviettes are white Madeira and the spoons are small to match the cups. Mrs. Hersholt serves Danish coffeecake, sliced very thin; assorted tea cakes, and slim candy bars of chocolate filled with rum-flavored stuffing.

Margaret Sullavan does things with an informal grace. Following her marriage to William Wyler, she stepped into the rôle of hostess and started her entertaining with a buffet supper in her husband's honor. Delicately tinted aspics, canapes, jellies, and cakes were so artfully arranged that flowers were unnecessary to the decorative motif.

From the quiet relaxation of Hollywood's tea parties, let's plunge headfirst into the dinner Connie Bennett is attending at the Cocoanut Grove. The most amazing thing about the whole affair is the centerpiece. In the middle of the round table a mass of tropical fruits are banked high and handsome. There are bananas, pomegranates, oranges, pineapples, and roselles resting on a bed of asparagus and maidenhair fern, with a few flowers stuck in here and there to add tone to the doings.

One of the parties that perhaps interested you most was Ginger Rogers' wedding reception. Everyone knows the details by now, but Ginger's smart idea of table decoration might have escaped some of the girls who are wondering how to have their own bridal tables arranged next June. Surmounting the cake, Ginger had a doll about a foot high which looked almost exactly like her. It was dressed as a bride, and down the table, on either side, were smaller secondary dolls which were dressed like the bridesmaids, even to little bouquets.

Let's pay a visit to Gail Patrick, lunching in her dressing room between shots on the *Mississippi* set. The vision of Gail, resplendent in a blue picture gown, her hair piled high in masses of shining dark curls, her little room cozy with beauty and hospitality, is food enough for anyone. Remember the story about Oscar Wilde, who entered a restaurant and had to wait a long while for his order to be taken? During the wait, Wilde sat staring at a single red rose in a vase on the table, and when finally he was asked what he would like, he replied, "I have already dined."

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HERE'S A sure way to relieve badly chapped hands—a quick way to make red, rough, ugly-looking hands soft, smooth and white. Try it—if it doesn't greatly improve your hands overnight, *it will cost you nothing!*

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Over 10,000,000 jars of Noxzema are used yearly to relieve skin irritations—not only chapped hands, but chapped lips, chafing, chilblains, etc. Thousands of women apply Noxzema as a powder base and at night to end Large Pores, Pimples, Blackheads, Oiliness and other ugly skin faults.

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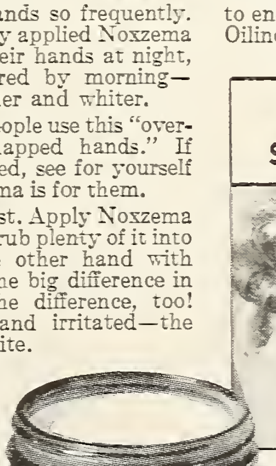

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# OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

If discouragements could beat down determination
there would be one less star in the cinema firmament

## *A Hollywood Short Short Story*

### By JACK GRANT

"OPPORTUNITY knocks only once," said the young man. "Isn't that what they used to say in your day, granddad?"

"Yep," answered the old vaudevillian. "Yep, that's what they said. But you know, son," and the old fellow's voice grew very confidential, "I can't say I ever really believed it."

"Why not?" asked the youngster, settling himself comfortably in anticipation of one of the old vaudevillian's stories.

"Just because I've been in show business all my life," was the proud reply. "And in show business, opportunity keeps on knocking until somebody lets it in.

"One case I recollect in particular. It was only a few years ago when the boy was just about your age. A fine, strapping young fellow he was, too, ambitious and constantly on the look-out to better himself.

"The first time I saw him, he was playing straight man in an act with a comic and a girl. You know what a straight man is—he says all the lines that give the comic a chance to be funny.

"In this act, he was supposed to be a rich lad and he made his entrance in a cafe scene right after the comic, who had taken the girl to dinner, had confided he didn't have enough money to pay the check. The girl hadn't any money either. Then in came the rich fellow and right away spied a twenty-dollar bill lying on the floor. It was a big laugh—this situation of the man who didn't need the money finding it.

"Well, one night, all of us were tipped off that a big Broadway producer was in the audience, scouting the show in search of new talent for a revue he was putting on. Opportunity was knocking and even oldest troupers had difficulty concealing their hopes. Most excited of all was this young straight man. He had a good singing voice and musical comedy on Broadway was the height of his ambition.

"I could see him standing in the wings as my act was finishing. He could hardly wait to get on stage to do his stuff, although it was fifteen minutes at least before his entrance. Finally his cue came and on he went—only to trip on the doorsill and fall full length on the stage right on top of the twenty-dollar bill!

"Now, if our young actor had been of the belief, as you are, that opportunity knocks only once, he would have quit the theatre then and there. But even the ignominy of falling before the first Broadway producer to catch his act failed to stop him. When next I heard of him, he was singing one of the leading rôles in a tabloid musical comedy touring the sticks.

"The opening number of this show—I've forgotten its name—had him dressed as an Indian. He sang a verse and two choruses of the song, then disappeared into a tepee while the Indian maidens did a dance. In the tent, he made a quick change to evening clothes for the next scene.

"The change was a tough one, but my friend got so he could make it with time to spare. While he was waiting in the tent, he kidded the chorus girls, whispering remarks to them as they did their dance with the intention of breaking them up—which in show business means making them laugh.

"But the night they picked to play a joke in return wasn't so funny to the leading man. For the second time, opportunity was knocking for him. A musical comedy scout was in the audience that night and he knew it.

"As a consequence, he took especial pains in making his change in the tepee. He wanted to look his best in his evening clothes for the next scene.

"The lights went out on the Indian scene and he started to run out of the tent to be in center stage before the back drop descended and the lights went up again for his solo. But the tent flaps wouldn't open. The chorus girls, as they danced by, had pinned the tepee tightly shut with safety pins!

"While the orchestra vamped patiently, the leading man fought frantically to get free. Finally he managed to upset the tent and crawl out, a very much rumpled and soiled young soloist. He was out of breath and sang badly. So again opportunity passed him by."

The old vaudevillian paused for effect.

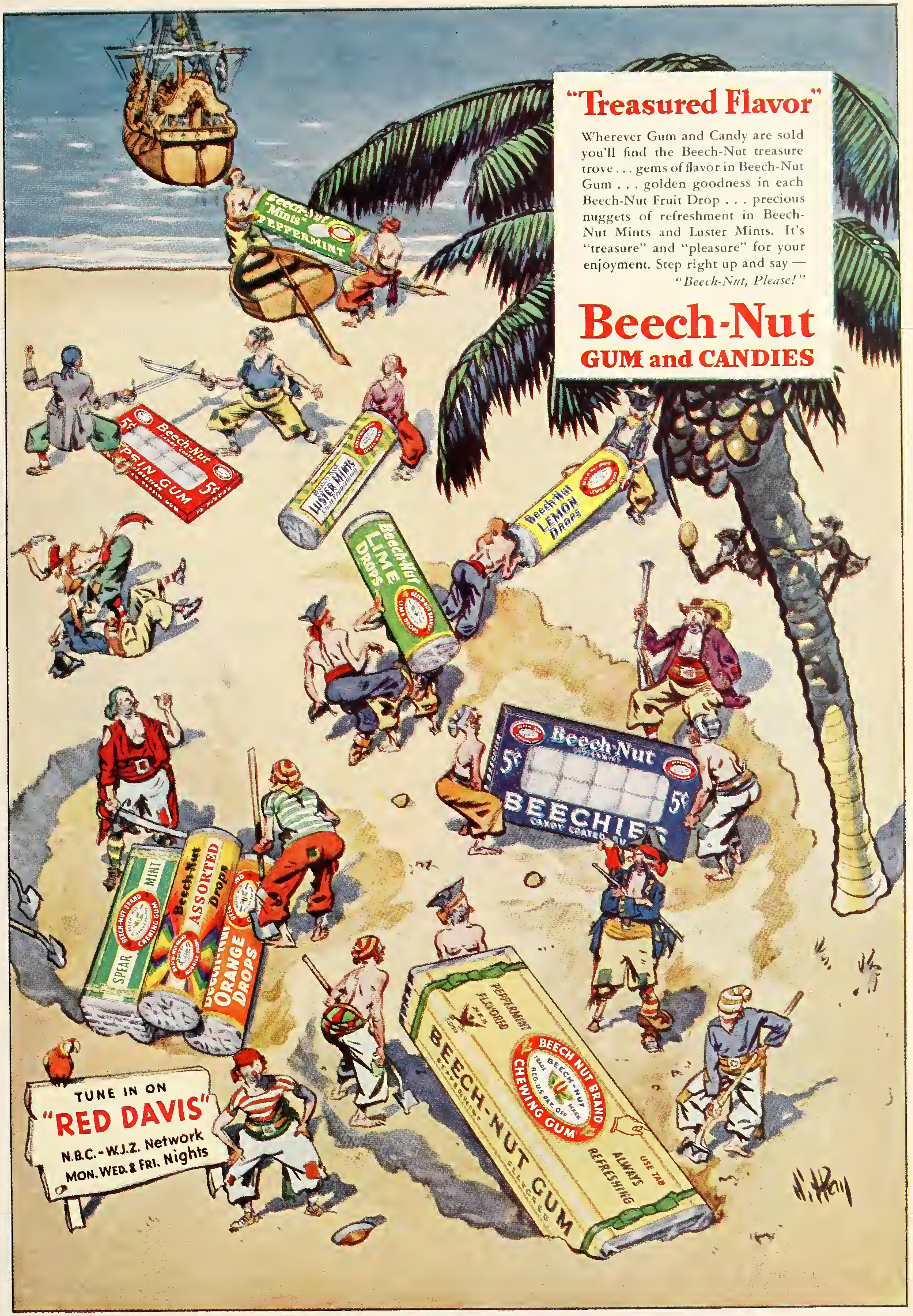
"Opportunity wasn't through with my friend, however. He got to Broadway after all and scored quite a hit in musical comedies. Then, one summer, he came to Hollywood on a vacation. While in Hollywood, Paramount studios invited him to make a test.

"He had never been on a studio stage before and what do you think the poor fellow did? He got tangled up in those pesky electric cables and fell down right in front of the cameras."

"So even a third opportunity did him no good," ventured the young man.

"Who said it didn't," growled the old vaudevillian. "The Paramount folks were doubly interested in his test because he didn't allow the accident to upset his playing of the scene.

"They gave him a contract and today Cary Grant is rated with the best young men on the screen. So don't try to tell him or me that opportunity knocks only once."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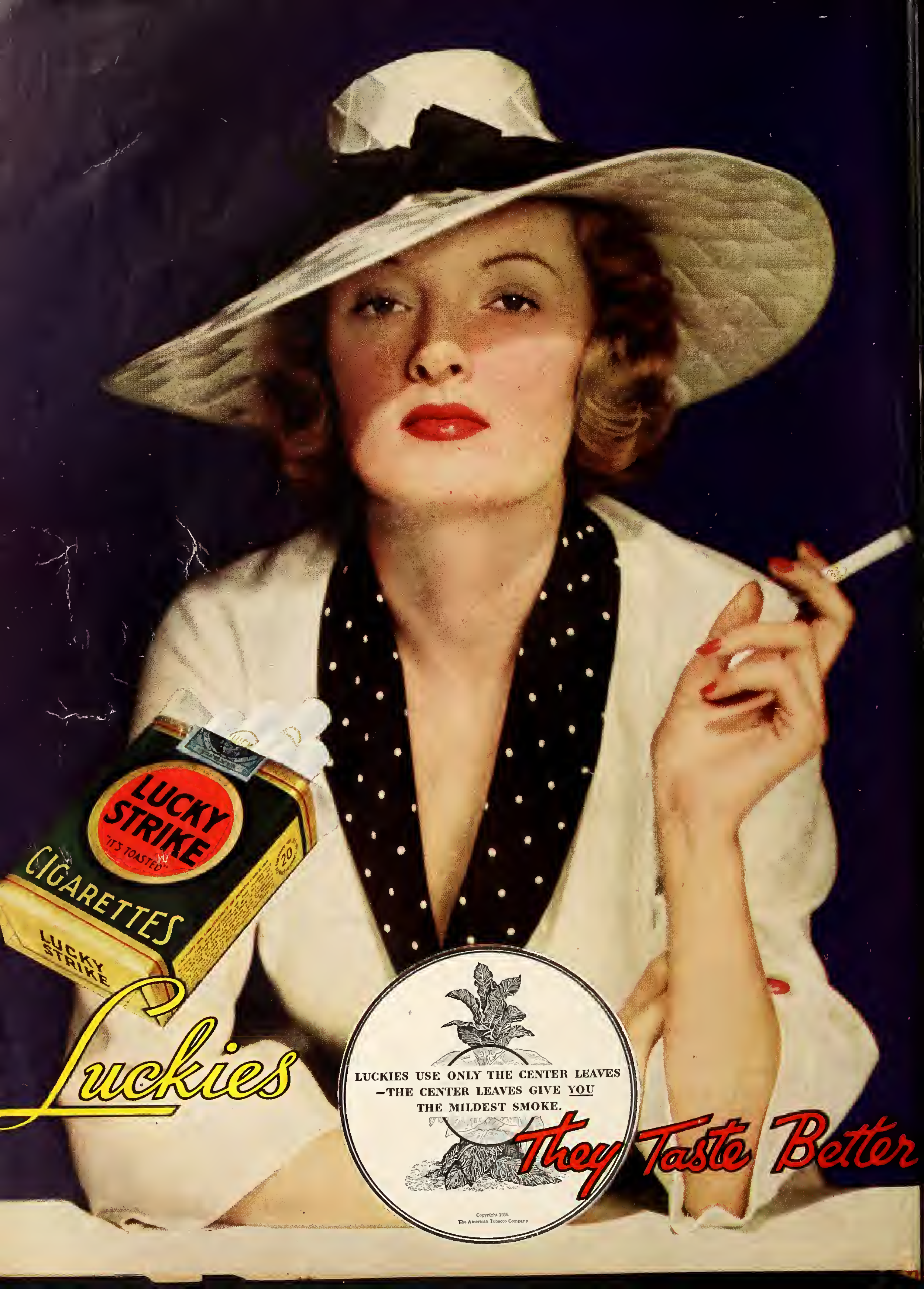

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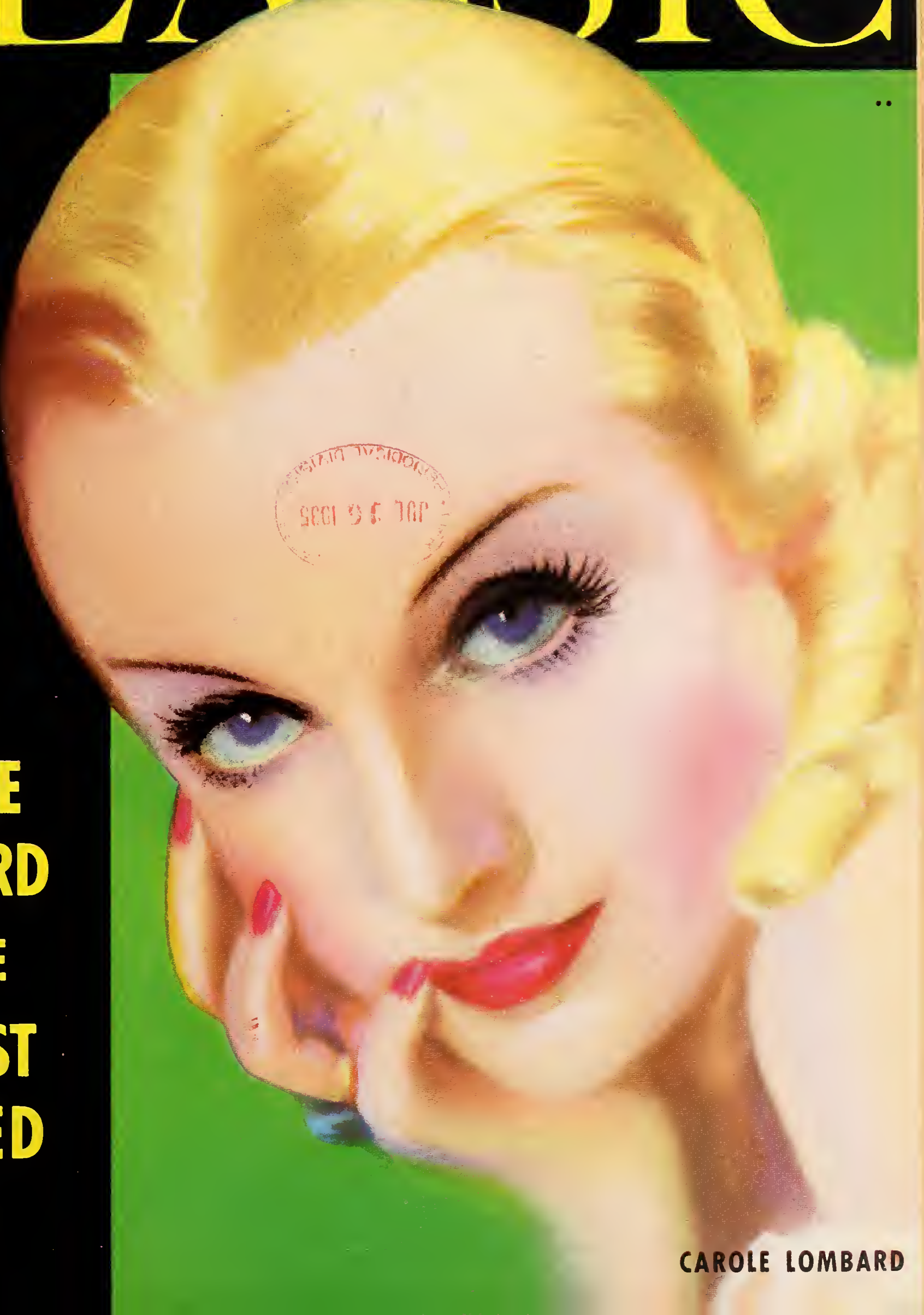

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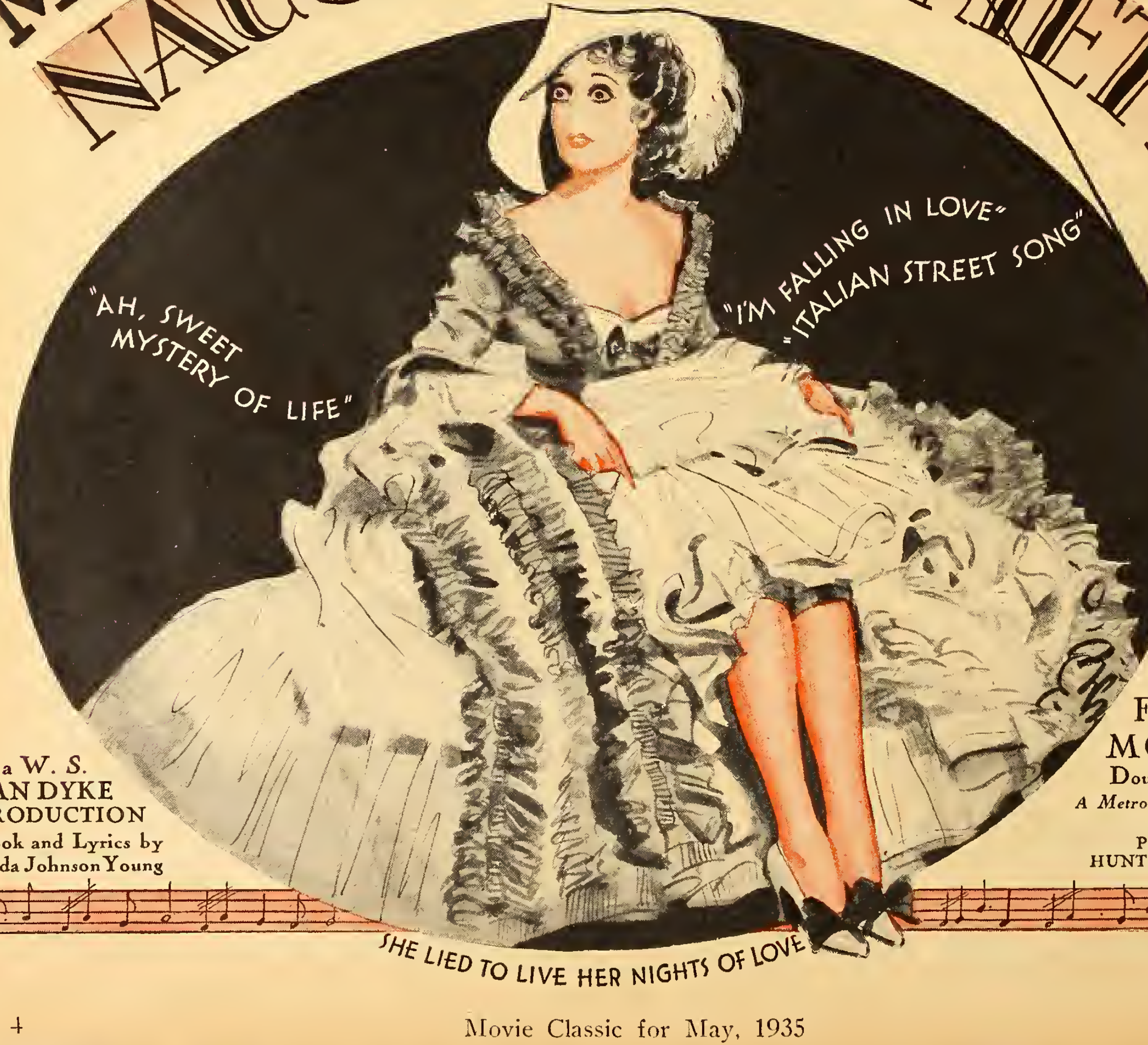
"AH, SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE"
"I'M FALLING IN LOVE"
"ITALIAN STREET SONG"
SHE LIED TO LIVE HER NIGHTS OF LOVE

a W. S.
VAN DYKE
PRODUCTION
Book and Lyrics by
Rida Johnson Young

*with*
FRANK
MORGAN
Douglas Dumbrille
*A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture*
Produced by
HUNT STROMBERG

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MURPHY McHENRY
Editor
VOL. 8 No. 3

# MOVIE CLASSIC

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor
MAY, 1935

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK

We don't blame you, for that happy smile, Joan Crawford, after hearing the box-office reports on "Forsaking All Others." That picture was an answer to plenty of your critics—and MOVIE CLASSIC'S mailbox has been crammed with letters from readers, saying so. You have defenders, Joan, who would gladly go gunning for anybody who makes newspaper-stabs at you. But you can — and will — dispose of the opposition in person in June MOVIE CLASSIC, with "Joan Crawford Answers Her Critics."

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# Inside News of HOLLYWOOD

By Jack Grant

### *Academy Sweepstakes*

THE Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, an organization formed to bestow appropriate honors upon deserving artists in all branches of the industry, has made its Awards for 1934.

*It Happened One Night,* the delightful and romantic comedy turned out by Columbia with Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert as stars, swept the field and took five different prizes.

The list of awards made at the Academy banquet, Hollywood's greatest annual affair, follows:

Best performance, actress: Claudette Colbert in *It Happened One Night.*

Best performance, actor: Clark Gable in *It Happened One Night.*

Best Production: Columbia for *It Happened One Night.*

Best Direction: Frank Capra for *It Happened One Night.*

Best Original story: Oliver H. P. Garrett and Joseph L. Mankiewicz for *Manhattan Melodrama.*

Best Adaptation: Robert Riskin for *It Happened One Night.*

### *American Injustice*

**THERE has seldom been such a case of the miscarriage of the much-boasted American justice as that which concerns Alberto Valentino. The brother of the beloved Rudolph Valentino has watched Rudy's estate, originally evaluated at close to a million dollars, vanish in thin air. One property after another was sold or declared worthless until only Falcon Lair remained. Now that has gone too, purchased for a mere eighteen thousand dollars of its one hundred and twenty-five thousand appraisal. And even at that price, not a penny will go to Rudy's rightful heirs. Administration expenses, income taxes and other liens against the estate will absorb it all.**

**Alberto Valentino, with his wife and son, faces the necessity of finding another home. For a number of years now, the Valentino family have been living in rooms over the garage at Falcon Lair. They have drawn a monthly wage of thirty-five dollars as caretakers. There have been times, when work was scarce, when that money was all they had to live on. Now that their tiny income is gone and the roof over their heads, too, Alberto *has* to find work. Not that he hasn't tried, walking the streets day after day, anxious to take any honest job. But work isn't easy to find for a man who speaks broken English.**

**Surely, in this great industry, there is a place for him. His brother is one of filmdom's immortals. Sentimentality alone should demand that somebody give him a job. He speaks and writes four languages. Yet his adopted land, the country that applauded Rudy to the echo, hasn't a friendly hand for Alberto Valentino.**

### *A Boy Grows Older*

IN A Los Angeles newspaper appeared the account of a robbery at Jackie Cooper's home. Throughout the story, the reporter consistently called him by his last name. "Look mother," said Jackie upon reading the paper, "I'm 'Cooper' now. I guess I've grown up."

### *Stymieing the Censor*

**ANNA STEN'S new picture for Samuel Goldwyn, *The Wedding Night*, contains a scene that censors will have trouble cutting. The situation is this: Anna Sten, as a Polish farmer's daughter, is forced by a blizzard to spend the night in Gary**

[*Continued on page* 8]

George Bancroft, Mrs. Bancroft and their charming daughter were among those who attended the opening of Jack Dempsey's new restaurant in New York

# Mae's Change of Pace...

### *by* Ted Allen

Every big league pitcher knows the value of a change of pace. First a fast one, then a wide curve, then a high one on the inside, then another fast one right across the heart of the plate. That wins baseball games.

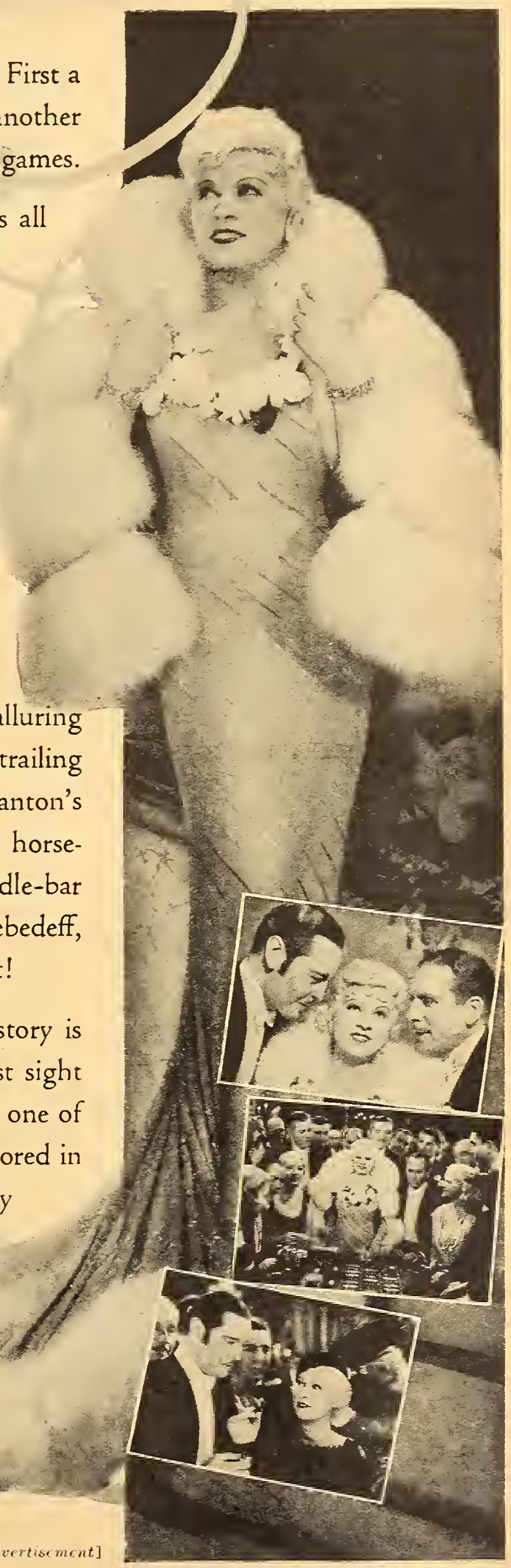
And Mae West, the feminine Babe Ruth of the screen, knows all about change of pace too. An expert on fast ones and wide curves, she long ago learned the value of varying her style to meet public demand.

All of which is by way of pointing out that Mae West is about to give theatre-goers a brand-new version of herself. Having set a home-run record with her characterizations of the Gay Nineties, she decided it was time to change pace. She has done it by going completely, down-to-the-minute modern in her newest Paramount Picture, "How Am I Doin'?"

Gone are the exaggerated curves and towering head-dresses of "She Done Him Wrong." In their place are the just-as-alluring 1935 model curves and the smartest of today's coiffures. The trailing gowns of the Mauve Decade have been replaced by Travis Banton's smartest creations. The sixteen-cylinder town car replaces the horse-drawn barouche. And there isn't a pearl gray derby or a handle-bar mustache to be found on either Paul Cavanaugh or Ivan Lebedeff, the "tall, dark and handsome" masculine members of the cast!

Always her own scenarist, Miss West has seen to it that the story is as modern as the characters who appear in it. But she hasn't lost sight of the basic entertainment values that have distinguished every one of her box office smashes of the past. It's a Mae West story tailored in the 1935 fashion for Mae West by Mae West and directed by Alexander Hall, the man who gave the screen "Little Miss Marker."

"How Am I Doin'?" the star asks in the title of this Paramount Picture. And the answer from an army of West fans promises to be a mighty "Okay, Mae!"



[*Advertisement*]

# INSIDE *News of* HOLLYWOOD

[*Continued from page 6*]

**Cooper's house. They are alone in the place and Cooper, before going to bed, tiptoes into the girl's room to place another blanket over her. He kisses her once, then runs out of the room.**

**If the censors cut that scene on any one of the grounds for which censors mutilate pictures, they will put an entirely different implication upon the night Anna and Gary spend under the same roof.**

### *Takes and Retakes*

W. S. VAN DYKE has the unique distinction of being the only director in Hollywood who doesn't go to see his own daily rushes—you know, the scenes that are taken each day. "If there is anything wrong with 'em, I'll hear about it," he says. "So why waste time looking at 'em myself?"

Long trips shooting pictures in the far-off corners of the world, where there is no equipment to develop rushes, probably taught Van that he doesn't need to view his day's work in a projection room.

### *Practice*

**IN *Strangers All,* William Bakewell plays another of his long line of characterizations of boys who have ambitions to become actors. Preston Foster cracked, "If Billy plays enough of these kids, he will be an actor yet. Always practicing."**

### *Gift For Mother-in-law*

STAN LAUREL owned a parrot, a most intelligent bird with an enormous vocabulary. But the parrot had the bad habit of biting Stan—very painfully. So he gave the bird away—to his mother-in-law!

### *Country Boy Makes Good*

**PINKY TOMLIN is in pictures, under contract to M-G-M. His first part is in *Times Square Lady* and he plays a boy from the country who writes a song hit called *The Object of My Affections* and scores a terrific hit singing it in a night club.**

**The part is a slice from Pinky's own life. He is really the author of *The Object of My Affections* and he became an overnight sensation singing it in a local night spot. Within a few months, he was earning more in a week than he had previously earned in a year.**

MOVIE CLASSIC's staff photographer snapped this Marion Davies smile as she watched the $100,000 Santa Anita handicap at Santa Anita race track

### *Back-Seat Acting*

IN a scene for *Strangers All,* the court-room drama Charles Vidor is directing at RKO-Radio, the entire cast sits on the front-line witness bench while the district attorney and the defense attorney indulge in a heated argument. After the second take, Vidor announced, "The trouble with this scene is that there is not enough back-seat acting."

### *Blow-Ups*

**AT THE Warner Club party, the high lights of the evening were a skit featuring caricatures of Hollywood's producers—á la the famous Gridiron dinners—another act in which Ann Dvorak graciously played a supporting rôle to a studio stenographer and a reel made of "blow-ups." Blow-ups are those scenes in which a player forgets the dialogue and generally cusses about it.**

**The most amusing of these scenes were provided by Busby Berkeley and the chap who laughed loudest at them was "Buzz" himself.**

### *Professional Discourtesy*

OTHER important parties included the first annual ball of the Warners Club and the second of the year's Mayfairs. The Mayfair was held the night of the big race at Santa Anita when Azucar won the richest stake ever offered in America.

There was the usual entertainment with Ben Bernie as master of ceremonies. Although he asked for professional courtesy from the crowd in greeting the singers, the din did not subside while they sang. It was the most discourteous racket ever witnessed at a professional gathering. Even the comparison of winnings and losses on the race does not provide a sufficient alibi.

### *Unwanted Guest*

**KAY FRANCIS gave one of the season's most elaborate parties at the Vendome. She spent several thousand dollars in remodeling the cafe building to make it look like a ship at dock. The guests walked up a gang plank and were forced to slide down to the floor below.**

**Nearly everyone of importance in Hollywood attended. But no newspaper reporters. The one news syndicate man who turned up was asked to leave.**

### *Add Star Hobbies*

BETWEEN scenes of *Reckless,* Jean Harlow was seen to climb on the stage of the theatre set, get down on her hands and knees, and followed by a chap with a bucket, crawl around doing something. The rest of the company were shooting in the orchestra pit, and no one could quite make out what Jean was doing.

Curiosity got the better of some of us, so we mounted the stage to investigate. Jean was discovered to be filling in the holes left by tacks on the floor, painting them black to keep them from showing. Nor would she allow the painter, whose regular job this was, to work without her when she was playing a scene.

## THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

**GO INTO YOUR DANCE** with Ruby Keeler in the swellest stepping she's ever done!

**GO INTO YOUR DANCE** as Al Jolson sings his heart out to Ruby in 5 new ballads!

**GO INTO YOUR DANCE** to the lilting tunes of 8 grand songs by Warren & Dubin!

**GO INTO YOUR DANCE** with Glenda Farrell, Patsy Kelly, Helen Morgan, Benny Rubin, and other big stars!

**GO INTO YOUR DANCE** with 100's of girls in ravishing Bobby Connolly spectacles!

☆

**Clap Hands for Another Honey from Warner Bros.—a Lyrical Miracle that Runs Away with April's Blue Ribbon! Even if Its Drama and Music Weren't Blended So Magically into Entertainment That Is Sheer Enchantment, You'd Still Insist on Seeing It Because It Teams for the First Time on the Screen**

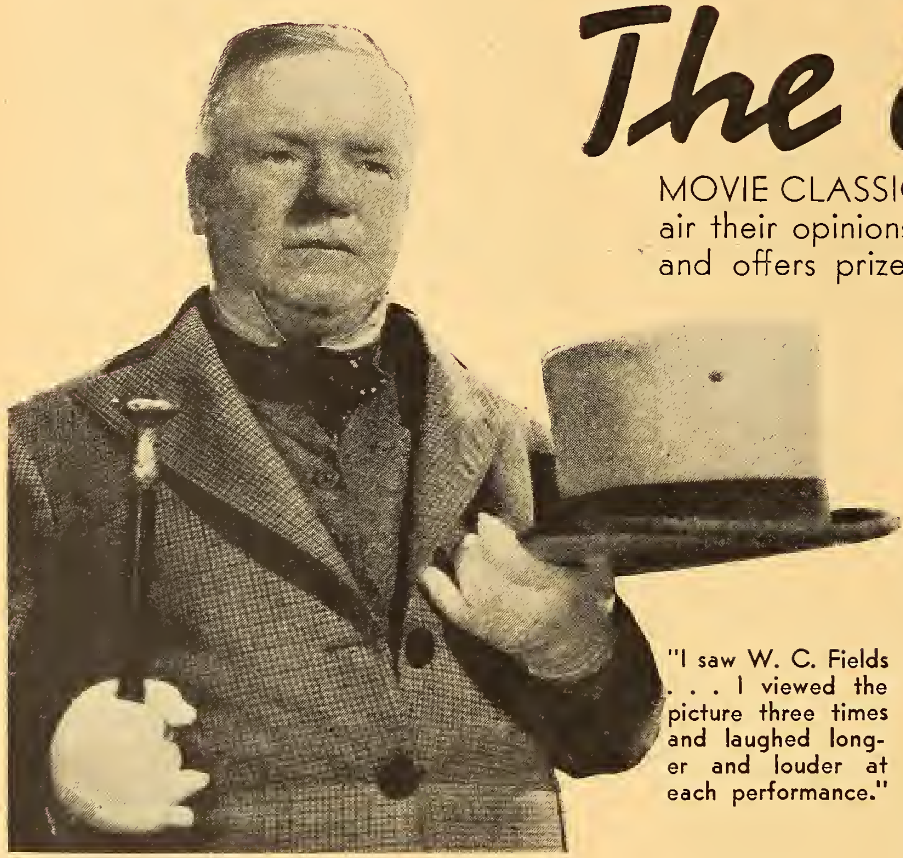
*Al*
# JOLSON
and
*Ruby*
# KEELER
in
# "GO INTO YOUR DANCE"

**Famous "42nd Street's" author, Bradford Ropes, wrote this story of a girl who played with death for her man's life—staged against the thrilling backdrop of New York's hot spots. And you'll like Archie L. Mayo's smart direction for First National Pictures.**

☆

# Letters To The Editor

MOVIE CLASSIC invites its readers to air their opinions of pictures and stars and offers prizes for the best letters



"I saw W. C. Fields . . . I viewed the picture three times and laughed longer and louder at each performance."

## DOUBLE FEATURES

*($15 Prize Letter)*

THE other evening I visited my neighborhood theatre to see *The Merry Widow,* and spent a very tiresome evening. But, in all fairness to its producers, I must admit that it was not the fault of the picture that I did not enjoy *The Merry Widow.* It may be a very excellent picture. I wouldn't know. I took my seat in the theatre at 7 p.m. and left at 10:45 o'clock the same evening. During the three hours and forty-five minutes that I occupied a not too comfortable seat, I witnessed, (if I can remember it all) a newsreel; a travelogue; an animated cartoon; a singing cartoon; a sportologue; and an uninteresting feature length picture that I had seen and failed to enjoy once before, the title of which I had—and still have—forgotten. And finally, some time at the close of the evening, *The Merry Widow.* Needless to say, my eyes, nerves and limbs were completely numbed and by the time the advertised feature appeared, I personally could not have appreciated the spectacle of Moses Receiving the Ten Commandments, with the original Cast.

Yet I heard the manager of this theatre complain of the poor support the community is giving his playhouse. "I try to give them everything," he said. Well, he'll have to give a great deal less before he will ever get me into his place again. The double feature bill may be a great bargain, but as entertainment, it is no bargain. Usually, one of the features is uninteresting, or one you have seen before, or if both films are desirable, the average adult would prefer to see them at different times.—*May B. Burns, Rancho Buenaventura, Chula Vista, Calif.*

## STAR OF STARS

*($10 Prize Letter)*

WINSOME Marion Davies, who knows how to bring out the best in her co-stars without losing any of her own appeal, is my idea of an unselfish actress.

For instance, take Clark Gable, who co-starred with her in *Polly of the Circus,* and Bing Crosby of *Going Hollywood,* and Gary Cooper of *Operator Thirteen.* Look where they are today! Here's hoping that Marion will always stay on the top and be the brightest star of Hollywood. To me, she symbolizes that beautiful ideal in the thought that she lives and lets live. I truly look forward to seeing her in *Page Miss Glory.—Harold Riddle, 808 Walnut St., Fulton, Ky.*

## A GREAT PICTURE

*($5 Prize Letter)*

WHAT makes a great picture? Big Scenes? Superb acting? Perhaps. But when a story can so completely wrap the observer in its plot that he feels he is almost living the play with the characters—that is a great picture. When the scenes are so vivid and realistic that one is drawn into the heart of the pictured surroundings—that is also an outstanding factor of a great picture.

When the acting is as magnificent as that of Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Sir Guy Standing and Richard Cromwell, in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer,* along with all the above characteristics—that is really a great picture.—*Ralph J. Satterlee, 719½ E. Washington St., Muncie, Ind.*

[*Continued on page* 70]

MOVIE CLASSIC wants its readers to write their opinions of stars, productions and movie conditions in general so that all readers may benefit by them. MOVIE CLASSIC offers ten cash prizes: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; (4 to 10) $1 each. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The editors of MOVIE CLASSIC will be the sole judges. Write your letters immediately and address them to MOVIE CLASSIC's Letter Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

# See Hollywood!!

*A Palm-lined Boulevard*

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See the Hollywood of your dreams! Meet the stars personally, see them actually making pictures, visit their beaches, their favorite dancing and dining spots, see their homes.

Yes—you can see Hollywood in a way no ordinary traveler could ever hope for—as a guest of **Movie Classic** Magazine. We're planning a two-weeks' trip for a trainload of our readers. We'll visit the most thrilling spots in the West—the Rockies, the Bad Lands, Seattle, the Royal Gorge, Colorado Springs—take a cruise on Puget Sound—and then the glorious climax, Hollywood!

Every minute of the trip will be crowded to the brim with enjoyment. We'll travel in comfortable sleeping cars, eat the best of food, stop at the best hotels. Dinner dances, bridge tournaments, special sight-seeing tours are part of the planned entertainments.

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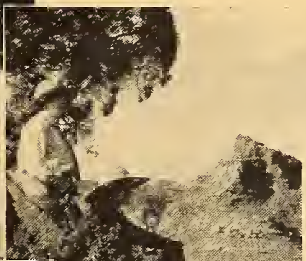
*On location*

*Bay at Santa Catalina*

*Mt. Baker*



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# MOVIE CLASSIC

# The Editor's Page

THERE are stories going the rounds—true or otherwise—to the effect that Universal will soon be sold to new interests.

It is not for anyone to say what any man shall or shall not do with his own personal property and fortune, but the movie fans of the country join us in voicing the hope that this does not mean the retirement of "Uncle Carl" Laemmle.

The history of the entire motion picture industry could be written around the life story of "Uncle Carl." He has fought through bitter strife to keep the world supplied with high-class entertainment and the entire business looks to him as one of the stalwart leaders within its fold.

"Uncle Carl" may sell out his holdings in Universal, he may decide that he is ready to retire to a well-deserved rest, but in this world there are men whose genius and determination will not permit them to pass so easily out of a picture as big as the film industry.

Selfish as it may sound, whatever the outcome of present or future negotiations concerning ownership of Universal, we hope that "Uncle Carl" will continue to be a dominant figure in the movie industry.

● ● ●

*In England they have a new game, called "looking for the glass-eyed star." It all started when a famous eye-maker made the statement that three famous English stars wear glass eyes. When he refused to divulge the names of the celebrities, he started the whole nation on a glass-eye hunt.*

● ● ●

WE LEARN that Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin and Samuel Goldwyn are organizing a company to produce twenty-five films during the next year for distribution through United Artists.

These three individuals have done much for the motion picture industry in general and for United Artists in particular and it is certain that their presentation of pictures will meet with immediate and definite response from the theatre-going public.

It is doubtful if, in any other three persons, Hollywood could find more valuable experience than in the Pickford-Chaplin-Goldwyn combine. In a city which has seen almost everyone of importance have his or her ups and downs, it is unlikely that one can recall any three who have had fewer reverses, from the viewpoint of good pictures.

Movie Classic, on behalf of the people throughout the country who support the movies with paid admissions, extends a welcome to the new Pickford-Chaplin-Goldwyn setup and expresses the opinion that it will soon be an outstanding factor in the amusement world.

● ● ●

*Hollywood lovers of animals are up in arms over the action of a fiend who threw acid into the eyes of Warren William's Scotties. Many movie stars are ardent lovers of pets and this fact is a wholesome reflection on their characters. Warren William's fans the country over join him in his contempt for any person who would be mean enough to toss acid into the eyes of innocent pets.*

● ● ●

HERE'S a great big bouquet to RKO-Radio for its splendid presentation of the film version of *Roberta.* Such a picture proves that Hollywood can turn out films that are thoroughly entertaining from every point of view without being in the least way offensive to those who keep a stern eye on the moral side of screen productions.

There are those who will give a major portion of credit for the success of the picture to Fred Astaire, but here's one writer who takes his hat off in a big way to Ginger Rogers. While Fred Astaire deserves all the credit that is given him, the splendid teamwork shown by Ginger should not be overlooked. They make the perfect dancing couple and after seeing them perform in *Roberta,* our inclination is to cry for: "More of Rogers and Astaire."

● ● ●

*There are millions of movie fans throughout the country who enjoy seeing "old-timers" on the screen. They will be interested in the news that Chester Conklin will have an important part in Charlie Chaplin's new picture, now known only by the title,* Production No. 5. *It will be good to see in action again the comedy team which became famous twenty years ago when Mack Sennett was making film history along the comedy front.*

● ● ●

WE TIP our editorial hat to Columbia Pictures for winning the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best 1934 production through the making of *It Happened One Night.* That goes, also, for the stars, Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, who won the awards as the best actress and actor. There are few who will disagree with the decisions.

Murphy McHenry

# *Dreams come True*

## for the girl with a CAMAY COMPLEXION!

"All my dreams will come true when Ted and I are married. I'll always try to be lovely for his sake!"

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE is as smooth as her skin, for the girl with a clear, fresh complexion. And the peach-bloom beauty that Camay gives the skin is the beginning of many a romance.

The Soap of Beautiful Women can improve your beauty. You'll notice the fresh glow of cleanliness it brings to your cheek. And others will say you're a lovelier woman. For the regular use of Camay on your skin helps every good point of your features.

**Win Your Daily Beauty Contest with Camay's Help!**

You probably are far too modest to enter a Beauty Contest in which girls strut and pose before "beauty judges." But in daily life, your beauty is judged whenever someone glances at you. For every day is a Beauty Contest. And compliments, admiration are awarded to the girl with a lovely Camay Complexion.

"If I had to choose only one beauty aid, it would be Camay," said a girl who attends an Eastern college. "Camay's rich fragrant lather leaves my skin so soft and refreshed."

"My skin has looked ever so much fresher since I began using this mild, pure beauty soap," said one lovely bride. Try Camay and convince yourself. It's the creamy-white beauty soap with the delicate lather that can do wonders for your good looks! Get Camay today! It is beautifully wrapped in green and yellow, and is sealed in Cellophane.

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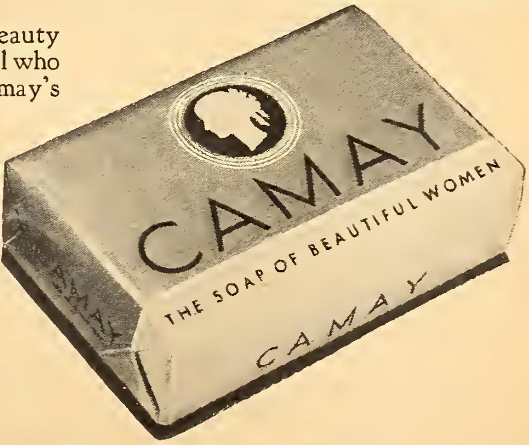

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. . . Read how Miss Jean Healy reduced her hips 9 INCHES!
"I read an advertisement of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE 10-day trial offer."
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**REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS**
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# Questions

DO YOU have questions concerning your favorite movie stars which you want answered? If you do, just ask THE MAN WHO KNOWS. If you desire an immediate reply, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope and he will reply to you by return mail. Or you can send in your questions and they will be answered in an early issue of MOVIE CLASSIC. Mail your questions now to THE MAN WHO KNOWS, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

Q. Is Steffi Duna making any more pictures? I last saw her in *Red Morning* with Regis Toomey. C. E. W.

**A. Her latest picture is *Order, Please!***

Q. Is Tom Mix going to make any more pictures or is he retired? Paul.

**A. The cowboy star is far from retired. He has just completed a serial for Mascot Pictures entitled *The Miracle Rider,* to be released in May.**

Q. What is the name of Leslie Howard's wife? Was she ever in pictures? E. J. S.

**A. Ruth Martin was the maiden name of Mrs. Howard. She was never in the movies.**

Q. How old is Franchot Tone? What color are his eyes and hair and how tall is he? M. N. V.

**A. Franchot was born February 27, but will not tell the year. He is six feet tall and has light brown hair and hazel eyes.**

Q. Who are some of the actors and actresses who are still in school? B. S.

**A. Anne Shirley, Shirley Temple, Jackie Cooper, Cora Sue Collins and Mickey Rooney. The California state laws regarding school attendance by minors are very strict.**

Q. What has become of Billie Dove? Dorothy M.

**A. Billie is now married to Robert Kenaston, young California business man, and is a recent mother.**

Q. What are the names of the songs which Ramón Novarro and Evelyn Laye sing in *The Night is Young?* What will Novarro's next picture be? M. L.

**A. The songs are *The Night is Young, Riot in Havana* and *When I Grow Too Old to Dream.* Novarro has no picture scheduled at present.**

Q. Is Dick Powell going to make another picture with Ruby Keeler? How old is Dick and how old is Ruby? Was Dick ever married and if so to whom? J. Demars.

**A. As yet, Dick and Ruby have no picture scheduled in which they will play together. Dick's latest is *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and Ruby's is *Go into Your Dance.* Dick was born November 24, 1912, and Ruby on August 25, 1909. Dick was formerly married to Mildred Maund.**

Q. When is Grace Moore going to make another picture and how old is Myrna Loy? Barbara C.

**A. The tentative title for Miss Moore's next picture is *On Wings of Song.* Myrna was born on August 2, 1906.**

Q. Who was the man who played the part of the professor in *Bachelor of Arts?* L. W.

**A. Henry B. Walthall.**

Q. Do you know any movie actor or star whose hobby is to collect rare old clocks? How old are Maurice Chevalier and Clark Gable? Mrs. W. M.

**A. I do not know of anyone collecting old clocks. Chevalier was born July 18, 1899, and Gable on February 1, 1901.**

Q. What has become of the old silent favorite, Naomi Childers? R. S. A.

**A. Naomi Childers is in Hollywood, planning to try a comeback in the films.**

Q. Who are some of the youngsters of moviedom who are training for careers in the industry? D. D.

**A. Some of the youngsters now being trained for the films are: Erich Von Stroheim, Jr.,**

# and Answers

## *By the Man Who Knows*

**son of the noted senior of the same name; Jesse Lasky, Jr., the producer's son; Katherine De Mille, daughter of Cecil B.; Bryant Washburn, Jr., carrying on his famous father's name; and Carlyle Blackwell, Jr., son of the one-time star of the same name.**

Q. Who is the producer of *Four Stars to Love?* J. Y.

**A. Felix Young, a newcomer at RKO.**

Q. Is it true that Pat O'Brien is leaving the films for the stage? Gracie.

**A. No, Pat is remaining in the films for the time being, anyway. He had an offer from a Broadway producer, but turned it down.**

Q. Is Elisabeth Bergner married and if so to whom? F. H.

**A. Elisabeth Bergner is married to Paul Czinner, a producer at British-Gaumont.**

Q. Is Douglas Shearer, of the M-G-M Sound Department, any relation to Norma Shearer? J. A.

**A. Yes, Douglas is Norma's brother.**

Q. What has become of Nils Asther? Betty.

**A. Nils recently returned from England, where he was on a vacation and made a picture or two.**

Q. Is Constance Cummings in a New York play? H. V.

**A. Constance Cummings is now appearing on Broadway in the stage play, *Accent on Youth.***

Q. Will Herbert Marshall appear in many more pictures this season and which company is his contract with? V. M.

**A. Marshall is under contract to Paramount and will make three pictures during the current year and one in 1936, with options for more.**

Q. Who is playing opposite Mae West in her next picture and what will be the title of the production? F. S.

**A. Mae West's new Paramount production is *How Am I Doin'?* and Ivan Lebedeff and Paul Cavanagh have the two leading male roles.**

Q. Who directs the dancing for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's musical comedies? Patty Jo.

**A. Chester Hale is responsible for most of the dance scenes at the M-G-M Studios.**

Q. What has become of Hobart Bosworth? Freddie.

**A. Hobart Bosworth is in the cast of Cecil B. De Mille's *The Crusades.***

Q. What has become of Laura La Plante? H. T.

**A. Laura La Plante has been signed by Warner Brothers in England and will be seen in some of their pictures this coming season.**

Q. Where is Pauline Starke? Hank.

**A. Pauline Starke is in England.**

Q. Has Lyda Roberti any special beau? Johnnie.

**A. Lyda seems to be very much interested in a young man by the name of Bud Ernst.**

Q. When is Charlie Chaplin's new picture to be released? F. G. H.

**A. It is doubtful whether the picture will be released before fall.**

Q. Who wrote the ditty, *The Three Little Pigs?* J. G.

**A. Ad Ronnell is the author of the famous piece.**

Q. Is Heather Angel a name adopted for the screen or her real name? G. L. L.

**A. Heather Angel is the real name of the star.**

Q. Is James Dunn Married? When and where was he born? Does he use his own name? Doris.

**A. To the best of any inquiring reporters' knowledge, Jimmy still is one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors. He was born November 2, 1905, in New York City. He uses the name his parents gave him.**

OUR "HOPE CHEST"

—it tells you why you shouldn't try an untried laxative

AT the Ex-Lax plant is a big box containing 522 little boxes. Each one contains a laxative that "hoped" to imitate Ex-Lax, and get away with it.

For 28 years we have seen them come and seen them go . . . while Ex-Lax has gone along growing bigger and bigger year by year . . . simply by giving satisfaction to millions of people who turned to it for pleasant, painless, thorough relief from constipation.

WHY EX-LAX HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME

Ex-Lax is a chocolated laxative . . . but it is so much more than just chocolate flavor and a laxative ingredient. The *way* it is made . . . the satisfaction it gives . . . these things apparently can't be copied. They haven't been yet!

Of course, Ex-Lax is thorough. Of course, it is gentle. It won't give you stomach pains, or leave you feeling weak, or upset you. It won't form a habit . . . you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes — at any drug store or mail the coupon below for a free sample.

When Nature forgets— remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
MP55 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
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# UNA MERKEL—

# *Picture Saver*

Una Merkel is beautiful to behold and is one of the most universally loved girls in Hollywood

Talent, combined with a marvelous disposition, keeps this charming young player the busiest actress in Hollywood

### By ROBERT FENDER

THERE'S a girl in Hollywood known to directors and writers as "the pulmotor girl." Does that mean anything to you? It didn't to me, either, until I started thinking of those things used by firemen, lifeguards and physicians known as pulmotors. They're the emergency machines employed to bring nearly dead people back to life.

Just so, when writers have a nearly dead story on their hands, they write in a part for this girl. And when directors see their pictures expiring dead away, they broadcast a frantic call for this very same girl. She'll save it if it can be saved, they cry. Get *her*. And get her right now!

The "her" in this case, as anyone in Hollywood will tell you, is a charming little person with blonde ringlets in her hair, a twinkle in her eyes and a great heart tucked away inside her. Her name is Una Merkel. And she's perhaps the most universally loved girl in town. Certainly she's the busiest.

If you saw Una in a Hollywood crowd (say at a preview), you couldn't pick her out if your life depended upon it. But ten to one she would be the young lady on your left who, on very tip-toe was jockeying for a better position to see the movie stars pass by. For Una is the most confirmed and ardent movie fan in town. She is, to my knowledge, the only one who saves all the programs of all the shows she attends—yes, and makes tiny penciled notes on the margins about players she likes best and why.

Una is so necessary to directors and ailing pictures, I suppose, because she is the only one of her kind in town. She is no more "movie actress" than you. Her unaffected laugh, tinkly and delightful to hear, differs from the average star's studied "abandon" as a child's laughter differs from the wearied old man's croak. She is youth itself, mighty good for the soul, and she'll continue to be young no matter how many years pile up on her.

"There's so much," she told me in her tiny feminine dressing room at M-G-M, "to be happy for. There's so much to laugh about. Do you see that big building next door? Well, next week I'm going to have a grand big new dressing room."

"Moving you over there, Una?"

Una laughed. "Oh, Heavens no," she cried. "That's going to be for the *big* stars. But they'll leave their dressing rooms here and they're going to give me a bigger one in *this* building. And they're going to let me furnish it. Just as I like!" she finished, evidently carried away in high glee.

"Don't *you* want to be a big star, Una?"

Una burst out laughing. "*Me* a star? Do you know any more funny ones?" Then she wrinkled her cute little brow and indulged in some thinking. "But," she began, "but—even if I *could*, I don't think I would. The other night I was trying to think what I'd rather be than myself and I couldn't think of anything. Not," she hurried, "that I think I'm pretty good but simply that I'm—I'm so darned happy!

"I love my husband, Ronnie Burla, and he loves me. I get more [*Continued on page 60*]

# FLASHES from GEORGE WHITE'S 1935 SCANDALS

by Jerry Halliday

## IT'S TOPS.. this year more than ever!

Take it from me—this new Scandals is 365 times greater than last year's . . . and what swelegant entertainment *that* was! Only George White himself could have outdazzled his 1934 creation.

You're going to zoom from loud "ha-ha's" at the comedy to gasping "a-ah's" at the beauties to thrilled "o-oh s" at the romance. And you're going to dance out both your shoes this spring to the swingy rhythms of six hit tunes!

A frolicking foursome bubbling with the gaiety of the Gay Nineties number

**STARS**
**GIRLS**
**SONGS**
**DANCES**
**LAUGHS**
**SPECTACLE**

Keep your eye on Alice Faye, Fox Films' new glamour gal. She has what it takes to hit the cinema heights.

*with*

**ALICE FAYE**
**JAMES DUNN**
**NED SPARKS**

**Lyda Roberti** **Cliff Edwards**
**Arline Judge** **Eleanor Powell**
**Benny Rubin** **Emma Dunn**

**GEORGE WHITE**

Entire Production Conceived, Produced and Directed by George White

Watch the sparks fly!

Alice plays her grandest role in this picture. And what a marvelous singin'-steppin' duo she and Jimmy Dunn make! • As for Lyda Roberti . . . *well* . . . team up Poland's gift to Hollywood with Ned Sparks and Cliff Edwards . . . then look out below! • Fox Studios have staged this musicale with a lavish hand. And what a great, big hand YOU will give it!

Sumptuous settings! Spectacular Dances! Gorgeous girls including 30 beauty contest winners!

Hollywood cheered this masterpiece of that master showman, George White

**HUM-ABLE, SING-ABLE, DANCE-ABLE TUNES!**

"According to the Moonlight"
"It's an Old Southern Custom"
"Hunkadola"
"Oh I didn't know (you'd get that way)"
"I was born too late"
"I got shoes—you got shoesies"

FOX

# WOMEN *Men Despise*

THERE are a half-dozen of them in every large office. If your luck's bad you often draw one as a partner at the bridge table. In movie theatres they sit next to you—or, what is worse, back of you. You see them lurking in the corner at parties, trying to look as if they were enjoying themselves. They're everywhere—these women men despise.

What does it matter that they are attractive and engaging if they commit the offense unpardonable? Who cares about their beauty and charm if between stands that insurmountable hurdle, halitosis (unpleasant breath).

### *You Never Know*

You yourself never know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. But others do, and judge you accordingly.

Bad breath affects everyone at some time or other. Ninety percent of cases, says one dental authority, are caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles that the most careful tooth brushing has failed to remove. As a result, even careful, fastidious people often offend. And such offenses are unnecessary.

### *Why Offend Others?*

The safe, pleasant, quick precaution against this condition is Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant. Simply rinse the mouth with it morning and night and between times before business or social engagements. Listerine instantly combats fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes.

### *Is It Worth The Gamble?*

When you want to be certain of real deodorant effect, use only Listerine, which deodorizes longer. It is folly to rely on ordinary mouth washes, many of which are completely devoid of deodorant effect. It is well to remember that excessively strong mouth washes are not necessarily better deodorants. Much of Listerine's deodorant effect is due to other properties than its antiseptic action.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office and use it systematically. It is a help in making new friends and keeping old ones. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

**LISTERINE** *checks halitosis* (BAD BREATH) *deodorizes longer*

## Warner Baxter

skyrocketed into fame and favor among talkie fans as "The Cisco Kid" Now he is soon to appear as an Argentina gaucho in "Under the Pampa Moon"

## Virginia Bruce

has made great strides along the comeback trail and Movie Classic predicts that she will soon be among the brightest of M-G-M stars

**Ida Lupino**

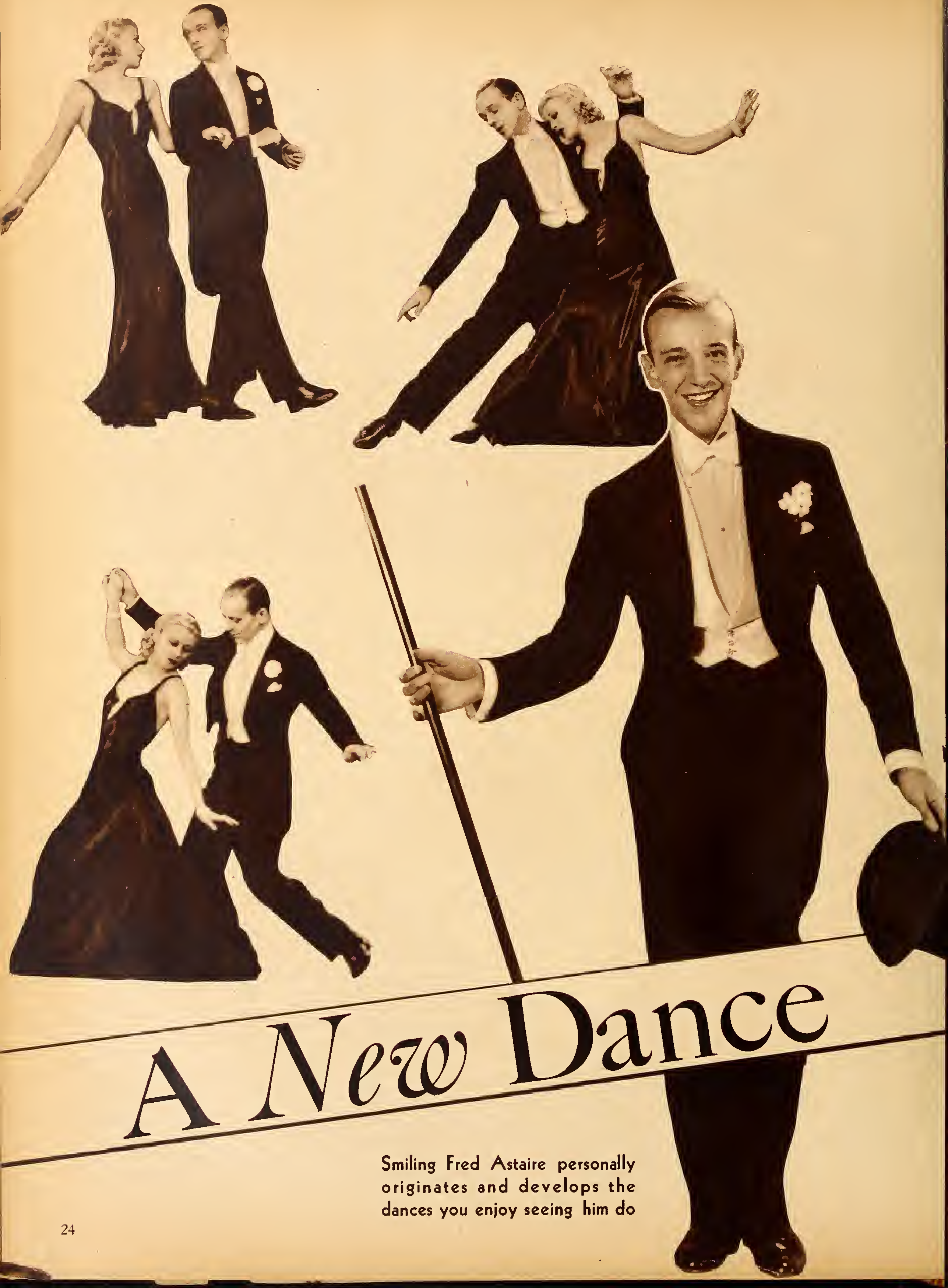
returned recently to Hollywood after a sojourn in her native England and is now busy on scenes for "Two On a Tower", with Tullio Carminati and Mary Ellis

**Claire Trevor**

is one of the big box office bets on the Fox lot these days. She has an important part in the super-production of "Dante's Inferno", sharing honors with Spencer Tracy

# Production

Above, shooting a scene for "A Night at the Ritz". Seated in the chair is Eric Rhodes. Then Dorothy Tree, Gordon Westcott, William Gargan and Allen Jenkins. The director, William McGann, is seated. Beside him is the dialogue director, Frank McDonald. Below is a scene from "Laddie". John Beal is assisting Gloria Stuart from the saddle



# A New Dance

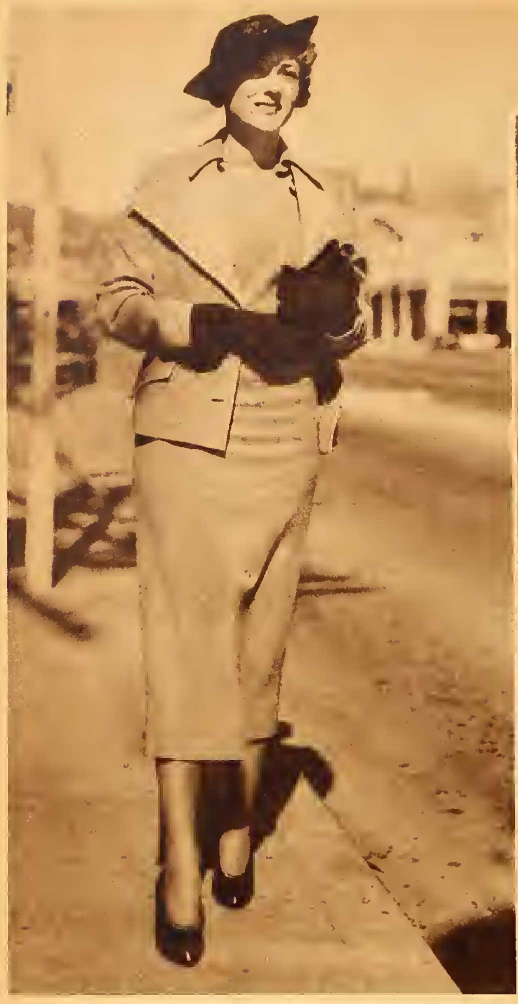
**Smiling Fred Astaire personally originates and develops the dances you enjoy seeing him do**

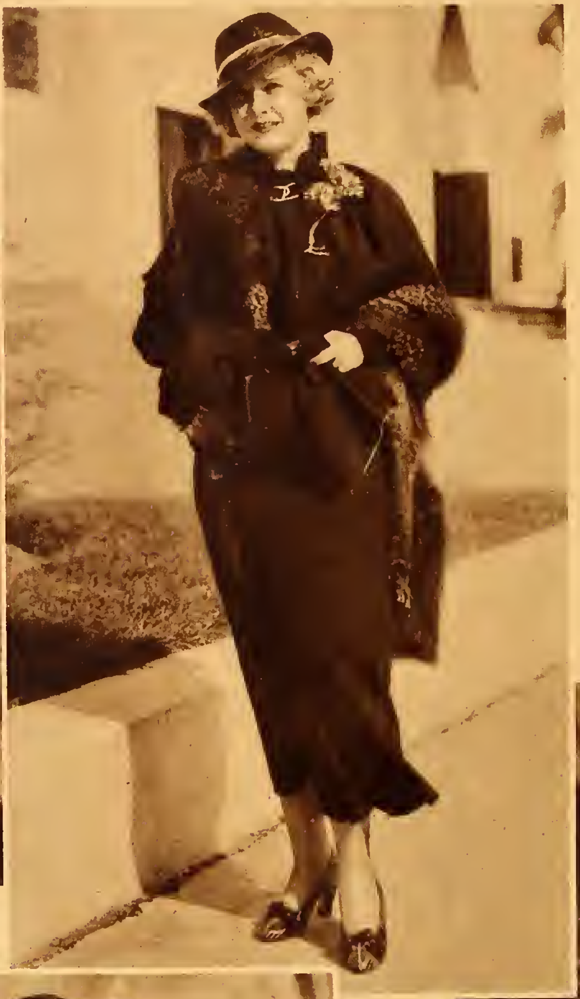
Charming Ginger Rogers has proved herself a natural partner for cinema's greatest dancer, Astaire

# *from* ROBERTA

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers present the graceful and intriguing steps of the dance they do to the melody of "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes", in their latest picture, "Roberta," in which they share honors with Irene Dunne

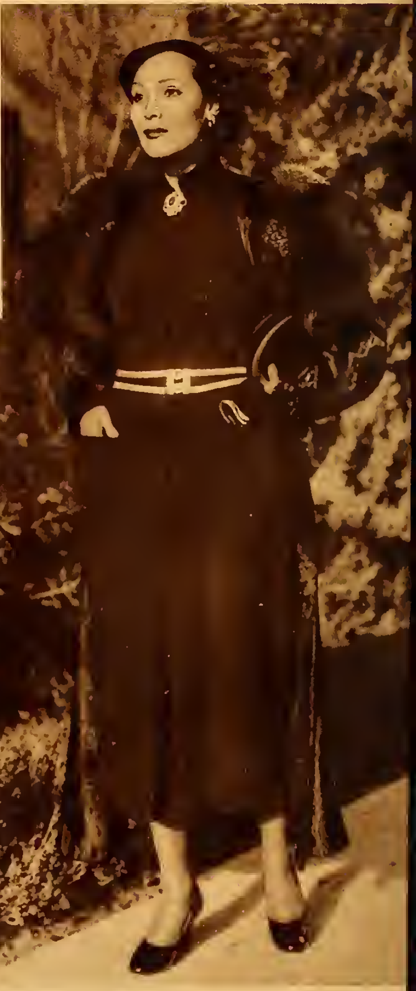
## Stars parade before MOVIE CLASSIC'S cameraman to let you see the styles which they favor





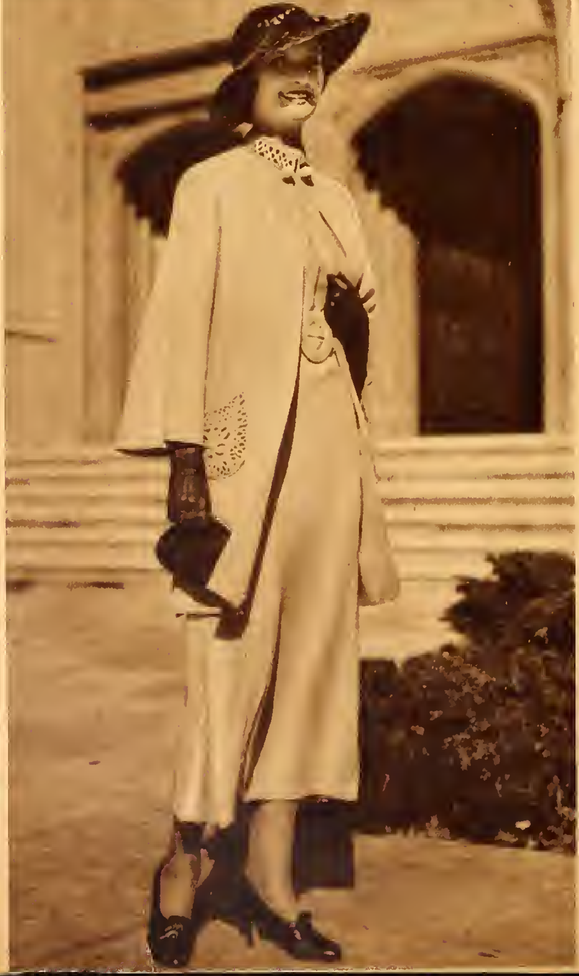
Joan Bennett is one of Hollywood's best dressed stars. This dress reflects the current trend among style leaders of filmdom

Dolores Del Rio is charming in this black silk crepe dress of Cossack design, emphasized by the wide cartridge pockets and high neck. The lightweight top coat of broadtail fur is trimmed with silver fox



Pretty Sally Eilers favors this pastel green dress suit. Note the very plain lines of the frock, the larger than usual top collar and the overly-wide lapels.

Evelyn Venable greets Easter with a smart two-piece suit of buttercup yellow silk crepe, with three-quarter length jacket and full sleeves. The only trimming is a Chinese effect collar



# Easter in Hollywood

# The Truth About FRANCIS LEDERER'S *"Secret Bride"*

A very frank young man has a hard time understanding the American way of prying into one's personal affairs

### By JACK GRANT

IT IS the destiny of such men as Francis Lederer to to be continually misunderstood. When a man lives by his own intelligent standards—and these rare individualists invariably subscribe to most rigorous standards of personal conduct—the rest of the ordinary world calls him an enigma, yet takes extraordinary pains to try to solve what it terms the riddle of his behavior.

Hollywood is forever asking "whys" about Francis Lederer. No sooner does he answer one question than he finds a dozen more have been asked. Some are easily answered, as, for example, why he never borrows books. "A book worth reading is a book worth owning," Lederer replies. "Certainly, if an author's work gives me inspiration or enjoyment, I owe it to that author to pay for his work." This viewpoint also holds true in other entertainment forms. Francis never accepts theatre passes, even to his own previews.

Other questions are not so simply answered. That little matter of superstition, for instance. Lederer isn't superstitious in the generally accepted meaning of the word. He indulges in certain rituals, it's true, and he owns an amazing collection of more than three hundred "good-luck" gifts which he refuses to discuss for publicity purposes. This, to Hollywood, where publicity is king, is the height of superstition. To Lederer, it is merely good taste. "To talk about such things," he says, "is sacrilege."

Francis has no thought of wooing the Goddess of Luck by carefully preserving his collection of mementos. He has another theory altogether. It is his belief that when a gift is given, there is a kindly feeling in the act of giving more significant than the actual present itself. For the purpose of memorializing and, if possible, recreating the spirit that motivated the gifts, he keeps his keepsakes in a shrine at his home.

You see, there is an explanation for everything Francis Lederer does. His actions, his beliefs, his ideals only seem inexplicable because they demand understanding, intelligent understanding—surely reason enough why it is his destiny to be continually misunderstood.

Francis Lederer, after courtship and marriage, found that realities tore down the dais of imagination

Ordinarily, Francis doesn't mind. He accepts the state of things as they are with good sportsmanship. Lesser men sometimes sacrifice their personal standards rather than face the constant necessity of explaining themselves. Lederer remains true to himself. He doesn't even attempt explanations unless he is asked. Which is why it was not known until recently in Hollywood that Francis had been married.

Immediately, the columnists dubbed this unknown wife a "secret bride." There were accusations that Lederer had ulterior motives in keeping her a secret. There were even charges that he had been untruthful in answering questions about his marital state. Why? Several hundred "whys"!

Under fire from all sides, Francis was disturbed, the first time I have ever seen him so. To be accused of lying was for him a new experience in misunderstanding.

"Never have I lied about my marriage," he told me. "It was unnecessary to volunteer the information no one has ever asked for. Interviewers have always phrased the question, 'Are you married?' They have never asked, 'Have you ever been married?'

"Perhaps this may seem to you—how do you say—a small point of difference. I freely admit avoiding a discussion of my marriage, but I have avoided discussing other things in my life too.

[*Continued on page 66*]

# HOW CAROLE LOMBARD *Best-Dressed*

The secrets which have made this alluring star an outstanding figure in the world of fashion are yours for the reading

### By DOROTHY KUGLER

SIMPLICITY—
Conservatism—
Unerring taste—

These qualities have put Carole Lombard on the pinnacle of smartness—they have caused Travis Banton, Paramount's designer and one of the leading authorities on women's fashions in the world, to name her as the best-dressed woman in films.

The day of the "clothes horse" in pictures is rapidly drawing to an end. More intelligent audiences are demanding something more than the spectacle of a woman trailing across the screen attired in enough frills and furbelows to clothe the entire cast. Theatrical and "stagey" looking clothes are passé for the star of today. Carole Lombard is Hollywood's foremost example of this metamorphosis.

There was no better source to which I could have gone for an answer to my questions, and the questions were these:

"How did you become the best-dressed woman? What advice can you give which would be helpful and practical to girls in less glamorous walks of life who want to know how to be well-dressed on small salaries?"

Miss Lombard's answers were so satisfactory and practical that I am putting them here with the certainty that they will prove highly useful to any woman with a conscience where her clothes are concerned.

"I have always stayed on the conservative side of the fence regarding dress," Miss Lombard told me. "Any departure from established form and standards should be done gradually and with the trend of style, not radically and violently. A woman who goes to extremes in the matter of apparel is preferring ostentation to good taste. She will never be considered truly smart."

The beautiful blonde star could not emphasize too strongly the importance of simplicity. Simple things, well-cut, which are compatible with the figure and the personality, distinguish the unquestionably fashionable woman. Clothes should be worn as part of the individual's personal make-up and must be molded to fit accordingly. Miss Lombard's wardrobe is a collection of discreet, finely made garments, created and chosen to suit her individuality, and they make Carole look like Carole, and like no one else.

"The importance of clothes has always been apparent to me," she explained, "and income hasn't been the dominating factor. Smartness is not a matter of money.

**Carole Lombard definitely urges the need of simplicity**

# Became the STAR

CAROLE SAYS:

"Most essential of all, remember this: dressing well is an art which requires judgment and careful study. It is not a luxury or a characteristic exclusive to the wealthy. Anyone can be smartly dressed if she sincerely wants to be."

Dresses should be considered in the light of one's personality, Carole says

It is an attribute solely dependent on taste. And it isn't how many clothes you have that marks you as well-dressed; it's what kind of clothes.

"Most girls try too hard to have too much, and the result is a jumbled wardrobe of cheaper grade things, with nothing matching and no one outfit complete and perfect in itself. It is a senseless, futile procedure to pick up various types of wearing apparel and gadgets here and there and fill your closet with a number of things of varied colors and styles.

"The clever girl is she who finds what colors suit her best and sticks to them. Then her accessories do not have to be numerous, because they will always match the outfit she is wearing. Her ensembles will always blend. Colors such as blue and soft browns are always 'right.' They can be worn in any season in any part of the country. If you don't happen to be one of the people to whom these colors are becoming, then go in for the warmer shades which are extremely smart."

THEREIN lies the reason why Carole has always been well dressed and is now regarded as the best-dressed woman on the screen. She wears only what is becoming. In other words, she wears the clothes—they don't wear her. She allows her gowns to enhance her personality, not to hide it from view, and she in turn enhances them.

The girl who does not study herself to find what is most suitable to her particular type, but blindly follows fashion, loses her own individuality in the mob. But to those who do want to find their correct medium of expression through clothes, a word of advice from Miss Lombard—let it be simple; let the cut and the color be your guides.

While I was chatting with her, the thought occurred to me that I might ask Carole's advice on a weighty, glaring problem, which no one has ever solved.

"What do you think should be done about the short and dumpy?" I queried. "Their number is legion, and no one has ever seemed to be able to do anything when it comes to making their clothes appear distinguished on them."

"In the first place," she replied, "there is no excuse for the average short and dumpy person. There is diet, there is exercise, there are methods of improving the posture available to everyone. But, if they just won't [*Continued on page 76*]

# CLAUDETTE *Private*

### By DOROTHY CALHOUN

Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert as you will soon see them in *Private Worlds*

CLAUDETTE COLBERT has just returned from the insane asylum! In her new picture, she is playing the part of a lady nerve doctor and she felt that she owed it to her Public and her Art to see for herself just how crazy people behave. Though, why she had to leave Hollywood for that, I can't understand!

"It was the most amazing experience!" she told me as we lunched in her dressing room with a make-up mirror propped against the sugar bowl to save time. "Not because they were so different from other people, but because they were so terrifyingly *like* everybody else. The picture I'm making is *Private Worlds,* you know—from Phyllis Bottome's best seller. I suppose the poor men and women at Norfolk asylum have just retreated further into their own private worlds than the rest of us, that's all. At first, I had serious doubts about whether the theme of this picture would be popular, but when I discovered that it was running serially in a New York newspaper, I realized that people must be interested in it. Women especially! We love to discuss our emotions and mental experiences so much more than men—"

"Let's talk about ours now," I suggested enthusiastically. "I have some of the *sweetest* inhibitions and the *cutest* complexes. And as for my suppressed desires. Why I—"

"Here, whose interview is this?" asked Claudette in mock indignation. "If anybody is going to unsuppress her desires, I'll take some of mine out of moth balls. Seriously, the real reason why I'm doing the picture is because I've always been so intensely interested in my own private world. There is one complex, especially, which has threatened to spoil my whole life."

Claudette Colbert has always been something of a mystery to Hollywood. All the world knows that she and her husband, Norman Foster, have lived for many years in separate houses in one of the strangest marriage arrangements in this strange town, but what all the world doesn't know and has tried in vain to find out is—WHY? Neither Claudette nor Norman will discuss their reasons, and refuse to get a divorce to satisfy the radio gossipers or the columnists, even when the rumors are revived, as they are at the moment. But whether their separation ever does become legal, as well as geographical, close friends insist that these two will never get a divorce. They are—so say the friends—as much in love today as they were when they slipped away from the Broadway play in which they were both appearing and got married and managed to keep the fact a secret from Walter Winchell for a year afterward!

I think, now, that I have discovered the key to that mystery in Claudette's words: *"There is one complex that has threatened to spoil my entire life."*

"I am afraid," she said slowly, "afraid of my ability to handle human relationships. I have no faith in myself when it comes to dealing with other people. The contacts of everyday life which most women seem to take for granted worry me.

"I suppose you would call that an inferiority complex. As long as I can remember, I have been almost painfully sensitive to the impressions I was making on other people and they were making on me. I never go to a party without lying awake for hours after I come home, going over every word I have said and agonizing with doubts as to the effect they had on the people I met. 'Could he have possibly thought I was boasting when I said such and such?' I think, or, 'What did she mean when she gave me that funny look?' It is terrible—as though I were walking around with a live nerve exposed where everyone could jostle it!

"If I could only take my contacts with the world more casually or

# COLBERT'S *World*

A glamorous star invades an insane asylum to learn a few things about how crazy people behave—and comes out with some ideas about why "sane" folks behave as they do.

thoughtlessly I would be a much happier woman. As it is, I have very few intimates and no confidantes except my mother, who is closer to me than any other human being. But, even with her, I cannot tell all my thoughts and feelings. Yet, basically, I am a very social person. I would love to have heaps of friends, especially women friends. But dat o' debbil Inferiority Complex gets in my way and I find myself questioning the motives and reasons that lie behind their words or worrying about their reactions to what I am saying."

"Of all people in the world," I said, pouring cream lavishly over my baked apple (it's the only revenge I have on these movie stars), "who ought to be safe from inferiority complexes, it should be famous, successful movie stars, and yet, they all tell me they suffer from them."

"Certainly," said Claudette (with a longing glance at the cream pitcher). "That's why they become actors! It's the dissatisfaction with their own lives and personalities that makes them long to appear to be somebody else more colorful and interesting, if only for a little while. Most actors are putting on a show, not only for the world, but for themselves—to prove that they are something they have a horrid private suspicion they aren't!"

And today's version of the Queen of the Nile began to make herself a new mouth with a lipstick of fire-engine red. "My wise mother," she went on a trifle incoherently, "saw very early that I was a shy child with a tendency to draw away from people, and so she began to encourage the self-conscious little girl that was Claudette Colbert to forget herself, to pretend to be somebody else—in other words to *act*. Any woman knows what a difference it makes in her attitude toward life to change her way of doing her hair. Not long ago the cameramen persuaded me to have my hair bleached from dark brown to light. My own hair has always photographed badly, for some reason the camera and lights make it look dead and I've worn a wig in a good many pictures recently. I hated the idea of

[*Continued on page* 62]

"There is one complex that has threatened to spoil my entire life," Claudette admits

# JIM TULLY

A famous writer analyzes the character and background of the young man who keeps millions of feminine hearts aflutter

**A banker once told Jim Tully that Dick Powell is "the kind of a fellow you would like your sister to know"**

HE IS my neighbor at Lake Toluca, a short distance from Hollywood. He is also popular in our neighborhood. It used to cheer the great Wilson Mizner's heart to hear him sing. "The lad can warble a bird out of a tree, even if a cat is waiting for it," Mizner would often say.

He is from a small town in Arkansas, nine miles from a railroad. As there is no mountain for four hundred miles, the place is called Mountain View.

Dick Powell is what I would like to think is the typical American boy.

He is intelligent, well brought up, and courteous to all. His nature is open and sunny. One cannot conceive of him being unkind.

Dick's father was a travelling salesman, who all his life had more travel than money. He ended up with a large family and a small pocketbook.

Though her son is now famous and wealthy, Mrs. Powell is still the careful mother about money. If Dick calls her on long distance or sends a telegram she is still distressed at "the waste of money." When fruit is sold at a great reduction, she buys a supply "for canning."

As a child, Dick sang about the little Arkansas village where he was born. His first singing lessons were given him by the choir leader in an Episcopal church, where he sang. The lady is still living in the happy memory of her discovery. He earned his way through high school by singing in the church where he had been trained.

At nineteen, he left Arkansas for St. Louis. He had never been away from home before. Investing nearly all his money in the journey, he took a pianist along. He spent six months of near hunger in the Missouri city, learning in the end that getting even a slippery foothold in the world took a great deal of time.

His parents had moved to Little Rock in the meantime, and Dick left St. Louis for home, where meals were more certain.

He took two different jobs—to sing in an Episcopal church and in a synagogue. Whenever they held services at nearly the same time, Dick had to hurry back and forth between them on a bicycle. The people in the synagogue thought he was an Episcopalian, and the people in the Episcopalian church thought he was Jewish.

Still ambitious for the outer world, the young fellow helped organize an orchestra. With high heart and little money, he started on another journey. The orchestra stranded in Louisville, and Dick rode a freight out of Kentucky.

The freight waited on a siding until Dick was much older. To pass the long hours, Dick began to sing. A passing brakeman heard him. Lulled by the sweet music, the brakeman hurried to the caboose and brought the conductor.

Spellbound, they listened to the voice inside the box-car sing,—

**"All the switchmen knew by the engine's moans—**
**That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones—"**

This was too much. The conductor went for the engineer.

The man at the throttle listened.

"It's Caruso," he said, "Somebody's kidnapped him."

They opened the car door. There stood Dick in his best choir manner.

"He ain't Caruso," said the conductor, "He's John McCormack."

They argued until the train passed for which they were waiting.

Then the conductor took the young singer to the caboose.

There, to the clicking of wheels over steel rails, he sang the music-loving conductor to slumber.

Seeing the conductor's head nod, Dick asked, "Does my singing annoy you?"

# TELLS

# Why DICK POWELL is the AVERAGE AMERICAN

"Nope," answered the conductor, "You go right on. I'm used to noise."

Thus encouraged, Dick sang to the end of the division at Indianapolis.

THE conductor took Dick to his home. Dick remained there four weeks while he looked for work.

The conductor's family, which consisted of his wife, son, and daughter, became fond of the wandering young singer—and remain so to this day.

Dick was at last offered a job playing a banjo in a theatre. Only two things stood in the way. He did not have the money to get a banjo, and he did not know how to play one if he did get it. But he took the job.

When the conductor heard the story, he said, "You'll get along, my boy," and helped him get a second-hand banjo of a pawnbroker.

Dick nearly drove the neighbors to distraction at his banjo practice. Knowing the fundamentals of music, he mastered the instrument and went to work.

The conductor and his family, and many of their neighbors, went to the theatre the first night. They rocked the theatre applauding for Dick. Even the manager smiled. They stayed on for the second performance, and did the same.

It is my hope that those good people read these lines. In the words of Walter Winchell, "Orchids to them" for their kindness to a decent boy who was trying to make good.

Dick's job was quite hard, but he remained for some months, playing four shows a day and practicing other musical numbers in the meantime. He became successful in the Indiana capital.

Feeling ambitious again, he gave up his job and went on the road, where he played one night stands without success until, in discouragement, he decided to quit the business.

His friend, the conductor, advised him to remain in Indianapolis, with the words, "You'll never get anywhere, Dick, until you stay put for at least three years." The words contained a prophecy which Dick overlooked at the time, but has often remembered since. But Dick did not heed, and, bidding farewell to the conductor, he

[*Continued on page* 71]

# These

MOVIE CLASSIC'S reviewers see the pictures as they are previewed in Hollywood and rate them for the guidance of readers of this magazine. Pictures are graded by the following marks:
● ● ● ● Extraordinary; ● ● ● Excellent; ● ● Good; ● Fair.

Cesar Romero whispers sweet nothings into the waiting ear of beautiful Marlene Dietrich

### THE DEVIL IS A WOMAN—PARA.

● ● ●

JOSEF VON STERNBERG, in filming his last picture with Marlene Dietrich, demanded full authority over the entire production—and got it. Miss Dietrich was never more beautiful than in *The Devil Is a Woman,* formerly titled *Caprice Espagnol* and *Carnival in Spain.* The photographic effects obtained by Head Cameraman von Sternberg are something to be praised, but the story okayed by Head Story Editor von Sternberg is too flat to merit praise. Miss Dietrich is lifted from a cigarette factory by Lionel Atwill and proceeds to lead him a hectic life, despite his generosity in providing her with a queen's existence. Cesar Romero comes on the scene and steals Marlene from Lionel after a duel in which Lionel throws up his revolver and allows Cesar to wound him. But, as Marlene and Cesar are about to entrain for Paris, she announces she is returning to Lionel. Edward Everett Horton, in a couple of short scenes, gets the most laughs in the picture. Alison Skipworth does her best to help it along. Director von Sternberg and Head Cameraman von Sternberg did well—but Head Story Editor von Sternberg fell down.

Gertrude Michael and Hugh O'Connell as you will see them in *It Happened in New York*

### IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK—UNIV.

● ●

HERE is a mildly amusing comedy that could have been hilarious satire. Universal presents the story of a temperamental movie star on a vacation in New York. The part is played by Gertrude Michael. Hugh O'Connell, as her manager, promises to have Gertrude at a picture première with Rafael Storm, a fake prince. But she rebels and then, under strange circumstances, "falls" for Lyle Talbot, a taxicab driver, and gets him to escort her to the show opening. But Lyle is closely watched by Heather Angel, his telephone operator-sweetheart, who burns up at this turn of events and manages to go to the première with the fake prince. The climax comes with a fistic encounter and brings the solution to a great gem robbery.

It is a different Maurice Chevalier whom you glimpse in this scene with Merle Oberon in *Folies Bergere*

## REVIEWS OF THE

# Movies

### FOLIES BERGERE—UNITED ARTISTS

● ● ● ½

DARRYL ZANUCK brings us a musical which is certain to prove one of the great hits of the year. Titled after the famous Paris show, in which Maurice Chevalier starred for so many years, it has the ring of Parisian artistry and the snap of American entertainment. Through the whole picture runs a plot which is better than plots usually found in big-time musicals. Briefly, Chevalier plays two rôles. In one, he is an actor. In the other he portrays the part of a playboy baron. And when the baron leaves town on gigantic financial matters, the actor is engaged by his wife to take his place, to prevent governmental complications. He does it so well that he even fools the baron's girl friend, with amusing boudoir sequences. Merle Oberon fails to impress us greatly, but here's three cheers for the work of little Ann Sothern. Little to do, she shines. There are some mighty clever song and dance numbers through the entire production, with a spectacular *Folies Bergere* background throughout.

### ROBERTA—RKO-RADIO

● ● ● ●

ROBERTA is one picture on which adjectives would be wasted, for the simple reason that they can't do it justice. Fred Astaire and Ginger Roberts steal the show from the star, Irene Dunne. Miss Dunne sings some beautiful songs, but her part is completely subordinated to the parts of Rogers and Astaire. The plot is an old one and is inconsequential, considering the entertainment offered by the screen's foremost dancing couple. Randolph Scott steps out of his cowboy rôles to do a swell job as the rough and ready American football player who inherits the Paris dress shop from his aunt, Helen Westley. The picture is punctuated with a number of style shows that will click with every woman reader of MOVIE CLASSIC. Put this down as one picture you cannot afford to miss. You'll thank us for the advice.

### WEST POINT OF THE AIR—M-G-M

● ●

FOR those who want a few tears and an opportunity to hold onto the theatre seat during thrilling scenes, M-G-M offers *West Point of the Air*. Wallace Beery cops the honors as the sergeant who 20 years ago flew pusher planes. His commanding general is Lewis Stone. Both see their sons through West Point and then the lads return to the old field for air schooling. Robert Young, as Beery's son, is a cocky lad. Russell Hardie is Stone's son. In a crack-up in which his pal, Young, is at fault, Hardie loses a leg. Things look pretty black when Beery, trying to keep his son out of difficulties, is forced to smack him on the jaw. For this Wally is

## CURRENT PICTURES

Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire not only dance, but provide many hearty laughs in *Roberta*

Two youngsters and an old-timer in *West Point of the Air*—Russell Hardie, Robert Young and Wally Beery

Josephine Hutchinson and George Brent provide plenty of romantic interest in *The Right to Live*

# These Movies

Frankie Thomas and Helen Parrish doctor "Lightning" in this human scene from *A Dog of Flanders*

Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen turn detectives in their latest film, *The Great Hotel Murder*

Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald make a delightful singing team in *Naughty Marietta*

dismissed from the army. Young loses his nerve as a flyer and finally Wally goes up in an old pusher and cracks up in a lake. There is an exciting rescue by the son and all ends well with the lad winning back his courage and Wally getting back into the army. Maureen O'Sullivan does a fine job as the love interest and here's a special word for the performance of James Gleason.

## THE RIGHT TO LIVE—WARNERS

● ●

THIS picture has its thrilling moments. Colin Clive, a young Englishman, marries Josephine Hutchinson and shortly after the ceremony, he cracks up in his airplane. He learns that he will never again be able to walk. Josephine falls in love with the aviator's brother, in the person of George Brent. To end the impossible triangle, Colin Clive kills himself with poison and towards the end of the picture a murder accusation is hurled by his nurse, Peggy Wood. The picture has its melodramatic and exciting sequences, even if there is a bit too much talking and not enough action to satisfy the average audience.

## A DOG OF FLANDERS—RKO-RADIO

● ● ●

IN THE language of the professionals, this is a "tear-jerker." It has every element necessary to make it an artistic success. The story is from the classics and concerns the poor lad of Flanders who finds inspiration in the paintings of a master. Through determination and a series of juvenile romances which throw him into contact with the daughter of a count and into contest with a rich boy, he wins fame and a scholarship. A dog plays an important part through the whole picture. Frankie Thomas, Helen Parrish and Richard Quine are perfectly cast. O. P. Heggie has the outstanding adult part.

## THE GREAT HOTEL MURDER—FOX

● ● ●

WE'VE been used to seeing Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen in the "sez you" type of picture for so long that it is hard to place them in this very excellent murder mystery. Eddie is the fiction writer and amateur detective and Vic is the hotel sleuth. They track down the killer of a banker, found dead in his hotel room under circumstances evidently planted to appear as a suicide. It wouldn't be fair to tell you how they do the job, so take our word for the fact that if you like thrillers, this is one you won't want to miss. Rosemary Ames turns in a creditable performance as the widow of the murdered man.

## NAUGHTY MARIETTA—M-G-M

● ● ● ●

WHATEVER you want in a picture, you will find in *Naughty Marietta*. The time element may be a bit removed from present-day trends, but aside from this fact, the picture is an all round success. Most folks know the story. It concerns a French Princess (Jean-

# These Movies

ette MacDonald), who flees to Louisiana with a boatload of prospective brides. She falls in love with a soldier (Nelson Eddy), and they invade the treacherous backwoods when her guardian and would-be husband pursue her from France. Nelson Eddy proves that Hollywood has been overlooking a bet in his ability as a singer. The picture is replete with songs and musical effects with the Victor Herbert touch. The stars have fine support from a cast of notables including Frank Morgan, Elsa Lanchester (Mrs. Charles Laughton), Cecelia Parker, Akim Tamiroff and Edward Brophy.

## THE WEDDING NIGHT—UNITED ARTISTS

● ● ●

TRAGIC love has its inning in *The Wedding Night.* Gary Cooper is the novelist who loses his grip through dissipation. Because he is broke, he goes with his wife, Helen Vinson, to his farm birthplace to try a new start. But his wife does not stick by him and returns to the city. Anna Sten, daughter of a Polish neighbor, falls in love with Cooper and as he falls in love, her fiancé, Ralph Bellamy, and Cooper's wife, Miss Vinson, spoil matters. Anna is forced into a marriage by her father. On the night of the ceremony, Bellamy, drunk and enraged, starts out to kill Cooper. Trying to save the man she loves, Anna sacrifices her own life. This picture—like all Samuel Goldwyn pictures—is worth seeing.

## THE WOMAN IN RED—WARNERS

● ●

THERE'S nothing particularly new about the plot of this picture, but the performances of the actors and actresses is worthy of commendation. Barbara Stanwyck is the wife who goes to a party without telling her husband. A girl is killed and the wrong man is accused. Only by exposing her presence at the party can the wife save an innocent man accused of the murder. He refuses to allow her to be involved, but she cannot stand it any longer and confesses all. It ends with her husband forgiving her. Gene Raymond is excellent as the husband. The picture is well handled throughout and, despite an ancient plot, is a good piece of entertainment.

## MISSISSIPPI—PARA.

● ● ●

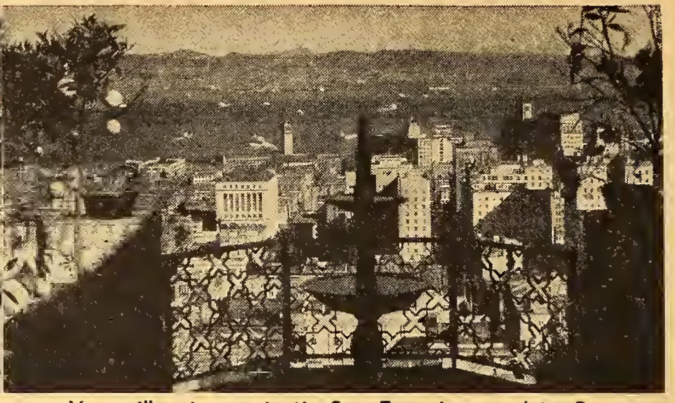
THIS was made to order for W. C. Fields' brand of comedy, Bing Crosby's magnificent voice and the beauty of Joan Bennett and Gail Patrick. Somehow, the plot seems familiar. Could it be *Magnolia,* in which Buddy Rogers once starred? But who cares—for the present picture stands on its own feet. It has a show boat background, with Fields as the captain. Bing Crosby refuses to fight a duel over his girl friend and after leaving his home town, joins Fields' show boat troupe. Later he falls in love with the former girl friend's sister and his chances are hurt when his reputation as a "killer"—studiously built up by the publicity-seeking Fields, is exploded. But it all ends well. And you'll laugh yourself silly over Fields' comedy work and sit entranced while Bing sings his latest songs.

Gary Cooper and Anna Sten are delightful lovers in Samuel Goldwyn's *The Wedding Night*

Gene Raymond and Barbara Stanwyck, as his wife in *The Woman in Red,* do not seem to be very friendly

Bing Crosby is always an interesting lover, as you can judge by this scene with Joan Bennett in *Mississippi*

Breezy Point—America's most beautiful resort



You will enjoy majestic San Francisco and its Bay

# WANT TO GO TO

## By DONALD P. SHELDON

DO YOU want to go to Hollywood?

Of course you do! Who doesn't? Just the mere thought of seeing and meeting the glamorous stars of the screen sets hearts a-thumping. And think of actually watching a movie in the making!

It sounds like an *Alice in Wonderland* adventure, but it is much simpler than that. You don't have to go through all the contortions of growing uncomfortably big only to be shriveled down to Lilliputian measurements. The Motion Picture Movieland Tour makes the trip easy, inexpensive and delightful. Arrangements have been made to relieve you of all the details and worries that beset the average traveler. Rates have been cut to the very bone so that this marvelous trip will not cause you even the slightest twinge of bank-roll pain. This makes it possible for you to see the REAL HOLLYWOOD as you could never hope to see it if you took the trip on-your-own.

But, before you pack your grip and bid your envious friends farewell, you'll probably want to know all the little details about the trip.

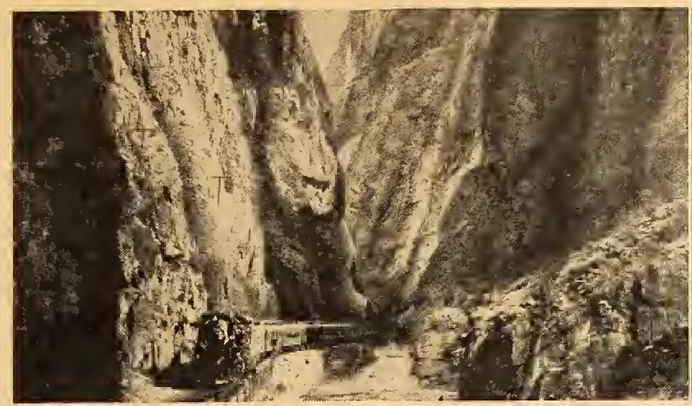
On the night of August 4, 1935, a special train will roll out of the Chicago Union Station carrying YOU and a gay, carefree group bound for glamorous Hollywood, the world capital of moviedom. A whole two weeks' holiday stretches before you. All aboard! You're bound for fun, adventure and thrills such as you never dreamed of even when your most extravagant imagination was running riot.

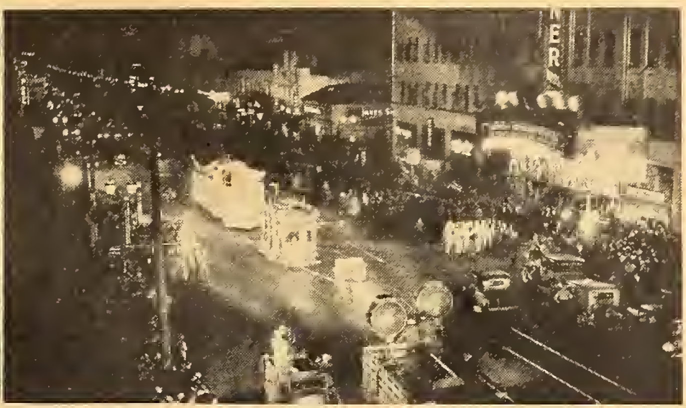
You won't steer a direct course because you want to see everything there is to see. Morning will find you 400 miles north—at St. Paul, Minnesota. Go to a fine new hotel for a grand breakfast—hop into motor cars for a brief balloon-tire cruise as guests of the Motion Picture Movieland Tour. Later in the morning, you pick up your train in Minneapolis and get acquainted with fellow travelers while heading across the beautiful lake country of Minnesota.

Shortly after luncheon, you arrive at an attractive little city called Brainerd. Look at those automobiles. There is your own private car waiting to carry you to Breezy Point Lodge, Minnesota's most beautiful and fashionable summer resort. You can spend the afternoon swimming, golfing,

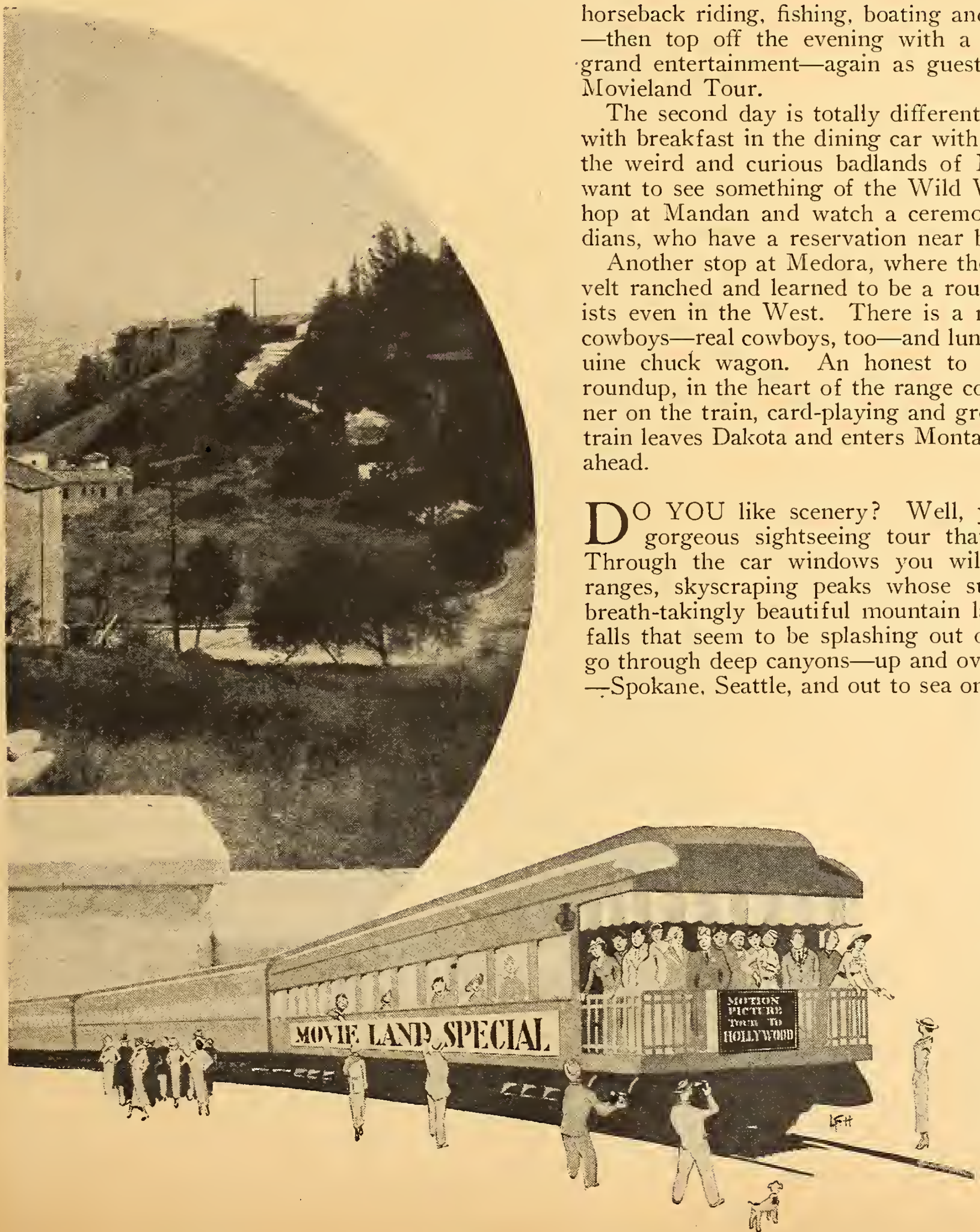
Peggy Shannon glimpses Hollywood from her front porch. You, too, may enjoy this great view

A marvelous opportunity to see the outstanding scenic spots in the western half of the United States and to be treated as a royal guest by the famous Hollywood movie colony


The return trip will take you through the Royal Gorge


A typical première-night scene on Hollywood Boulevard

# HOLLYWOOD?


MOVIE LAND SPECIAL
MOTION PICTURE TOUR TO HOLLYWOOD
LFH

horseback riding, fishing, boating and trying a bit of archery—then top off the evening with a dinner dance and some grand entertainment—again as guests of the Motion Picture Movieland Tour.

The second day is totally different than the first. It starts with breakfast in the dining car with the train toiling through the weird and curious badlands of North Dakota. But you want to see something of the Wild West. Off the train you hop at Mandan and watch a ceremonial dance by Sioux Indians, who have a reservation near by.

Another stop at Medora, where the youthful Teddy Roosevelt ranched and learned to be a rough rider. Ceremony exists even in the West. There is a receiving line of bronzed cowboys—real cowboys, too—and luncheon served from a genuine chuck wagon. An honest to goodness hand-out, á la roundup, in the heart of the range country. Then comes dinner on the train, card-playing and group songs as your special train leaves Dakota and enters Montana with the Rockies dead ahead.

DO YOU like scenery? Well, you are in for the most gorgeous sightseeing tour that America has to offer. Through the car windows you will see a dozen mountain ranges, skyscraping peaks whose summits are snowcapped; breath-takingly beautiful mountain lakes, rustic mountainside falls that seem to be splashing out of the sky itself—on you go through deep canyons—up and over the Continental Divide—Spokane, Seattle, and out to sea on a splendid ship to cruise through Puget Sound to Victoria on Vancouver Island. Then Portland and a rare day of motoring over the famed Columbia River Highway, one of the most scenic motor roads in the world.

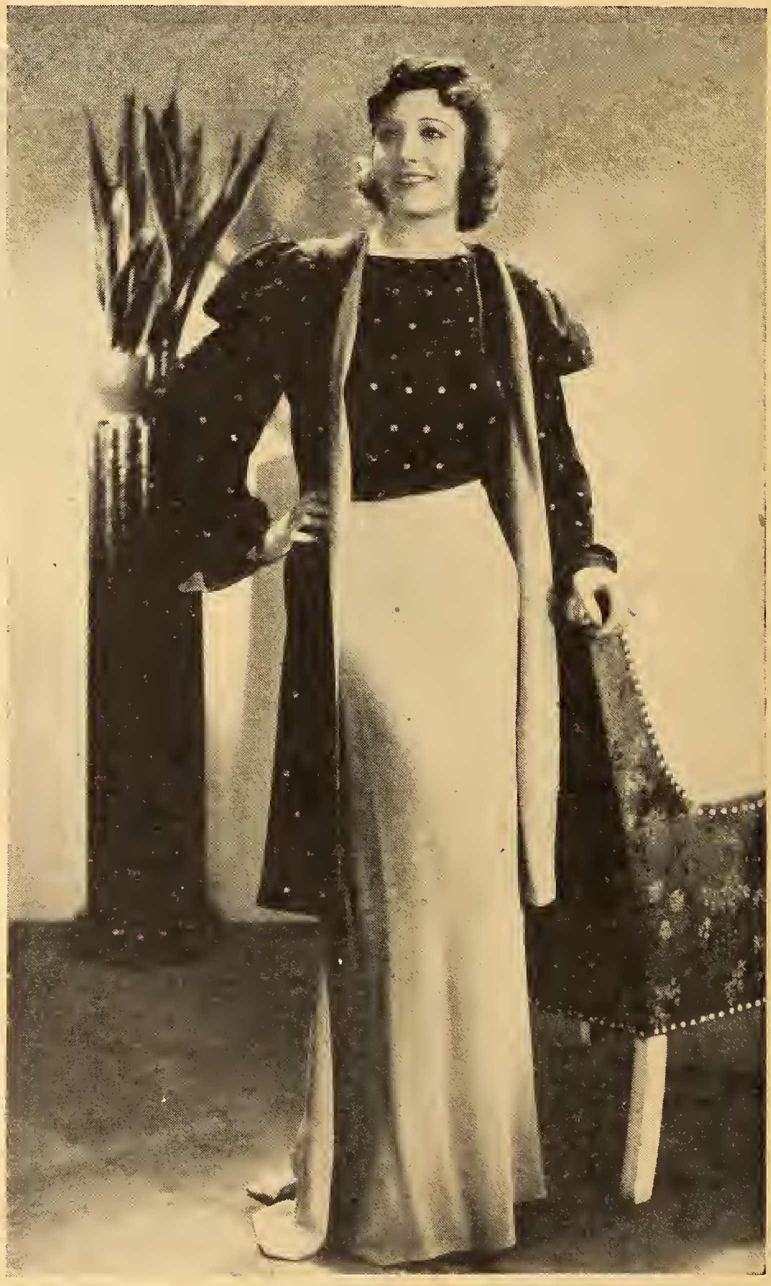
Down the coast on your special train you go, everybody old friends by now—a real traveling house party. And what traveling—over 7000 miles of it by rail and many hundreds more by boat and motor. The Cascades, the Coast

[*Continued on page 74*]

# Hollywood Leads the Fashion Parade

### Filmdom points the way and the world follows as Hollywood experts turn out fashions to suit every need and occasion

### By GERTRUDE HILL



Irene Ware in an evening ensemble for spring. The skirt and lining of the coat are of "twilight blue"—the blouse and wrap are peacock blue dotted with silver. The hat, two crossed bands of peacock blue crêpe, is very chic. Silver sandals complete the outfit.

DO YOU know why Mae West's clothes are so amusing? Because they make men nervous.

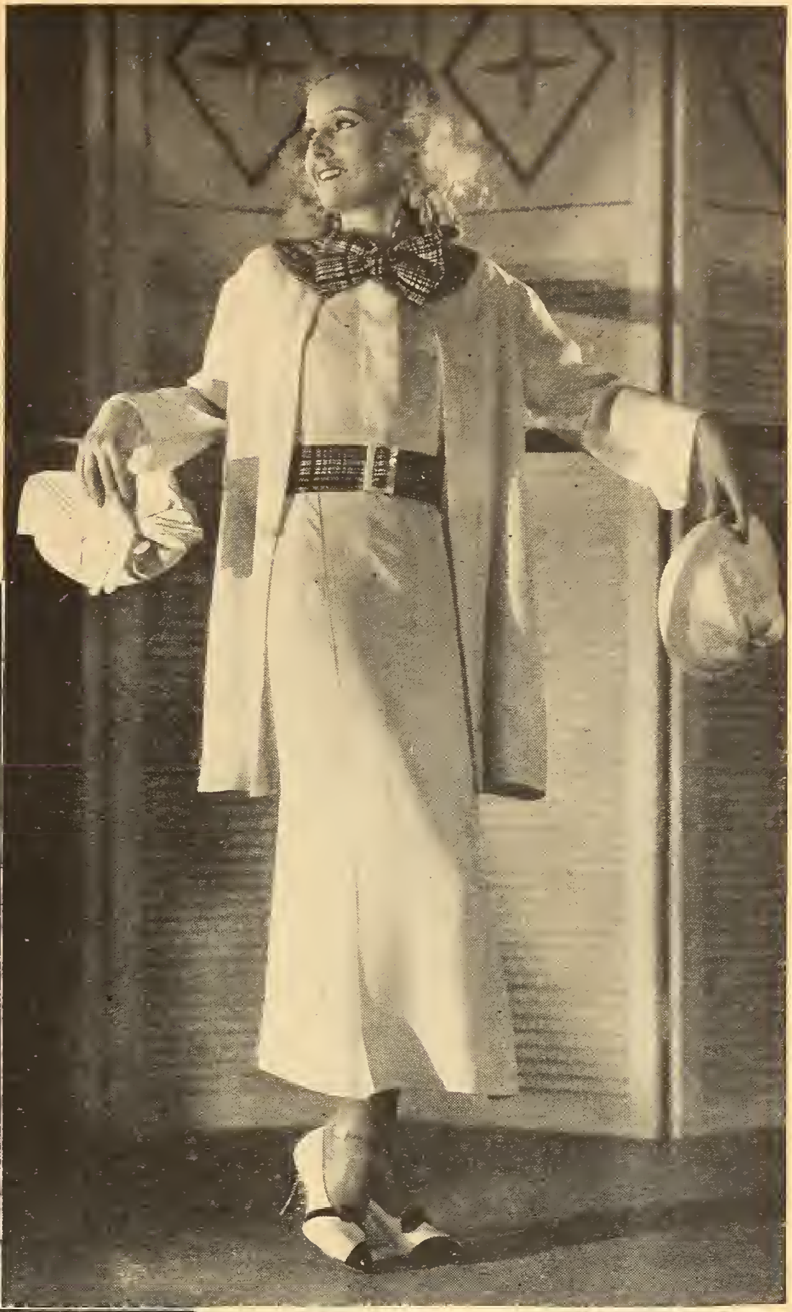
Travis Banton, who dresses Mae, Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert and other Paramount stars, told me the secret, and Mae illustrated it with the modern gowns she will wear in *How Am I Doin'?* For instance, there is an organdy frock of Dresden blue, liberally flowered with white blossoms and crossbarred with white silk stripes. The gown is form fitting until it breaks at the knees and cascades to the floor in a tumble of flirtatious ruffles. The long tight-fitting sleeves repeat the line of the skirt, and flare at the wrists with more ruffles. Ruffles outline the low décolletage, and as the final touch to give her escort a nervous breakdown, Mae carries an utterly useless parasol of ruffled organdy.

You can do a lot of damage this spring with parasols. Ann Sothern has a small square one of bright blue silk fringed with white to carry with a white organdy garden dress sashed in blue. Omar Kiam, United Artists' stylist, made it for her. And incidentally, don't expect Kiam to appear in a turban with a jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou. I was agreeably surprised to learn that the Omar is a nickname, and that the Kiam is Alsatian.

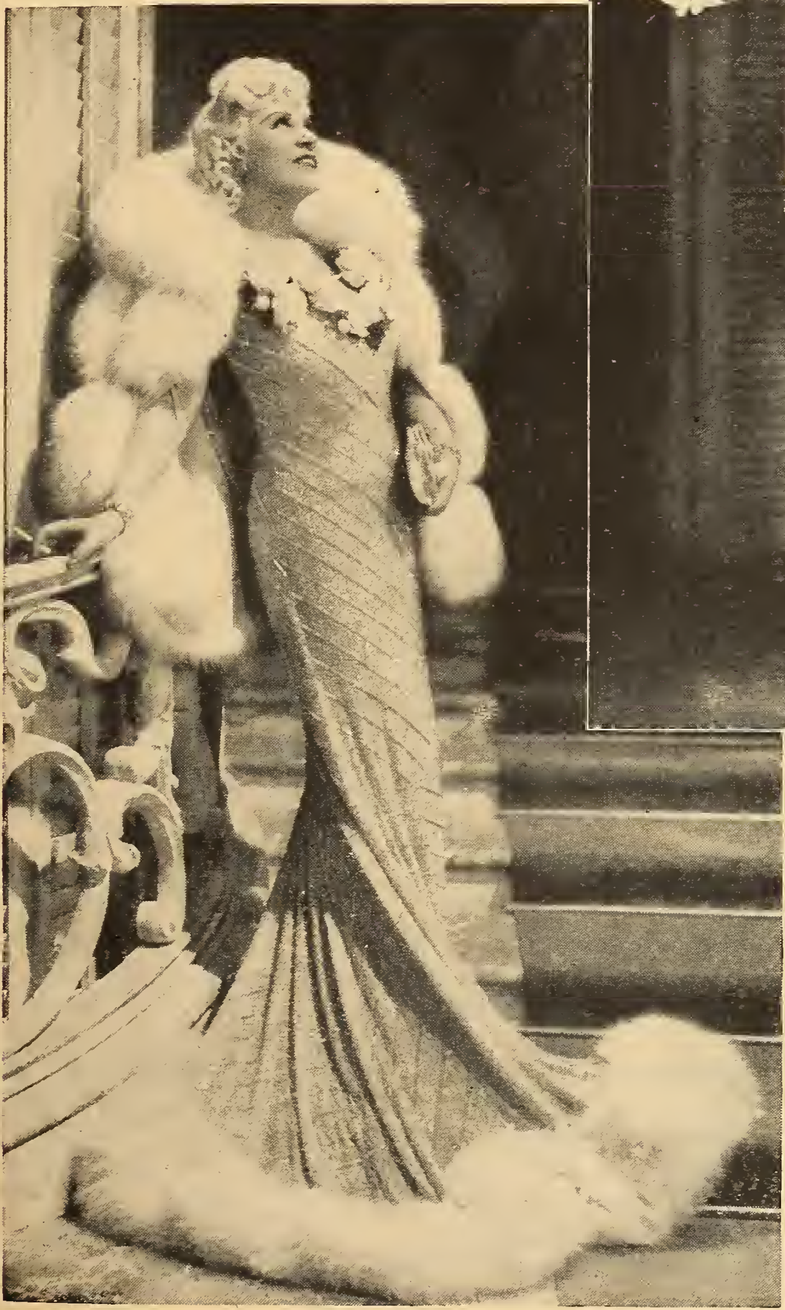
Mae will continue to bother people in *How am I*

*Doin'?* when she appears in a yellow crêpe model made of crystal beads, fitting like a glove, and trimmed with white fox fur. Gardenias encircle the low, off the shoulder neckline, and she wears a small cluster of gardenias high in her hair at one side. This use of flowers is important. You'll find them appearing again and again as we whirl about Hollywood in search of the new, the ultra and the adorable in spring clothes.

Down at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, June Knight is attending a party in a fuchsia chiffon gown, very much like Mae's organdy, but having shoulder straps of ermine tails. Ermine tails make her double bracelet, which dangles a little bunch of tails at the clasp. But the ermines get even. They get in June's hair, and if you don't believe me, look for yourself. A cluster of them on each side of her head. A couple of eagle feathers and our lil' June would be whooping it up in a regular Indian bonnet. Such a nice girl, too.



Lilian Harvey wears this white chardon crêpe suit. The collar, bow and belt are of bright marine blue, navy and white plaid. Her slippers are white kid trimmed in navy patent leather and her hat is a turned up sailor of white panama straw.



Mae West is an alluring figure in *How Am I Doin'?* This attractive model is a sheath of yellow crêpe embroidered with masses of crystal beads and trimmed with white fox fur.

Miriam Hopkins is having cocktails in a confusing gown of navy crêpe with a scarf of orchid and pale pink georgette and scarlet velvet! This amazing combination is sewn in stripes, and forms a collar and a high jabot, held firmly in place with a large diamond brooch. The black patent leather object beside her is not a brief case. It is one of the new purses. Miriam's nude hose are a shade darker than nude hose were last spring.

If you don't want to mix up your color schemes to be provocative, try Irene Dunne's stunt. There she [*Continued on page* 80]

# HELEN HAYES ...*Dynamite* DE LUXE

You wouldn't think, to watch Helen Hayes on the screen, that this reserved person is one of Hollywood's great funsters

By SONIA LEE

THERE is a Helen Hayes no one can reach. More human than any other star in Hollywood, as down-to-earth as the housewife next door, there are strange fastnesses into which she retires as a person, and emerges the great actress that she is!

With each rôle, she is a different person. No rôle either modifies or adds or subtracts from her as an individual. But, through some alchemy, she achieves a separate personality—not baffling, but awe-inspiring.

Before the mystic Helen Hayes who achieves an emotional intensity as miraculous as the break of day, the Helen Hayes the world knows is humble. The actress belongs to her work. She has no part in the everyday affairs of the wife of Charlie MacArthur, and the mother of his child.

Virtually, Helen Hayes is two people. She detaches one from the other with the magnificence of her art and through that sublime power which neither she, nor anyone else, has ever analyzed.

Helen Hayes jealously guards her own personality—and jealously guards that other personality which comes to life only in the words and the emotions and the moods of make-believe characters.

Possibly, Helen Hayes is able to fulfill her various characterizations so wholly because she has made a cult of concentration.

She does not destroy that inspiring quality by pettiness or by trifles.

That quality within her is dynamite. She neither tampers with it nor permits it to compel her own vastly different, wholly normal, far-visioned, everyday philosophies into foreign channels.

When the other Helen Hayes, whom the world sees on the screen, must do her work, the Helen who binds up injured fingers for prop men, and inquires after the welfare of newly born babies, takes her everlasting knitting to a chair and detaches the actress from herself.

The actress concentrates. The woman relaxes. Relaxes to the point where she has become known as one of Hollywood's favorite pranksters.

Possibly that slanting humor of hers is something she acquired from her husband, who wooed and won her by feeding her peanuts, by taking her buggy-riding, by deluging her with ridiculous gifts.

She is a master-mind of Hollywood, not only because her opinions on story structure, camera angles and possible public reaction are valued, but also because she has conceived and executed some of the most amusing gags ever pulled in this town of gagsters.

It is a Roman Holiday when she and her husband start kidding the town. Their particular delight is ringing doorbells, if a house looks festive with light—even though they don't know the owners. They will introduce themselves, and ask casually if there is excitement going on. If there is, they will invite themselves in. If there isn't, they go on to greener pastures.

Helen once pulled a birthday party on Clark Gable. They were working together in *The White Sister*. He was planning to celebrate his birthday quietly, with a family dinner, after the day's shooting was finished. But Helen fixed it for him. Late in the afternoon he was notified that some mud and rain scenes would have to be made that night. Gable is a trouper. Birthdays don't mean a thing when there is work to be done.

So, in the course of events, property and wardrobe men invaded his dressing room, smeared him artistically with mud and grime, and finished him off by spraying him with an oil solution. Mr. Gable was not a handsome sight to behold. And just then Helen Hayes, at the head of the entire company, marched

[*Continued on page* 78]

**Shakespeare's immortal play brought to screen by Warner Bros. with a cast of film notables**

Joe E. Brown seems made to order for the characterization of Flute

Max Reinhardt, directing the film spectacle, presents beautiful Jean Muir as "Helena"

Victor Jory, (right) makes a majestic Oberon. Dick Powell (left) plays Lysander

# *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

Anita Louise as you will see her in the role of Titania in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

# Straight

## Intimate News Notes

June Knight takes time out from M-G-M studios to frolic in the snow at Lake Arrowhead, a nearby mountain resort

MACK GRAY, who is well known in Hollywood as George Raft's bodyguard and shadow and who is affectionately referred to by his friends as "The Killer," has made his screen début in *Car 99*. Now Mack figures that he is due for a film career and has taken to advertising the fact.

In film trade papers, Mack has inserted a full page advertisement and it is interesting enough to warrant reproduction:

"CALLING ALL PRODUCERS . . . CALLING ALL PRODUCERS . . . PICK UP "THE KILLER" . . . ALIAS "MACK GRAY" . . . LAST SEEN AT WESTWOOD VILLAGE THEATRE PREVIEW OF PARAMOUNT'S *CAR 99* . . . HEADED TOWARD STARDOM . . . EXHIBITORS DEMAND ACTION . . . FIND HIM . . . TIE HIM UP . . . DUE FOR SEVEN-YEAR STRETCH . . . BLOCK ALL STUDIO ENTRANCES . . . USE CONTRACT PLAN . . . THAT IS ALL. . . ."

That's how it is done in Hollywood!

**THE prize embarrassing moment of the month happened to Nelson Eddy at M-G-M studio. An important Italian official was having lunch on the lot as the guest of studio executives. After the luncheon, Jeanette MacDonald was asked to sing for the visitor. Accordingly, she began the song *La Boheme*. Now it just happens that Nelson's dressing room is next door to the banquet room. Nelson, hearing Jeanette singing—and not knowing about the party—thought he would play a joke on her. Right in the middle of her song, he suddenly joined with her in a comic baritone voice. Then, still singing, he strolled over to locate her. And you can imagine his embarrassment when he opened the door to see all the assembled guests!**

Tom Brown and Anita Louise are constantly seen together. This picture was snapped on the lawn of Anita's home

LE ROY PRINZ, Paramount's ace dance director, once made a boast that he could make a herd of elephants perform any dance that could be done by an ensemble of chorines. When his rival, Buzby Berkeley, recently challenged him on that statement, Prinz asked Paramount to give him a chance to prove it. Accordingly, in his latest picture, *Stolen Harmony*, you will see a group of chorines go through a dance—to be immediately followed by a troup of elephants performing the same routine.

**IN KAREN MORLEY'S and Edward Everett Horton's latest picture, *Ten Dollar Raise*, some of the sound effects are provided by old Mother Nature herself. Part of the main action of the picture takes place in a shipping office which is supposed to be situated on a wharf over the water. While making the picture, the sound department ran into difficulties trying to achieve the effect of the waves lapping around the pilings under the wharf. Then, just as the sound men were about to give up in despair, it started to**

# from Hollywood

## from the Cinema Capital

**rain outside the stage. The noise of the rain beating down on the stage roof made just the right effect in the microphones.**

WHEN a MOVIE CLASSIC writer recently asked Gloria Swanson to describe her "biggest thrill," she gave a surprising answer. Her "biggest thrill" was not her first opening night, nor seeing her name in lights for the first time, nor any of the other exciting events connected with her career. Instead, it was an event which happens in the life of nearly every mother — she received her biggest thrill quite recently when she watched her daughter, Gloria, graduate from grammar school!

**PARAMOUNT STUDIO is doing its part to help President Roosevelt's "Jobs For All" plan. The studio has hired seven men who do nothing all day long except to keep the dance floor on the *All the King's Horses* set shined. Between takes, they run out onto the floor with mops and brushes and rub it down until it shines like a huge mirror.**

SOMEWHERE in the world is a man named "Martin" who is the owner of a thoroughbred champion dog—but he doesn't know it! The dog, a wire-hair which once belonged to Edmund Lowe, was accidentally given away some time ago by Eddie's house boy while Eddie was off on a trip. The person to whom the dog was given passed it on to someone else —who forgot to pay the license tax on it. By the time Eddie had returned from his trip and tracked down the dog, it had been taken in by the city dog pound. And just the day before Lowe managed to reach the pound, someone named "Martin" came in, paid the tax on the dog, and carried it off—leaving no forwarding address.

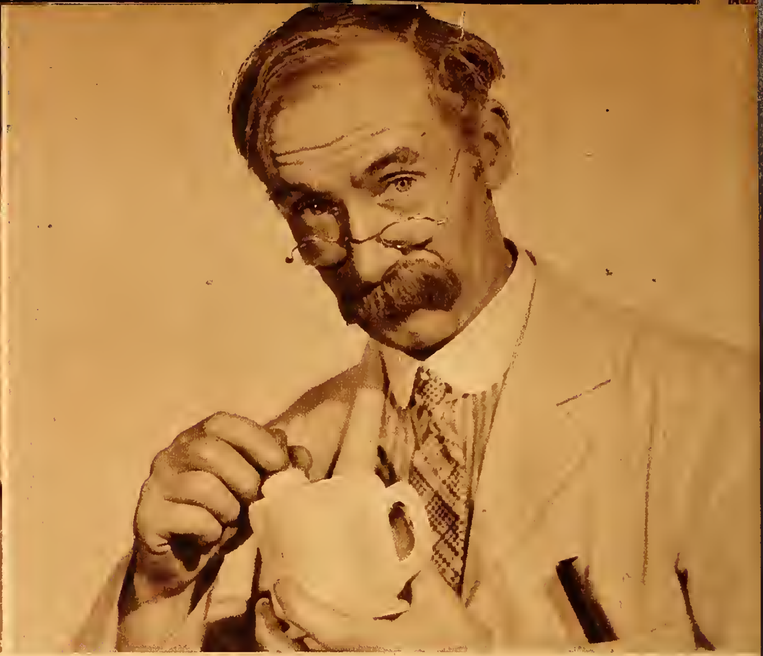
**PAUL LUKAS has just completed *Casino Murder Case*, which he calls the toughest assignment of his career. He liked the story, the role, the cast, and the director, he explains—but still he was glad when the picture was finished. It seems that the studio property department made up a suite of futuristic furniture for some of the sets, and the script called for Paul to sit in the chairs. And, says Paul, sitting in those chairs is what made the picture the toughest assignment of his career!**

OUT on the *Private Worlds* set one day, the director called for Joel McCrea to do a scene. Joel did not answer and a hurried search of the stage and dressing rooms failed to locate him. The director decided to shoot another scene in which Joel did not appear, so he called for Helen Vinson. To his surprise, she could not be located either. Then he tried to find Joan Bennett and some of the other members of the cast—and they were gone! Finally, just as he was about to give up his search, he noticed a large crowd down the studio street. And there in the crowd were his missing players! Curious to know what was keeping them from work, he went over to see what they were all looking at. He found the crowd all gathered around Joel McCrea's wife, Frances Dee—who was showing them some of her baby's first pictures!

**COLLEEN MOORE, after receiving several threatening notes from a maniac, recently decided to get a permit to carry a pistol. She filled out a Police application blank and sent it to the Chief of Police. Colleen has one blue eye and one brown eye, so of course she recorded that fact in the blank marked "Color of eyes." However, when the Chief received the application, he indignantly called up Colleen and demanded to know why she was writing jokes on such a serious thing as a gun permit!**

Mary Astor enjoys a mile run each day, so MOVIE CLASSIC'S photographer was on hand one morning to catch this picture

George Raft instructs a few pretty dancers. They are appearing with George and Ben Bernie in "Stolen Harmony"



Andy Clyde is a Hollywood stand-by. They call him a picture saver. He is now working in "McFadden's Flats"

ANOTHER movie star has turned author. Ann Dvorak, who kept a diary all during her recent trips to Europe and Hawaii, has started to write a book of her experiences. Husband Leslie Fenton, who is something of an artist, is going to illustrate the book and design the cover. However, the most unusual feature about the book is that it is going to have a press run of exactly *one* copy! Ann and Les do not want their masterpiece to be distributed to the public, but want only the one copy for a souvenir. Undoubtedly it will be in heavy demand from the "borrow a book" club.

Mary Rogers, beautiful young daughter of Will, goes on the stage, preliminary to a screen career. Here she is making up

**IN THE early spring, when rattlesnakes are just coming out of hibernation, they are partially blind and consequently very dangerous. A short time ago, Dolores Del Rio was starting to walk through her front gate when suddenly her dog, a pit bull terrier, ran in front of her and seized something in the grass. Dolores stopped to see what it was—and found that it was a huge rattlesnake which was coiled and ready to strike. If the dog had not attacked it, Dolores would undoubtedly have been bitten by the reptile.**

FOR several years now, the famous comedians, Mitchell and Durant have been planning a trip to England. Yet, every time they get all set to leave, something comes up to keep them from going. A couple of years ago, however, they decided to go no matter what happened—unless it was an "extreme emergency." Then, just before they were to leave, Mrs. Mitchell announced she was going to have a baby, and in the "extreme emergency" they called off the trip again. This year they decided once more to go no matter what happened—unless it was an extreme emergency. And now it looks like the "extreme emergency" is going to happen again. Mrs. Durant has announced that *she* is expecting the stork.

**ON THE *Hold 'Em Yale* set at Paramount, there are three comedians working, Andy Devine, Warren Hymer and George E. Stone, all of them natural gagsters both on and off the screen. Between takes on the picture, they have formed the habit of sitting around in a circle and attempting to top each other's jokes. One day, Ida Lupino arrived on the set to visit a friend. She was so amused by the three humorists that she stayed all afternoon to listen to them. The next day, she returned with several friends. The second day, each of her friends returned with several of their friends. This kept on until, by the end of the week, the set was filled with great crowds of persons all gathered to enjoy the fun.**

BECAUSE of his dark hair and eyes and his Spanish name, people who have never met Cesar Romero assume he is a foreigner. As a matter of fact, Cesar was born in New York City and, although he is of Cuban de-

## Latest happenings in the Cinema City written

**Irene Dunne enjoys a visit from her husband, Dr. Griffin of New York. This is how they appeared at the Trocadero**

**Eric Rhodes, who made the country laugh in "The Gay Divorcee", studies the script for his next RKO-Radio picture**

scent, he is a typical American. Imagine his amusement when a newspaper recently sent a Spanish-speaking reporter to interview him "so Mr. Romero could converse in his own language."

**WHILE making *It Happened in New York,* Gertrude Michael seemed to be always getting into difficulties. First, she hurt her hand and had to take a day off from work. Then she suddenly acquired a bad cold and held up production for a couple more days. Then several other things came up which caused her to lose another day's work. Finally, in spite of these many delays, the picture was pronounced nearly finished—and the director told everyone that there would be only one more day of shooting. Then, on this last day, Gertrude sent a note to the director and announced that she had just made a hurry-up trip to the dentist, who had yanked a bad wisdom tooth — so consequently, she would not be able to come to the studio for a day or so. And poor Gertrude was so afraid the director and members of the production staff would think she was stalling that she enclosed the tooth as proof of her story! Needless to say, she was excused for the day.**

WHEN Columbia first decided to feature Ann Sothern in *Eight Bells,* there was some argument about whether she should have a close haircut which was called for in the script, or whether she should keep it long as she usually wears it. After some discussion, it was decided that she should keep it long—and later it was proved that this decision probably saved her life! During the filming of one of the storm scenes on shipboard, Ann was knocked down by a huge wall of water which swept across the deck on which she was standing. The surge of water threw her head-first against a steel hatch. She was unconscious for ten minutes, and the studio doctor stated that only her thick mat of blonde hair saved her from serious injury—and possible death!

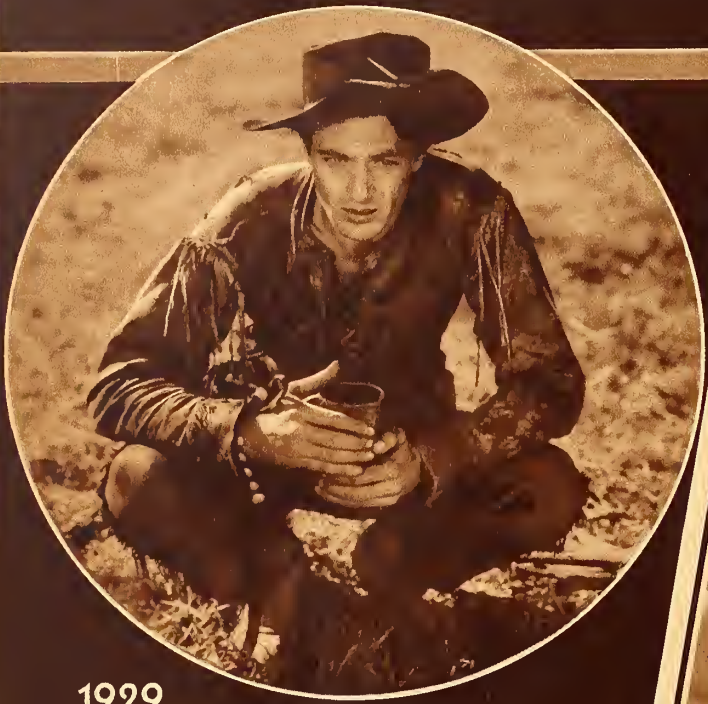
**WHENEVER Jean Harlow's picture is flashed on the screen, a sigh goes up from every girl in the audience, "If only I had hair like Jean!" Yet, few of these girls realize how much time and effort Jean must spend on her platinum locks. Jean recently disclosed to an inquiring *Movie Classic* writer that she spends an average of an hour each morning in preparing her hair for the camera—and every single night of the week she must wash it so that it will appear light and shiny the next day. All of this, says Jean, becomes very monotonous after a short time.**

**Alice Faye has a lovely "Pom" and he is one visitor who is never barred from a set on which she is working**

**by Hollywood writers**

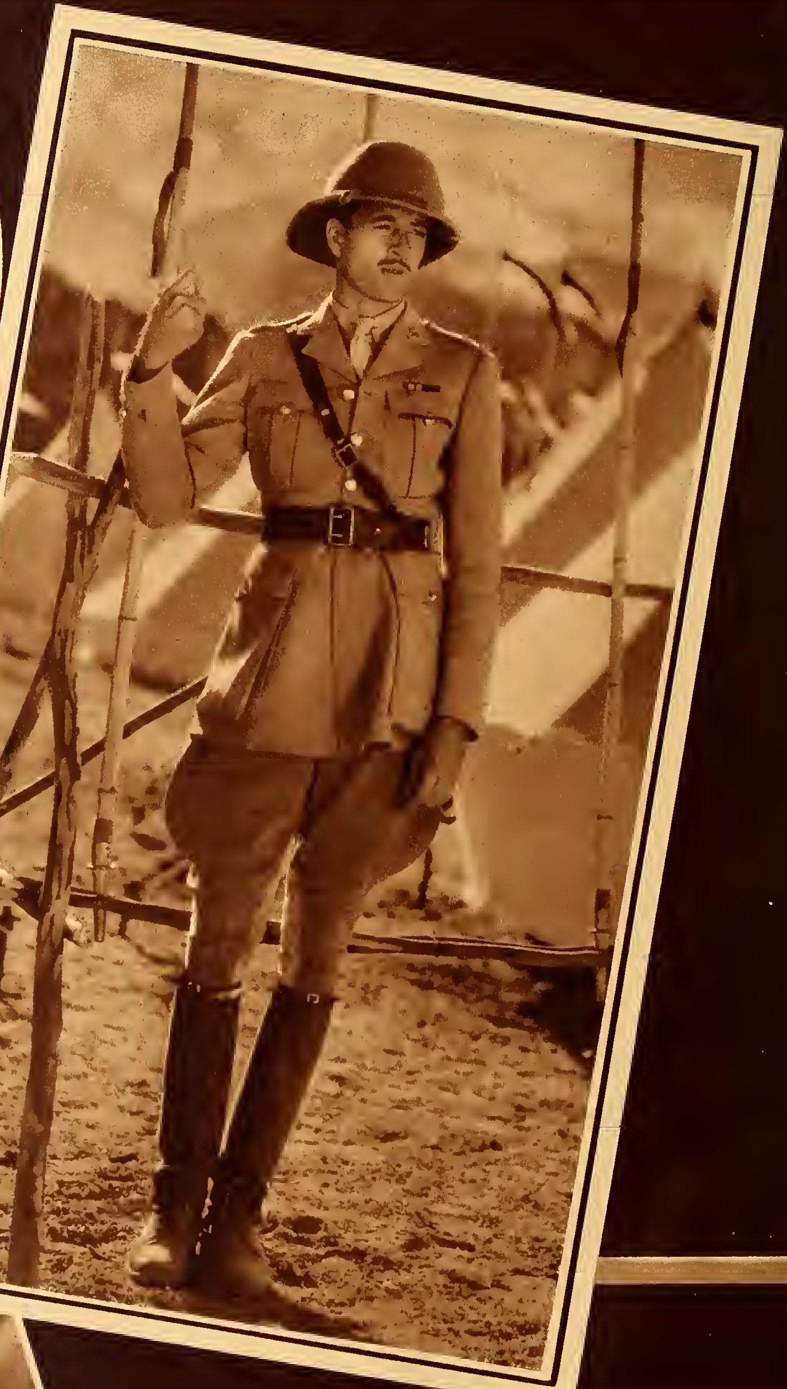
# *The* EVOLUTION

Looking back upon the screen career of Gary Cooper



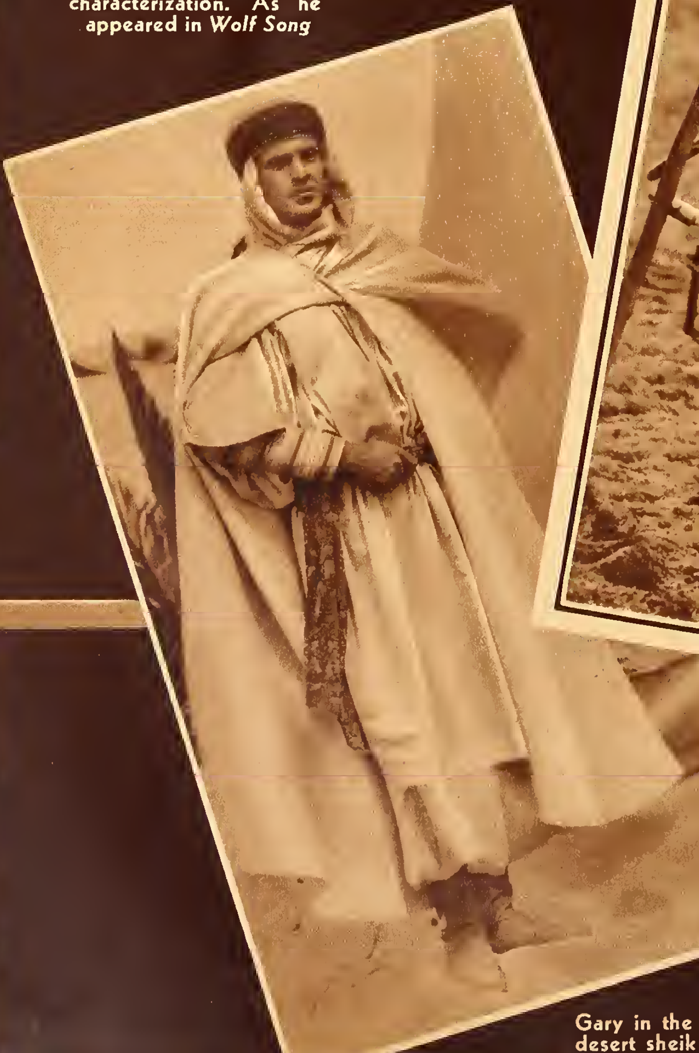
**1929**

An early Gary Cooper characterization. As he appeared in *Wolf Song*



**1935**

Gary Cooper today. As the gallant British lieutenant in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*



**1928**

Gary in the costume of a desert sheik in the well remembered *Beau Sabreur*

# of a Star

**1930** In another fighting role. This is how you saw Gary Cooper in *Seven Days Leave*

**1931**

Always at home on the range, Gary was well cast in *I Take This Woman*

**1933**

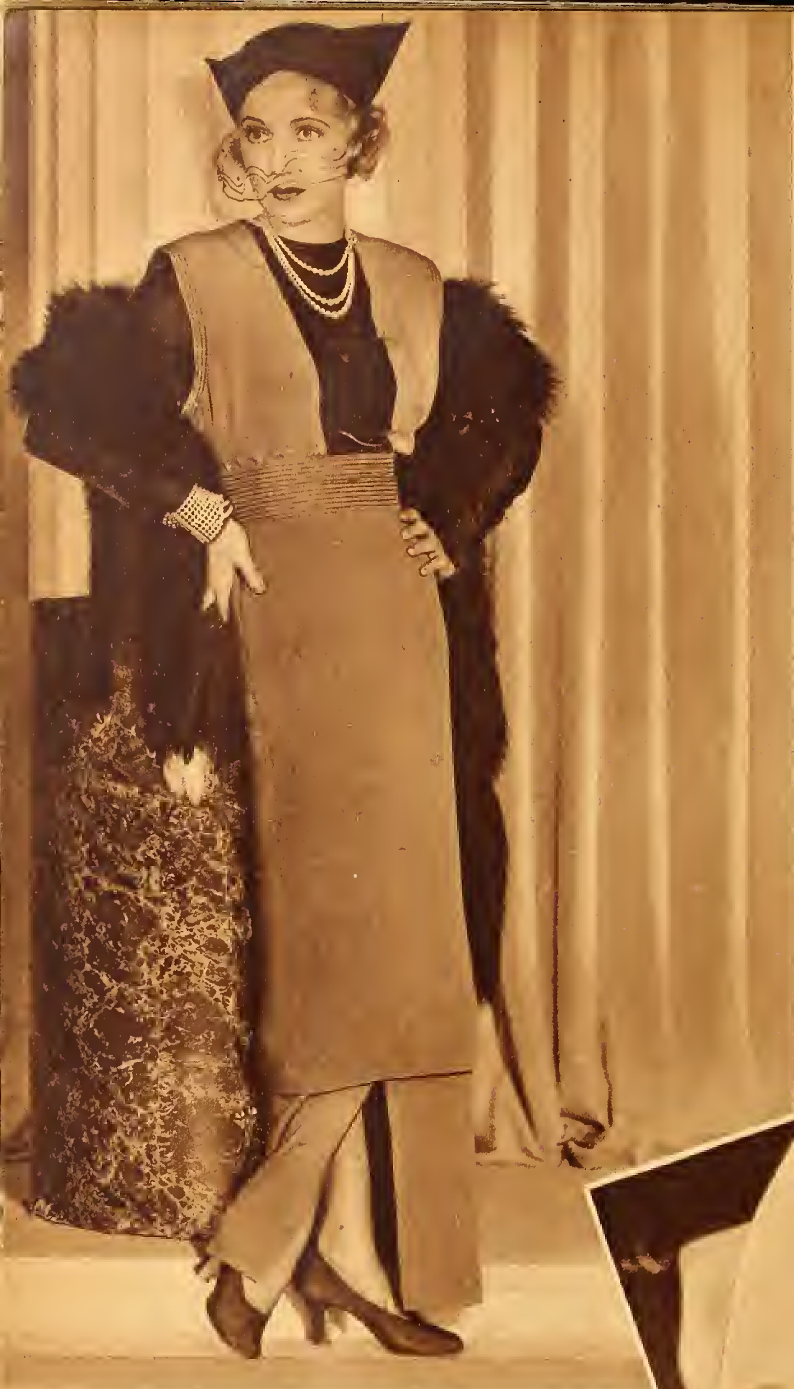
Again the soldier, Gary shared honors with Joan Crawford in *Today We Live*

**1933**

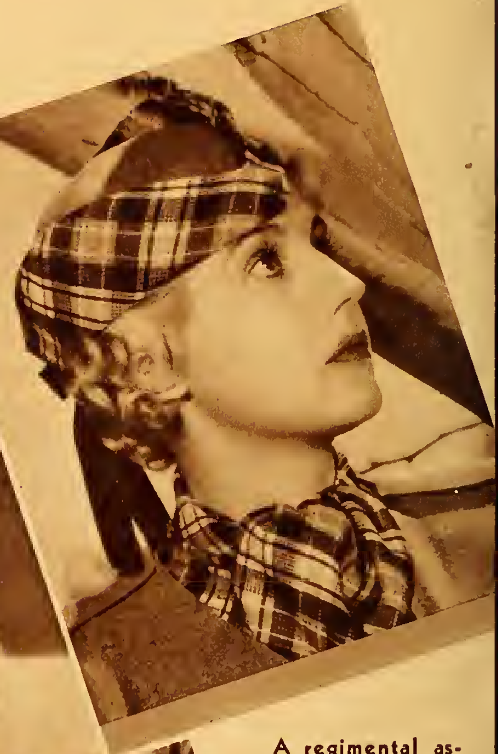
A smiling Gary was starred by Paramount in *One Sunday Afternoon*

# *Favorites in a* MOVIE STAR'S *Wardrobe*

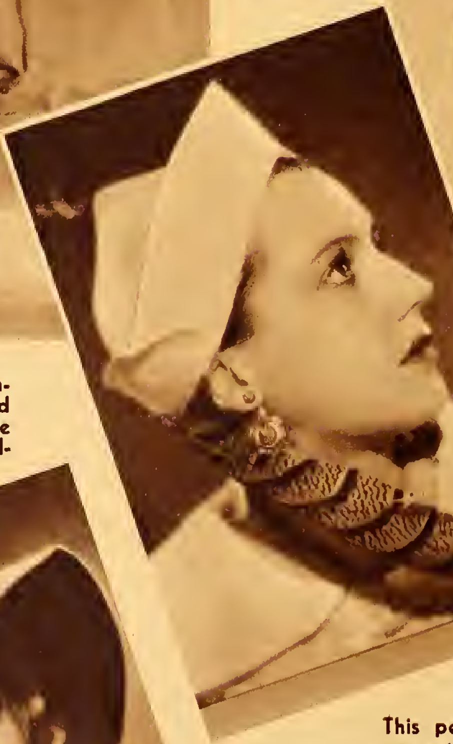
**Charming Mona Barrie lets you take a peek at dresses and hats she favors for Easter wear as designed by Rene Hubert, Fox Film stylist**



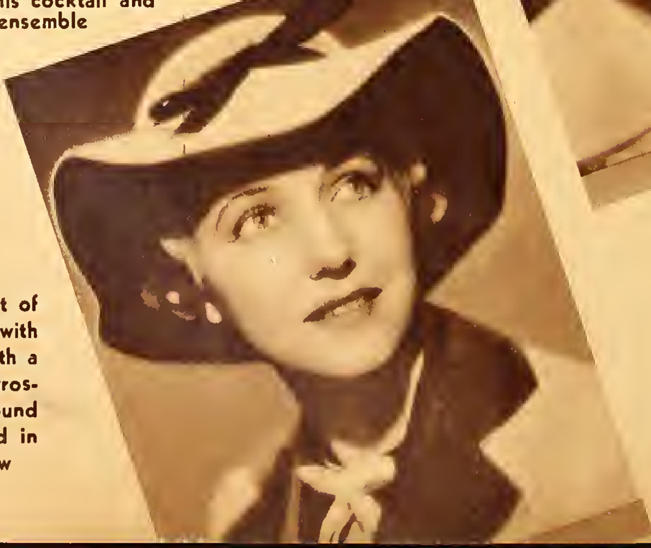
Something different in stratosphere-blue. The jumper-tunic effect is in stratosphere blue crepe, stitched in storm-blue (blue-black) thread to match the storm-blue velvet vest and sleeves. The cocktail-length underskirt is slit to the knees. A storm felt double-pointed turban, pearl accessories and a pair of silver foxes complete this cocktail and dining-out ensemble



A regimental aspect is supplied by this Scotch kiltie hat and plaid scarf



This peaked white moire hat carries a Chinese influence, the sweeping pheasant feather supplying echoes of the romantic Orient



A sports hat of white felt, lined with blue linen, with a band of blue grosgrain ribbon around the crown, tied in front in a bow

# "Lessons in Loveliness" (Reg.)

## Springtime, the time to think about freckles, sun tans and permanent waves

### By Nell Vinick

*New York's Favorite Beauty Adviser*

Claudette Colbert has learned the value of taking proper care of her beautiful hair

SPRINGTIME!—Season of Romance—Freckles and Permanent Waves. . . . Oh yes, they *should* all be mentioned in the same breath. . . .

A good permanent can glorify a "plain" girl to an alluring degree—a few saucy fetching freckles may be just the thing to sway a friendship into a romance. I mean this in all sincerity.

If you are the freckling type, this is a special message for you.

If you are the freckling type, you WILL freckle, no matter what you do or what you use, so why not be smart and appreciate it as a natural compliment to YOUR coloring and type? Freckles are really very fetching.

This business of trying to get rid of freckles is apt to be very dangerous. Freckles are a clotting of the pigment or coloring-matter in your system. Freckles are IN your skin, they are a piece of your skin. Anything that would actually bleach freckles might be so harsh it would ruin your skin.

I never could understand why so many of you worry about freckles. If we were to analyze most of the glamorous movie stars, feature by feature, detail by detail, "pick them to pieces," as it were, we would find something wrong with all, but take them all together in the entire effect which they achieve and they spell beauty.

Beauty is a matter of effect and impression. . . . The impression you make on others by the effect you create for yourself—so why worry about freckles?

Some of the greatest movie stars have freckles. Katharine Hepburn and Joan Crawford would certainly waste no time trying to get rid of something that is as much a part of them as is the color of their eyes—and I could mention any number of stars who have a "sprinkling" of freckles across their noses, under their eyes—

A beauty parlor may be equipped with a good type of permanent waving machine, but in addition to that, the operator must be capable, must understand the quality and texture of hair, must know how to time the wave. Some hair takes a wave very rapidly, some more slowly.

Unfortunately, a great many beauty parlors cannot afford good operators because the price of permanent waving has been driven below the safety limit. In many beauty shops they actually use second-hand pads or wrappers which certainly does the hair no good. Therefore, unless you can afford to pay a decent price for a permanent and go to an established beauty parlor with a good reputation, save your money and your hair. Remember there is a safety limit to bargain prices.

If you get the wrong shade of rouge or lipstick you can quickly wipe it off, but it takes months to get over the bad results of a poor permanent.

The success of a permanent wave depends on three things:

1. The skill of the operator who gives the wave. . . .
2. The quality of the pads or materials used. . . .
3. And this is up to you—the condition of your scalp and hair at the time the permanent is put in.

Even the most skillful operator cannot give a good permanent if your hair is too dry or too oily when the wave is put in. You can't expect a beauty parlor to turn away business by telling you, "Madame, before you have a permanent, you'd better get rid of that dandruff

[*Continued on page* 73]

**IN ADDITION to these "Lessons in Loveliness"* in MOVIE CLASSIC, you will find other "Lessons in Loveliness"* by Nell Vinick featured on the following radio stations, with Miss Vinick, in person, telling you simple, effective ways of solving your beauty problems:**

- **WOR, New York—8:15 a.m., Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays; also 11 a.m., Mondays and Thursdays**
- **WMAL, Washington, D.C.—8:15 a.m., Thursdays and Fridays**
- **WHK, Cleveland—10:30 a.m., Tuesdays and Thursdays**
- **WBAL, Baltimore—11 a.m., Mondays and Wednesdays**

***Title registered.**

# The 3 MUSKETEERS

### By CRUIKSHANK

THIS is a story about those three fellers.

Not Tom, Dick and Harry.

But Harry, Al and Jack—the Warner boys.

Justifiably, they might be called "The Three Musketeers" of the movies, with brother Sam, now gone, an indomitable D'Artagnan, whose brave spirit hovers over his beloved Athos, Porthos and Aramis, cheering them on to more valiant victories.

The Musketeers, you know, stood shoulder to shoulder, or back to back, wherever the fray was fiercest. They plunged in where more timid souls would stop, look and listen. They were ever ready to break a lance in defense of the right. Ready to take a chance. Their motto was "One for All, and All for One." Through courage, they won against great odds.

So it is with the Warner brothers. So it has ever been. And will be.

Then there's another picture that comes to mind with thoughts of Harry, Al and Jack. You've seen it. So has every American. It is called "The Spirit of '76." And somehow, it typifies the Warner spirit, too. It isn't difficult to envision the three of them marching fearlessly along at the head of the parade into the very teeth of a deadly barrage fired by the enemy. Harry in the center, flanked by Jack and Al. Flags flying, drums beating. Warriors three.

But the Warners are less remote than the heroes of Dumas' fiction, closer, even, than the canvassed fighters of the painting. They are real, vibrant, vital as the story they are living. Flesh and blood figures in a great American romance. Perhaps *the* great American romance, for you'll admit, there are possibilities in a drama featuring America, the movies and the Warner brothers.

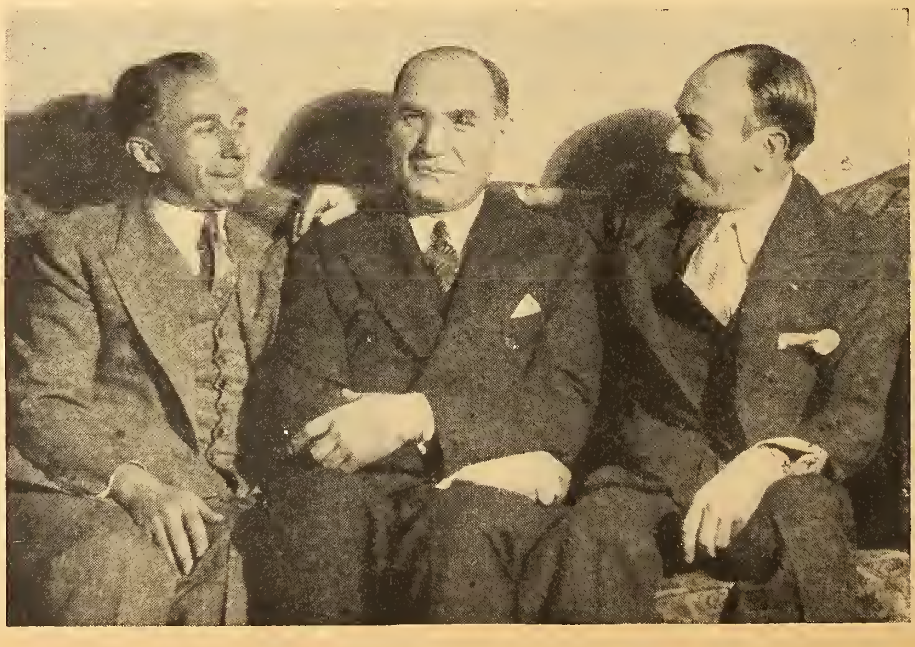
Let's get a close-up of these three sons of a penniless immigrant from oppressed Poland. Sons who shared their father's faith in the Land of Opportunity. And struggled to share in the promised blessings of the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

First there is Harry, head of the clan by virtue of his few years seniority, his unconquerable will, his unswerving tenacity, his unflagging devotion to ideals, his staunch integrity. He's past forty now. But the burden of those years, as the burden of his business, rests lightly upon strong, straight shoulders. His face is deeply creased by lines of character. When he smiles, they wreathe his features in beneficence. But in repose, his countenance is shadowed by sorrow and suffering. He looks like Lincoln. And there are more than superficial points of similarity.

Like Lincoln, Harry Warner, too, is an Emancipator. He freed the movies, the entertainment of the masses, from the throttling grip of Big Business monopoly. He struck the shackles of silence from the cinema when he gave the screen a voice. Lincolnlike, too, is his stern adherence to the paths of honesty, his love of family, his homely, simple ways of life, the faculty he has of seeing clearly into the hearts of things and men.

Like all honest men, he speaks plainly and to the point without the evasion of flowered phrases. Like Lincoln, his straight-from-the-shoulder truthfulness is open to misinterpretation by little men who twist words and meanings. And this thing puzzles Harry Warner. He can't understand how his honest words, aims, ideas, ideals can be warped by other tongues, other minds. Terribly sensitive, these things hurt him to the heart.

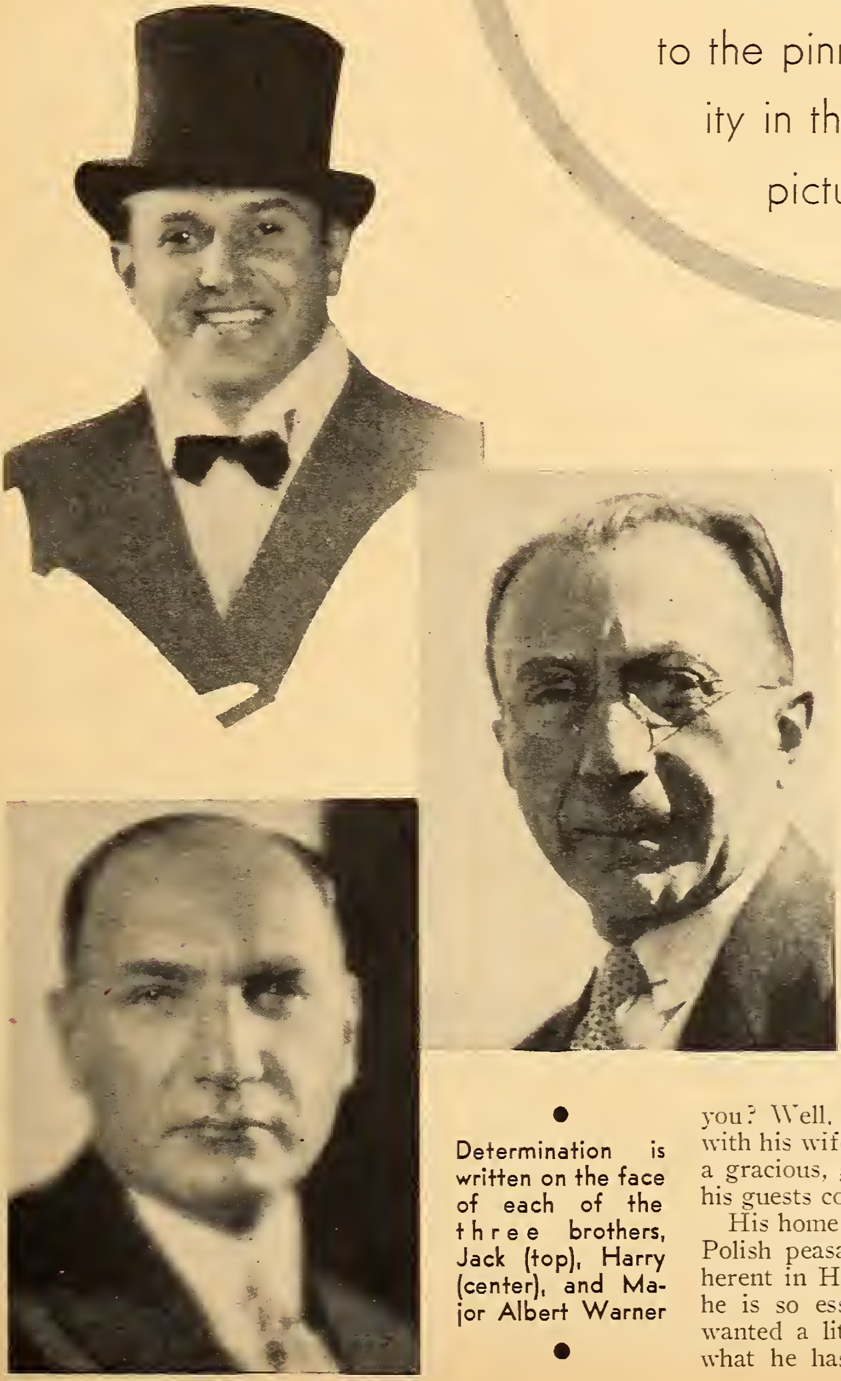
Tears, too, have drenched his private life. On the very eve of the greatest Warner triumph, his brother Sam passed on. With this wound fresh, Lewis, his only, his well-beloved son, was seized from him on the brink of fine young manhood. Harry Warner didn't smile for



**Here are three men who guide the destinies of a mighty film concern, Harry, Maj. Albert and Jack Warner**

# *of the* MOVIES

Shoulder to shoulder, the Warner Brothers have stood against the wall and battled their way through salvos from financial adversaries to the pinnacle of superiority in the great motion-picture business



years. Even now his heart is heavy with these memories. It always will be. He is a man of sorrows.

Yet he has carried on. He finds happiness in making others happy—his family, his friends, the thousands he employs, and other thousands, too, unknown to him save as fellow men upon whom fate has frowned. The famous Dean Swift once preached: "He who gives to the poor lends to the Lord. If you like the security, down with the cash!" Harry Warner is satisfied with the security, as the poverty-stricken of many cities will attest; as those in countless prisons and asylums will bear evidence.

He likes friends. But a Lincolnlike shyness keeps him from making many easily. Those he has are of years standing. And he will keep them always. But a retiring nature prevents him from being a whoop-de-do hail-fellow-well-met. You wouldn't slap Lincoln on the back and invite him to a burlesque show, would you? Well, nor Harry Warner. In his home, though, with his wife, his daughter, the niece he has adopted, he's a gracious, genial, gentle host, at too great pains to see his guests content.

His home is in the country. Perhaps the passion of the Polish peasant for the land so long denied him, is inherent in Harry Warner's heart. Perhaps it is because he is so essentially of the soil. Whatever reason, he wanted a little house with a lot of land. And that is what he has. From time to

[*Continued on page* 64]

●

Determination is written on the face of each of the three brothers, Jack (top), Harry (center), and Major Albert Warner

●

If you want to be "top" in

# WHAT Have

As told by your favorite

"GIRLS can learn a lot about themselves from men."

So say the popular young stars of Hollywood. And the things which they have learned from men are things which you, too, ought to know—that is, if you want to be "top" in some man's datebook.

Take, for example, some of the thoughtless little habits you indulge in. Did it ever occur to you how irritating they can be to a man?

You may be a knockout for looks and have a swell line of talk, but if you're one of those girls who is always dropping something, you may one day find yourself wondering why that new man you were so keen about never came back. That, at least, is Glenda Farrell's observation.

"I have yet to meet a man who isn't annoyed by the girl who is constantly dropping something," says Glenda. "First it's her gloves, then her bag or her compact or her theatre program. Some girls think it's cute to have a man groveling at their feet to retrieve something they've dropped but it is a poor way to get attention and *men don't like it.*

"The strangle-hold-while-dancing is another thing which men dislike," says Glenda. "A man likes to feel that the girl he is dancing with is as light as an armful of thistledown. If she drapes a heavy left arm around his right shoulder, it certainly spoils the illusion."

"If you want to hold a man's interest," says Frances

*Ann Dvorak:*

"Don't do too much checking up on his whereabouts. Men dislike feeling that the women they love doubt them."

*Maureen O'Sullivan:*

"A man's career is usually more important than a girl. If you make an enemy of his career you will lose him."

*Jeanette MacDonald:*

"There's something about the male ego which enjoys the idea of having the one and only girl listen to his opinions."

**Glenda Farrell warns girls against doing annoying things to attract the attention of men**

some man's date book, read

# MEN Taught Us

movie stars to GRACE MACK

Dee, "don't start humming or singing softly when you're out with him. He immediately gets the idea that you're thinking about someone else instead of him. Men are funny that way."

Frances also believes that men—most men—soon get fed up with the girl who is too effusive, who "ooohs and ahhhhhs" at the slightest provocation and who is always saying that somebody or something is "too, too divine" or "simply heavenly."

You may not agree with Dolores Del Rio, in fact she is quite sure that you won't, but she insists that men do not like flippancy.

"I have heard many men express their dislike for the girl who is flippant," says Dolores. "I think the reason for this is psychological. Most men are inclined to be suspicious of a woman's sincerity. And if she makes some flippant reply to something they have said in all seriousness, it affects them like a slap in the face."

Ann Dvorak puts "baby talk" at the top of her list of things which men dislike.

And there is another rule which Ann thinks the wise girl will follow, if she wants to win favor with her man.

"Don't do too much checking up on his whereabouts. Men dislike feeling that the women they love doubt them. And they certainly resent being given the third degree."

Maureen O'Sullivan agrees with Ann on this point and she adds:

"If the man who is making [*Continued on page* 69]

*Virginia Bruce:*

"Men run from girls who use too much perfume. They don't like it during business hours, nor in the morning."

*Dolores Del Rio:*

"I have heard many men express their dislike for the girl who is flippant. It affects them like a slap in the face."

*Jean Harlow:*

"If I happen to have a date with a man who has a complex on brilliantly painted nails, I use simple nail polish!"

**Frances Dee says men do not like girls who are constantly giving forth their pet exclamations**

# Gene Raymond's *COMPLAINT About* HOLLYWOOD

Strangely enough, it isn't the lack of sunshine that causes him to complain—it is that there is TOO MUCH for the industry's welfare

### By CARL SLATER

THE chances are that Gene Raymond won't like this story. He is not one of those actors who climbs on a soap box and spouts off about the imaginary injustices being heaped upon the heads of luckless thespians. He doesn't want anyone to think of him in that light.

Yet he does have a complaint against Hollywood—several of them in fact. For instance—

"Hollywood is lazy. It has too much sunshine. We go to work in the morning to shoot the day's scenes and all the time we know that outside the sun is shining and there are a million amusing things to do. From the prop man to the director, everyone wants to make each scene perfect. But what happens? We go through a few rehearsals, a few takes and then the scene is 'in the can.'

"Mind you, this isn't always the case." Gene Raymond is careful not to be misunderstood. "But how many really great pictures can you recall during the past year? A dozen? Well, that proves my point.

"It's nobody's fault, particularly. I guess it must be the climate. A few days under those hot lights, rushing around in the dry, torrid climate and an actor needs stimulation. There is plenty of it to be had. He can burn up his energy at parties, at polo, the races or a dozen other highly diverting pastimes.

"Yet how much time does he spend actually concentrating on his work? Just as an example, like everyone else I study my script constantly during the shooting of a picture. Before the next day's scenes, I spend the whole evening going over my lines—polishing them up. The next morning I may come to work and find that the schedule has been changed. We're going to shoot a scene that has no connection at all with what the cast has been working on. You can't blame it on anyone. Perhaps the set isn't ready, some member of the cast is ill, or they need the stage for rush work on another picture.

"Because of this, an actor frequently has to step cold before the camera after only a few minutes of rehearsal. In an hour or two he may complete a scene that will be viewed by millions all over the world. It is supposed to be cinema art—but did you ever hear of a composer creating a beautiful piece of music in an hour?"

All of this may sound as though Gene Raymond thinks he might be able to run things a little better than those who are the puppet masters of Hollywood. It certainly is not the writer's intention to put him in this

[*Continued on page* 59]

Gene Raymond dislikes writers who refer to his "romantic appeal"

# YOU'VE WON HIM— NOW YOU MUST KEEP HIM...

## Don't let COSMETIC SKIN spoil your good looks!

SO *much* of a woman's charm depends on keeping her skin clear — appealingly smooth. Yet many a woman, without realizing it, is actually *spoiling her own looks.*

When stale make-up is not properly *removed,* but allowed to choke the pores day after day, it causes unattractive Cosmetic Skin. You begin to notice tiny blemishes—enlarged pores—blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of this modern complexion trouble.

### Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

In Hollywood the lovely screen stars *protect* their million-dollar complexions with Lux Toilet Soap—the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly.* Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks *deep* down into the pores, carries swiftly away every vestige of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—give your skin this protecting, beautifying care. Exquisite smooth skin is a priceless treasure. Don't take chances!

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LUX TOILET SOAP
ANY GIRL CAN HAVE A SMOOTH, REALLY LOVELY SKIN. YOU CAN USE COSMETICS AS MUCH AS YOU WISH IF YOU GUARD YOUR SKIN AS I DO—WITH GENTLE LUX TOILET SOAP

# SACHETS *do* MATTER . . .

## *if you're particular about your Permanent!*

IN a sauce, it's the *seasoning* that matters. When a man shaves, it's the *blade*. In a wave, it's the *Sachets* that control the process, the steaming, the hair, the result! In a word, you can trust your hairdresser to *set* your wave smartly; but you can *help* him make a success of your permanent if you look sharp for one thing:—See that the Sachets he wraps on your hair are stamped with the world-wide mark of merit . . . "Eugene."

Nameless, poor-little-orphan sachets, perhaps filled with harsh chemicals, MIGHT make a good wave—but why take chances? *You can have Eugene Sachets!* They are as precise and perfect as science can make them. Each contains the *exact*, measured amount of pure, gentle waving lotion needed for one perfect wave or ringlet. This lotion, called Eugeneol, is a secret Eugene formula. You can get its protection for your wave only in Eugene Sachets.

So don't, for your one-and-only head of hair's sake, let anonymous, unidentified sachets experiment on your head. Be safe, not sorry! Be a good shopper; be firm. Say to your hairdresser, "Use Eugene Sachets," and you'll say only nice things after you see your wave!

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No. 2
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THE HEART OF A GENUINE EUGENE WAVE

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Examine this sachet . . . acquaint yourself with the trade-mark by which it can always be identified. Take it with you to your hairdresser's! We will also send you a copy of "Here's How!" a brand new booklet of new hair styles, with information about keeping your Eugene permanent in condition. Mail a postal to Eugene, Ltd., 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

# Gene Raymond's Complaint About Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 56]

light. Gene merely happens to be a man with ideas and is frank enough to speak his mind.

The reason that Gene doesn't care much for Hollywood and its climate is because he happens to be a New Yorker and has a New Yorker's hearty contempt for states with too much sunshine. He is more stimulated by the drizzle that hangs for days over the nation's largest city than he is by a daily sun bath in Hollywood. The sound of ten thousand taxicab horns is a symphony to his ears. The terrifying rumble of a subway quiets his nerves.

"IT SEEMS to me," says Gene Raymond in taking further inventory of Hollywood's ills, "that we might have better pictures if it were possible—and from the standpoint of expense it probably isn't—to shoot a picture starting at the beginning of the story and working right straight through to the climax.

"As it is now, we jump all around in the script and it's difficult to have any real feeling about the thing you are doing. Pictures like *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* are exceptions to the rule, and I have played in only one or two films that give me the same feeling I had behind the footlights.

"On the stage—" and Gene Raymond, because he made his first of a long series of legitimate theatre appearances at the age of five, ought to know about this phase of the acting business—"you are continually building your part. First, during long rehearsals, you become completely familiar with your work. Then you open out of town and have further opportunity to perfect your rôle. First night in New York is the big moment—everything you have is pointed to that one performance.

"After the agony of the opening you run along at an even keel for awhile. But even if the play is successful, running for several months, you never lose interest. You keep on building until you actually may be doing a better job after you've been before an audience eighty or ninety times.

"An actor on the stage may feel let down after he has been in the same play for several months. He may not feel like going to the theatre for the same thing every night, but once he gets the curtain call, he is aware of a sudden 'lift.' It instantly gives him new enthusiasm."

With this statement, Gene draws an unusual parallel between the stage and screen.

"On the set," he explains, "a director will say, 'Come on, let's get this over with.' You get out of your chair, walk in front of the camera and to work, but it's pretty much mechanical. You don't feel the excitement—you're not on your toes.

"I'll have to admit, though, that I may be looking at stage acting through rose-colored glasses." Gene Raymond isn't the one to be too dogmatic. "Distance probably lends enchantment. If I were back on the stage, I'd probably find myself wishing I were in Hollywood."

On the whole, we'll have to admit that Raymond's reasoning is pretty sane. He agrees with most folk in Hollywood that the movement of the Legion of Decency has helped the movies, directing screen stories back to the simple themes that have been so successful of late. He frankly admits that the business of making movies has made great strides in the last two years and that before long the particular points he mentions can't be complained about any longer.

Ralph Forbes and his recent bride, Heather Angel, speak into the microphone when they attend the Hollywood premiere of Universal's *The Good Fairy.*

AT THE present moment, Gene Raymond is thoroughly enjoying himself in private and professional life. Fresh from a long vacation in New York, he is looking forward to picture work at Paramount, the studio where he worked when he first came to Hollywood.

He is a free-lance player now and prefers to stay that way because he can choose his own rôles and then has only himself to blame if they turn out badly. If he could name his next picture, it would be a screen version of *Scaramouche*. That's because he wants to do something more colorful than the rôle of the young hero who spends most of his time holding a lovely lady in his arms and letting a camera roam around over his profile.

Gene Raymond's hair, incidentally, is not platinum, but plain, ordinary blond. The camera lens and lights simply have a way of making it look almost white.

Independence is the one thing Gene craves most. He travels in no particular social set in Hollywood. He has no "steady girl." He admits having squired Mary Brian and Janet Gaynor on several occasions recently, but even if he were interested in either of these charming ladies more than casually, he wouldn't talk about it. When he marries, if ever, the public won't know until the ceremony is over.

Few actors are as physically fit as Gene Raymond and it's not the tailor who is responsible for those broad shoulders. He keeps himself in the pink by fencing, riding, swimming and playing tennis.

When he first came to Hollywood he played a lot of polo. He stopped, however, and not, as someone said, "Because it was too hard on the horse."

"After I had played for several months," he explains. "I joined a game with Will Rogers and a few others who really know the game. In attempting to make a difficult shot, I was struck by the horse's head. They took several stitches in my face and the picture in which I was working was delayed for three weeks.

"So I quit polo. I like the game, but I also work for a living."

A magnificent seventeen-room home was once the place in which he hung his hat in Hollywood, but he prefers an apartment now and only leases a home—always in Beverly Hills—when his mother comes for an extended visit.

Gene is tremendously fond of his twenty-year-old brother, Bob. Bob won't trade on his famous brother's name and wants to be an orchestra conductor—not an actor.

Gene Raymond has one great ambition—to play a really fine rôle that satisfies his idea of what constitutes a really fine rôle. Then he will retire.

"But when it comes to that," he confesses, "I'll probably come around and tell you the same thing when I'm fifty."

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AN EMOLLIENT MASCARA
*that gives lashes new glamour*

If you don't agree on these three superiorities, your money back without question. *Louise Ross*

THIS introduces my final achievement in cake mascara, my *new* emollient Winx. I bring women everywhere the finest lash beautifier my experience can produce—one with a new, soothing effect that solves old-time problems.

It has three virtues, this new emollient Winx.

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Give your lashes a long, silky effect with Winx Mascara. Shape your brows with a Winx pencil. Shadow your lids with Winx Eye Shadow. The result will delight you, giving your face new charm.

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If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

# Una Merkel—Picture Saver

[*Continued from page* 16]

pleasure out of my work than anyone in Hollywood. There's just one thing that worries me and that is that there are so many people who don't share my good luck. I feel so sorry for people who don't seem to have anything. I wish there was some better way of distributing money and happiness

"What worries me is the great number of men with training and ambition who are out of work. I know any number of young college graduates, trained to be engineers and doctors and lawyers, who are just sitting in their offices (if they have any) twiddling their thumbs. I know what I'm talking about because a good friend of mine, an aeronautical engineer, couldn't find a thing to do until he was out of college nearly three years. And the job he got then was one for which he needed no training. It's maddening to think that all the time and money spent for an education is sometimes spent in vain. I don't know anything about economics," Una said, "But . . .," and she straightway launched into one of the most level-headed, sane expositions of that slippery science it has been my priviledge to hear, in or out of a lecture hall.

IT IS strange to me that some writer recently referred to Una Merkel as the girl without a worry in her head . . . "the most carefree girl in Hollywood" was the way he put it. If he'd given his subject a little more thought, he might not have described her so glibly. One doesn't reach a sane balance by being giddy, light-headed and planless. People aren't funny on the screen by accident.

If Una Merkel didn't think things through; if she didn't have a heart that is big enough to feel for the lucklessness of others, she wouldn't be worth two-bits as a light comédienne. It is this sympathetic spark of her's, shining through her eyes to reach our hearts, that sets her apart from Hollywood's hundreds of "funny actresses," that makes of her the "pulmotor girl" she is; that makes her the busiest girl in town.

In answer to my question as to how long she had been acting, Una let go with one of those musical laughs and the statement, "Longer than I can remember. Oh, longer than that. I must have been six or seven when I started my 'career' as a reindeer in a Sunday school pageant back in Covington, Kentucky. Later I was cast as the *Spirit of Spring* or something, when I was dressed in a Mother Hubbard and a daisy chain. I was so proud of my costume that I paraded down the street long before show time. My elegant costume brought giggles from neighbor kids and I was so mad I let them have it, daisy chain and all. While not theatrical people, my family always longed to be on the stage and were entirely sympathetic with my ambitions from the first. This was quite unusual when, in those days, smalltown folk frowned on the stage as very daring for young girls."

"Have they kept you pretty busy in Hollywood, Una?"

Una reflected. "Well," she started, "let's see. In my first year I was under contract to United Artists, but they loaned me out for *The Bargain.* That night, as I was studying my script, the doorbell rang and a messenger appeared with another script. I told him there must have been some mistake, as I had my lines. He thought not and he was right. The script turned out to be for *The Falcon,* another picture on a different lot. So I did *The Bargain* in the daytime and *The Falcon* at night, rushing from one lot to another and changing my part from the center of my head to the side as I rushed.

"Last summer I was fairly busy. The next day after finishing *The Merry Widow,* we started *Murder In The Private Car.* The day after finishing that we commenced *Paris Interlude* and I did retakes on *The Cat's Paw* on the side. A few days after *Paris Interlude, Have A Heart* started with only two days between its completion and the start of two more pictures, *Evelyn Prentice* and *Biography of a Bachelor Girl.* I did *Evelyn Prentice* daytimes and *Biography of a Bachelor Girl* at night. There was one day between the finish of *Biography* and another one, *The Night Is Young.* While doing that daytimes, I finished up work on *Evelyn Prentice* nights. And during this time, I was doing retakes on *Biography.* Oh yes, and I forgot to mention *Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back.* Then . . ."

*"Stop!"* I insisted, "I get the idea, Una. I agree that you've been 'fairly busy'." I tried to think of another single player (Eddie Horton included) who could equal this record. I was stumped.

I HAVE no doubt that, to a lot of Hollywood's brightest stars, Una Merkel is "that happiness girl," said none too kindly. It's not at all improbable that a few of the "more important people" do a bit of smiling behind their hands at what they might consider some of Una's more Pollyannish tricks. Not used to the real thing, they may think that Una is "just too sweet to live."

For those people I have a vast pity and so, if she were aware of them, would Una. Life, the joy of living, has passed them by. But Una has a very tight grip on life and is squeezing from it all the fun and enjoyment possible. More important to us, she's seeing to it that we get our share of her same brand of *joi de vivre* (joy of living to you). For if Una Merkel is known to directors as the "pulmotor girl," she is likewise known to lowly studio workers as "a real guy." And of the two, perhaps the last is the higher compliment.

# "A young woman writes me... I am thankful for its satisfying comfort... its greater security"

## CAN'T CHAFE · CAN'T FAIL · CAN'T SHOW!

Mary Pauline Callender
Author of "Marjarie May's 12th Birthday"

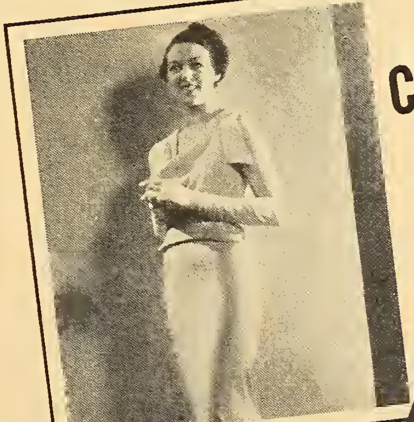
*How 3 improvements in Kotex solve 3 of women's most annoying problems*

### CAN'T CHAFE

See how the Kotex sides are cushioned in downy cotton. Millions call this the greatest comfort invention ever, to completely end chafing—Wondersoft comfort! If we put cotton all around it wouldn't leave the center free to absorb, and the special Kotex filler is actually 5 *times* as absorbent as cotton!

### CAN'T FAIL

If moisture is allowed to concentrate it may lead to accidents. So see how the center layer of Kotex is "channeled?" That's called the "Equalizer." The channels draw moisture away from one spot, distribute it evenly along the length of the pad. That's why Kotex gives longer-lasting security.



### CAN'T SHOW

You've often been self-conscious about tell-tale wrinkles when wearing clinging gowns. Here you see how Kotex prevents them. At first, Kotex ends were rounded. Experience proved that wasn't enough, yet it's all that many napkins offer. Now Kotex ends are tapered and compressed by an exclusive patented method. This gets rid of bulky ends that show.

ABOVE everything else, women want three things in a sanitary pad! They made that very plain to me as confidante to millions of women on hygienic matters.

So we designed this new Wondersoft Kotex to meet their demands.

Never in my life have I seen such gratitude as that displayed after my introductory lectures on this amazing new napkin. Women thanked me, from the bottom of their hearts.

*Here is what interested them most*

In the new Kotex, "chafing" is virtually ended because of a downy edging of cotton along the sides. That's why we call it the Wondersoft Kotex.

We keep Kotex from showing by flattening the ends—now they conform to the lines of your body. No gown, however tight, can reveal it.

The new Kotex can't fail because of the channeled center layer. Thus moisture is distributed evenly along the entire length of the pad. Thus we increase the pad's efficiency, to avoid accident, without adding to its bulk.

*Super Kotex for extra protection*

If you require extra protection, you will find Super Kotex ideal. For emergency, Kotex is available in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

## WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery... QUEST, *for Personal Daintiness*. Available wherever Kotex is sold. Sponsored by the makers of Kotex.

**NEW ADJUSTABLE BELT REQUIRES NO PINS!**

No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort . . . and the low price.

IRENE WARE
Appearing in Universal's "Night Life Of The Gods"

THE *Unsightly* HAIRDRESS OF THE '90S

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● Great Aunt Maria was in style! A wire roll built her pompadour to the peak of fashion—*in the '90s.* But for the chic, smooth coiffures of today, modern women demand HOLD-BOBS—only these *modern* hairdress aids *will do!*

"I like the way HOLD-BOBS keep my hair for hours—just as I dress it," exclaims one constant user.

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☐ Gray and Platinum ☐ Blonde ☐ Brown ☐ Auburn ☐ Brunette

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## Claudette Colbert's Private World

[*Continued from page* 31]

changing the color of my hair. It means constant trips to the beauty parlor and a whole new wardrobe of hats and clothes to go with it, but, do you know, the change made an actual difference in my outlook! I even seem to be thinking new thoughts. Well, that's how it is in the theatre. With every new part, I lay off my own personality with my own clothes and parade around in borrowed thoughts and character.

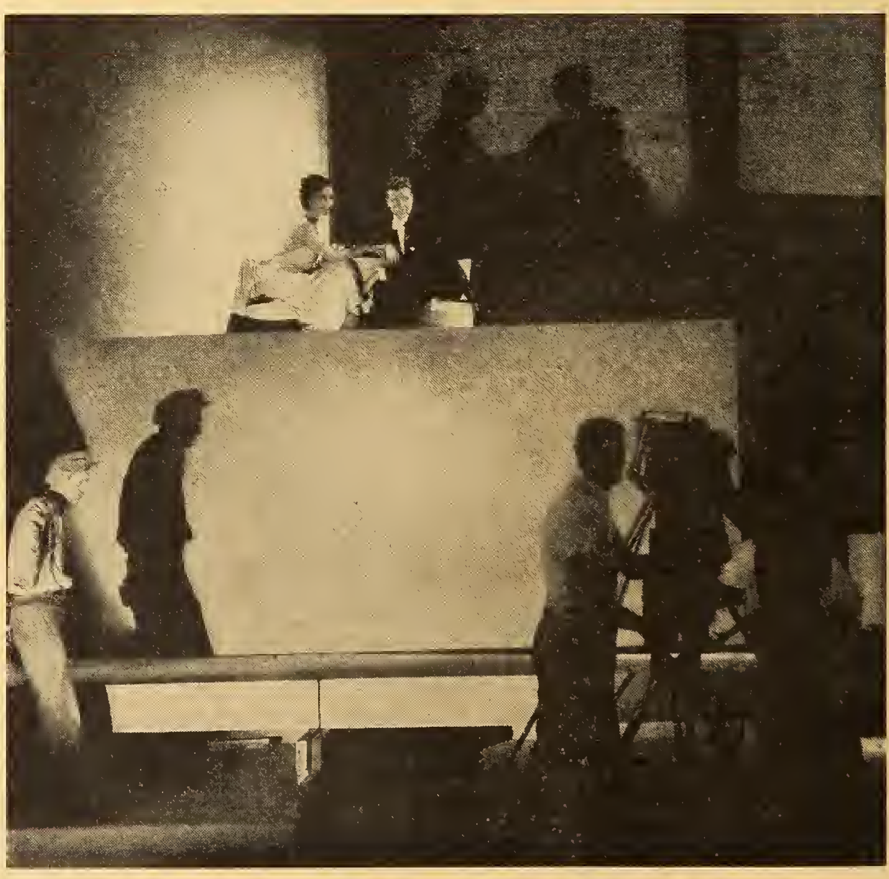
"And as for suppressed emotions, nobody in Hollywood need be afraid of being inhibited! In my last four pictures, I think I've portrayed all the emotions in the psychology book and a few that are new to Mr. Freud, from A—, Ambition to Z,—Zeal. The movies are an emotional safety valve. But, of course, in other ways Hollywood is very hard on inferiority complexes."

"I can see how screen stars might have a complex to begin with," I said pouring the rest of the cream in my coffee (Oh well, there's no use trying to look like a Claudette Colbert anyhow, so why diet?) "but I don't see how they can possibly keep one with all the fame and adulation and attention they get."

"What is fame?" scorned Claudette. "When you know that just one bad picture may mean the end of your career, the way it has with others before you. Adulation—pooh!—when, if you're honest with yourself, you know that what the fans are really praising is not your work, but the result of the combined talents of high-priced experts in every department—directors, script writers, electrical wizards, scene designers, the best costumers in the world and make-up men. Attention—ha ha! The biggest star in the movies is just home folks around the studio. Did you ever hear an agent talk to an actress who has been getting good notices and is foolish enough to imagine that she is beginning to be successful? You go in to see him, planning to hint that you rate a little more money on the next contract he arranges for you. After hearing what he thinks of your talents and prospects, you creep away thankful that they allow you to remain in pictures at all!"

The telephone rang. An insistent voice barked out indistinguishable words. "Okay," said Claudette, "I'll hurry right over!"

She picked up her make-up kit. "They're waiting for me—I've got to go. But, if you ever see a motion-picture star acting particularly ritzy, remember—his inferiority complex is probably bothering him because he's just been called down by the office boy for being late on the set!"



Here's a still picture of a still picture and a study in lights and shadows as Dick Powell and Winifred Shaw, featured players of *Gold Diggers of 1935,* pose for a photo of their *Manhattan Lullaby* number

**Mrs. Louis de l'Aigle Munds** *whose homes on Park Ave., New York, and Narragansett, Rhode Island and on the French Riviera are treasure houses of beautiful objects.*

A fortune in Luxuries

YET SHE PAYS BUT 25¢
FOR HER TOOTH PASTE

**Mrs. Munds finds Listerine Tooth Paste perfect for cleansing and so refreshing that she prefers it to other dentifrices costing much more**

Women of Mrs. Munds' station in life are perhaps the sternest judges of a product and are the most critical of buyers. Since price is no factor, their choice can be based upon but one thing: The results a product gives.

When Mrs. Munds says of Listerine Tooth Paste—"After trying many kinds of tooth paste I have found real pleasure in using Listerine Tooth Paste. It is so cool and refreshing and has such a pleasant taste,"—she expresses the sentiment of more than two million women in every walk of life. On sheer merit alone Listerine Tooth Paste has supplanted older and costlier favorites everywhere.

If you haven't tried this proud product made by the makers of Listerine, do so now.

See how quickly and thoroughly it cleanses the teeth, attacking tartar, film, and discolorations.

See what a brilliant lustre it imparts to teeth. The precious enamel, unharmed by this gentle dentifrice, seems to gleam and flash with new brilliance.

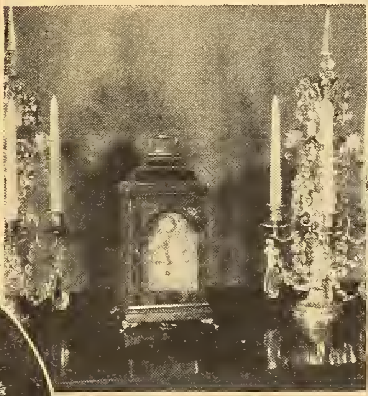
Note that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and invigoration that follows the use of this unusual dentifrice—a clean, fresh feeling that you associate with the use of Listerine itself.

Incidentally, if you have children, it is no task to get them to brush their teeth. They look forward to that refreshed feeling and to this tooth paste's pleasant flavor.

If you are interested in economy, see how far this tooth paste goes. Get a tube today. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

*The living-room of Mrs. Munds' New York home with its valuable portrait of Joseph Black by Sir Henry Raeburn.*

*(Below) The Louis XVI girandoles with their bases of burnished gold and their trappings of 18th century Irish glass.*



*Mrs. Munds' Queen Anne highboy, a priceless possession with unusual patine markings.*

*(Right) Unusual ruby and diamond spray brooch, a valuable family heirloom in Mrs. Munds' jewel collection.*

REGULAR SIZE 25¢ NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

**Listerine**
**TOOTH PASTE**

## The Three Musketeers of the Movies

[*Continued from page* 53]

time the modest home has grown as more and more room became essential. But it remains perched in wooded acres, far removed from the crowded canyons of the city. And strolling among the trees, Harry Warner meets his soul. We'll leave him there.

A GIANT of a man, Albert Warner wears his military title, Major, most becomingly. He has the strong, chiselled features of an Iroquois sachem. Look at the Indian on a nickel, the next time you have one, and you'll see Major Warner. That is, without the feathers, of course. If there's ever a masquerade, Albert need not search for a character. He's a Heap Big Chief.

And so he is. For with Harry at the helm, and Jack in the hurly-burly throes of production, Albert Warner directs the destinies of distribution. He knows the men who show the pictures. Hundreds of them, thousands of them. Here and abroad. Them, their wives, their families, the cities they live in, their theatres, their homes. Milk in a cow doesn't benefit anyone. Pictures in the studio bring no joy to movie millions. It is Albert's job to get Warner product to the people. And Al's there!

True to his Indian prototype, the Major has something of the strong, silent, stoical chieftain about him. His countenance seems graven from granite. His mind is serious, unaffected by frivolities. His athlete's body holds strength, and his heart an infinite capacity for loyalty and devotion. Had Albert Warner gone to Yale, they'd still be talking of the gridiron team he captained. If some shift of fate had sent him into the ring, courage, craft and physique would have combined to make him a champion. In a uniform, he is a figure to inspire confidence. Where he led, men would follow. And he'd lead 'em to the cannon's mouth, if that were his duty.

But we don't want to leave the Major at the cannon's mouth. Maybe it's loaded. So let's follow him to a place at brother Harry's right hand, where he stands, cool, capable, strong, with arms folded, ready to do and die for the Warner cause, a stalwart brave, Soangataha—Strongheart—in modern dress.

Now what place shall we give Jack Warner? Don't say: "He can have my place, I'm going home!" Because that's just what Jack would say. He's there with the quip, Jack is. Mentally nimble as an acrobat, he can do triple somersaults with nifties, cartwheels with repartee. Songs, dances, witty sayings—all by Jack Warner. He's the Jack-be-nimble-Jack-be-quick of the Warner triumvirate.

Somehow or other, these brothers have fallen into exactly the proper grooves. Probably Harry and Al, deep in their hearts, believe they could make as good movies as brother Jack. But they couldn't. Each is ideal in just the spot he occupies. That's one among several secrets of their success.

Jack is a trouper born. Even in the very early days, Harry was head man, Al minded the theatre, and Jack—why, of course,—Jack filled in between pictures with a song! He is superbly fitted to do the actual making of the Warner movies. He knows entertainment, he knows actors, directors, and all the strange folk, who, to Harry and Al, might appear slightly screwy. He knows them, and understands them. More important, perhaps, he knows the public, and what it wants in pictures.

Jack might have been a Jolson, a great entertainer in his own right. And, somehow, he translates all this personality, all this perception of what pleases people, into pictures. Of the brothers, he is most urbane. If each wore an identical suit, identically tailored, Jack's would look best. He gives the impression of being perfectly groomed, well turned out. He's just-out-of-the-bandbox, physically and mentally.

Like the others, he possesses a terrific driving force. Jack believes that time was made for slaves. And he is free—free to work twenty hours of the twenty-four! If you work for Jack, abandon all hope of loafing. Not that he's a merciless driver, either of himself or his men. It's simply that there are things to be done—let's do 'em. He burns enough midnight oil to give Rockefeller a whole mintful of new dimes.

His headquarters are in Hollywood. But every now and then a cyclone comes out of the West to hit New York. That's Jack Warner. Before the town can get its breath, he's gone again, leaving the home office gasping, and brother Harry with laughter-crinkled eyes and a chuckle deep inside.

Jack can't be gone too long. Out yonder on the sun-kissed coast, three picture plants are going, and 5,000 persons are employed in them. At present, eight features are in the making, including the multi-million-dollar production in which the Warners have dared to give us Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with Reinhardt, himself, to stage it. Only the Warners would have done it. Only the Warners would have dared.

So, you see, Jack Warner is no playboy. Tremendous responsibilities are directly his. If they worry him, though, you'll never know it, for, on the surface, he is smiling, carefree, affable. Never a serious thought, you'd say, until some question of business arises. Then Jack, keen, alert, instantly tense, will

**William Powell and Jean Harlow are teamed in M-G-M's *Reckless*. In this picture, Jean dances for the first time in her career**

grasp the essentials in a flash, and give a clean-cut, authoritative opinion. Events will prove it correct.

THESE, then, are "The Three Musketeers" of the movies. Harry, the farsighted sage with sorrow in his eyes. Albert, tall and staunch. Jack, the irrepressible. These are the three sons of the Polish immigrant who visioned an equal chance for his boys in the Land of Opportunity. These are the three who met their D'Artagnan brother, Sam, in the dingy recesses of a tiny Youngstown bicycle shop in a momentous conference.

They had no more money than you, and prospects not half so good. But they saw a future in films. They had read that in union there is strength. They determined to work together as one man, with the strength of four. No longer were their efforts to be divided. Henceforth it was to be "One for All—All for One." Other such combinations have begun as bravely, but have faltered either with success or discouragement. The Warners have known both. But nothing has swerved them from their pact.

Their story doesn't stretch over generations. It is a saga of what men may accomplish in America, not only in a lifetime, but in the span of a few years —given grit and guts. They made their first moderate success with a theatre in Newcastle, Pennsylvania.

It is interesting to look back upon the ventures with which they were associated, for a glance brings irrefutable evidence that the boys have always been connected with worth-while enterprises.

But the story of the Warners remains a story of struggle. As recently as 1927 they were broke. This, of course, was the year of their mightiest achievement. They had staked everything on their faith in the talkies. With *The Jazz Singer*, they won out! The story of that revolution in the movies is familiar history to the fans. But perhaps this is as good a place as any to ornament the record with a bit of talkie chronology.

It may interest you to know that the title of the first "all-talking picture" was neither *Don Juan*, *The Jazz Singer* nor *The Lion and the Mouse*. Not until July 6, 1928, did the first, the very first "all-talking picture" appear. It was called *Lights of New York*. It was shown at the Strand Theatre, New York. And was it terrible! Nothing, however, can rob that early effort of its place in screen history.

The record also holds the information that it remained for a film titled *The Terror* to gain immortality by being the first motion picture ever to be presented without a caption. The story was told entirely in dialogue and action. The date, August 15, 1928. The place, Warner Brothers Theatre, New York. Since then it's been upward and onward, until now, the mighty motion picture organization of William Randolph Hearst, known as Cosmopolitan Productions, has chosen the Warner Brothers outfit with which to be affiliated. And that's the tops in the film industry!

IN THE story of the Warners, collectively and individually, three things stand out. First, their honesty. Second, their loyalty to one another. Third, their devotion to their business. These characteristics are definite elements in their climb toward the heights.

There are other precepts that play a part. The old saw about hard work and not watching the clock sounds awfully trite. But it is also true. No labor is too hard, no hours too long, when the fruits of accomplishment are yours. It is notable that the Warners have worked hard. But all their honesty, all their labor, all their application would scarcely have won success without the superb courage that has marked their lives, the grit with which they have fought back against the forces of adversity. And one more thing, "The Three Musketeers" and their D'Artagnan have always been ready to take a chance. They've plunged in where others hesitated. If a single motto were to be theirs, perhaps it might be best expressed in the verse:

"He either fears his fate too much,
  Or his deserts are small,
Who dare not put it to the touch,
  To win or lose it all!"

The Warners have dared. And that sums up the story of those three fellers. Not Tom, Dick and Harry. But Harry, Al and Jack. More power to them!

Amazingly Mild with a NEW KIND of Mildness
HEAR JOHNNIE IN PERSON
Tune in Tuesday Nights
RADIO'S SMARTEST MUSICAL SHOW
CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS
America's Finest 15 Cent Cigarette

Beautiful Eyes
ARE YOURS FOR THE ASKING
WHEN YOU ASK FOR
Maybelline

says DOROTHY HAMILTON
*Noted Beauty Authority of Hollywood*

● Notice how your favorite screen actress depends on the appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature *her* eyes express *her*. More than any other feature *your* eyes express *you*. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive and it is so easy to make them so, *instantly*, by darkening your lashes with non-smarting, tear-proof, harmless Maybelline mascara.

You cannot afford to neglect your most important beauty feature—your eyes—when just a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline will instantly transform your lashes into the appearance of long, dark, luxuriant fringe, making your eyes appear larger, brighter, and more expressive.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau and other leading authorities for its absolute harmlessness, Maybelline's famous name is your guarantee of highest quality. Encased in a beautiful red and gold vanity, it is priced at 75c at all leading toilet goods counters. Black, Brown, and the new Blue. Try it today—you'll be delighted with the marvelous improvement in your appearance.

Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau
Good Housekeeping Magazine
The Approved Mascara

# The Truth About Francis Lederer's "Secret Bride"

[*Continued from page 27*]

It is not that I am ashamed of anything I have done. It is simply that I don't like to talk about myself. I am not important. There are a thousand more interesting topics of conversation.

"Hollywood makes everyone talk about himself too much. If you are a lawyer addressing a jury, you do not have to begin by saying, 'My hobby is modern painting.' If you are a salesman of brushes, you do not have to sell your product by telling housewives your favorite color, your pet aversions.

"Only motion picture actors are expected to tell these things. It is an invasion upon personal privacy which we are told is demanded by the public. Sometimes I wonder—

"In my movement to promote world peace, I talk before several audiences each week, occasionally two or three a day. Now, I am not required to begin my speeches with the statement, 'This morning, I rose at seven-thirty. I ate a half a grapefruit, toast and coffee for breakfast. I enjoyed a brisk work-out in the gymnasium before going to work. I am fond of dogs, dislike chocolate sodas and too much butter. All of which qualifies me to tell you about world peace.'

"When I do talk about myself, I do not want to say such silly things. I have no objections to telling personal experiences which can serve an inspirational purpose. If, in reading of my mistakes my friends avoid similar mistakes, there is a purpose served. But these silly things, no!

"I have spoken freely of my early life in Czechoslovakia, of the poverty my family faced, of the tragedy the World War visited upon us. I have told of my struggles to win a place in the theatre. Not all of these were happy recollections. I would have much preferred not to have had some of them printed for all the world to read.

"And now, because I have withheld the facts about an even more personal matter, I am being charged with perjury—like a criminal. Have I no right to avoid answering a few questions? I have answered many thousands. Is there nothing sacred?

"It is sometimes very confusing."

TO A man of Francis Lederer's sensibilities, it must be more than confusing to have such a great to-do aroused by the discovery he had once been married. When you know the whole story—and what a simple little story it is—I am sure you will be in sympathy with his attitude.

Francis, then in his 'teens, was just beginning his professional career in the theatre in Prague. Comparable to American stock companies, but operated upon a more pretentious production scale, the theatre changed attractions frequently with touring stars as the headliners. The local actors were little more than bit players and Francis was just a "super," one of the mob, seldom with even a word to say.

In the company was a young girl named Ada Nejedly, daughter of the orchestra leader. Francis first noticed her when she played a guitar and sang in

Spencer Tracy tells Antoinette Lees all about his career from *The Last Mile*, on the stage, to Fox Film's *Dante's Inferno*, in which he is featured with Claire Trevor, to whom Miss Lees plays the maid in the film story the chorus of the operetta they were producing one week. Frank in his enthusiasms, he sought her out to compliment her for her small contribution to the play.

They quickly became friends, sitting together during rehearsals, going together for a bite of supper when funds allowed. What began as a charming friendship gradually ripened into a deeper affection.

Nothing might have come of this boy and girl affair had not Francis Lederer found opportunity to further his career by leaving Prague. He went away to more important successes in Continental theatres, leaving Ada Nejedly in Prague. He was gone two years and during that time, he carried an an impassioned correspondence with the girl he left behind.

Into those letters he wrote, Francis Lederer must have poured his every thought, his very soul. His ambitions were great—his realizations of them torturously slow. He had to learn patience as we all must learn. And it was Ada Nejedly to whom he turned whenever life seemed cruel, success seemed tardy.

Her answers to his letters were his only solace. She was warmly sympathetic to his problems. She became to him a goddesslike being, a person apart from the unkind mortal world. She shared with him all of his ideals, his great plans. She alone, appeared to understand and, even in those days, Francis needed understanding.

Is it any wonder that he worshipped her? Those two years they were parted seemed an eternity. Then, when he had a chance to return to Prague, they lost no time in being married.

Those first months of marriage were as idealistic as their courtship. But the end was inevitable. The dreams they had dreamed of each other were of gossamer. Realities tore down the dais of imagination, and immortal virtues were discovered to be mortal frailties. After fifteen months, they parted, two disillusioned kids unable to attain a love as great as they had dreamed.

I DO NOT know the exact circumstance of their parting. To me, it is unimportant. Sufficient to record that they went their separate ways without bitterness, probably without full realization of the cause of the ending of their love. Francis left Prague for Berlin, London, New York and Hollywood. Ada Nejedly developed her voice and went into opera on the Continent.

Fortunately, there was no need to explain the causes of their separation to a court of law. "In my country," Francis says, "it is unnecessary to offer grounds for divorce. That a man and wife are separated is enough. After a certain length of time, a divorce is granted automatically. The papers are applied for and that is all there is to it."

Certainly, such a custom bespeaks a higher form of civilization than our American barbarism that sends married couples into divorce courts to scream bitter recriminations at their dead love. It also somewhat explains Francis Lederer's inbred reticence to discuss such a purely private affair.

LONESOME LAURA
Gets a Beauty Tip from HOLLYWOOD!
POLLY ROSS
OUR OWN HOMETOWN
STAR
LOVE
THERE'S LAURA ALL ALONE AGAIN. IT'S A PITY MEN DON'T LIKE HER!
THEY DO UNTIL THEY GET A CLOSE-UP OF HER BAD SKIN!
TICKETS
SO THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG!
GEE! POLLY'S GORGEOUS! AND THINK HOW FRIGHTFUL HER SKIN WAS, BEFORE SHE WENT TO HOLLYWOOD. SHE'S IN TOWN NOW. I'LL ASK HER HOW SHE GOT THAT LOVELY SKIN.
SO YOU THINK YEAST FOAM TABLETS WILL CLEAR UP MY SKIN?
I'M SURE THEY WILL. THEY DID WONDERS FOR ME. ALMOST ALL MY FRIENDS EAT THEM
THOSE YEAST TABLETS ARE MARVELOUS... MY SKIN LOOKS BETTER ALREADY. AND I ONLY STARTED TAKING THEM A FEW DAYS AGO!
NOT LONG AFTER
...SORRY BOB, NOT TOMORROW, AND SATURDAY I'M GOING TO THE CLUB DANCE WITH PHIL... MAYBE SUNDAY.
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM LAURA, I'M PROPOSING RIGHT NOW!
WHAT A COMPLEXION!
SUCH A GORGEOUS BRIDE!
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CLEAR SKIN!

YEAST FOAM TABLETS
YEAST

Yeast Foam Tablets Stay Fresh For Months

WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Laura's skin, they should do for yours. These pleasant little tablets of pasteurized yeast are rich in precious nutritive elements which strengthen the digestive and eliminatory organs, give them tone and quicken their action. Thus they aid in ridding the system of the poisons that produce so many a case of bad skin and dull, muddy complexion.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, you enjoy new health and new beauty. Eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth, the envy of men and women everywhere.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets cannot cause fermentation in the body. Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets utterly safe for everyone to eat. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by leading American universities in their vitamin research.

You can get Yeast Foam Tablets at any druggist's. The ten-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes. You should see your skin and complexion improve in almost no time!

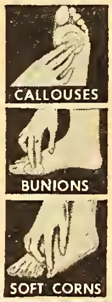
YEAST FOAM TABLETS

PAIN STOPPED AT ONCE!
CORNS
CALLOUSES, BUNIONS, SORE TOES

New De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads!

EASE YOUR FEET!
You get relief *one minute* after you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to aching corns, throbbing bunions, painful callouses, or sore toes! They stop shoe friction and pressure; prevent corns, sore toes or blisters caused by new or tight shoes. Use them with the separate *Medicated Disks*, included in every box, to quickly loosen and remove corns or callouses.

NEW FEATURES
*De Luxe* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are flesh color, velvety-soft and waterproof. Invisible under sheer hose. Don't soil, stick to the stocking or come off in the bath. Try this wonderful treatment. Sold at all drug, dept. and shoe stores.



Dr Scholl's
Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

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Beginners' Tap Course................ $1 ea.
Advanced Tap Course................
Complete Ballroom Course..........
or, ALL THREE COURSES...... $2
Although you can't dance a step, one of America's Foremost Dancing Masters can positively teach you in your own home. Each course complete in one booklet. Sent prepaid or C. O. D. plus postage.
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Send stamps (3c) for free catalog of 80 original dance creations.
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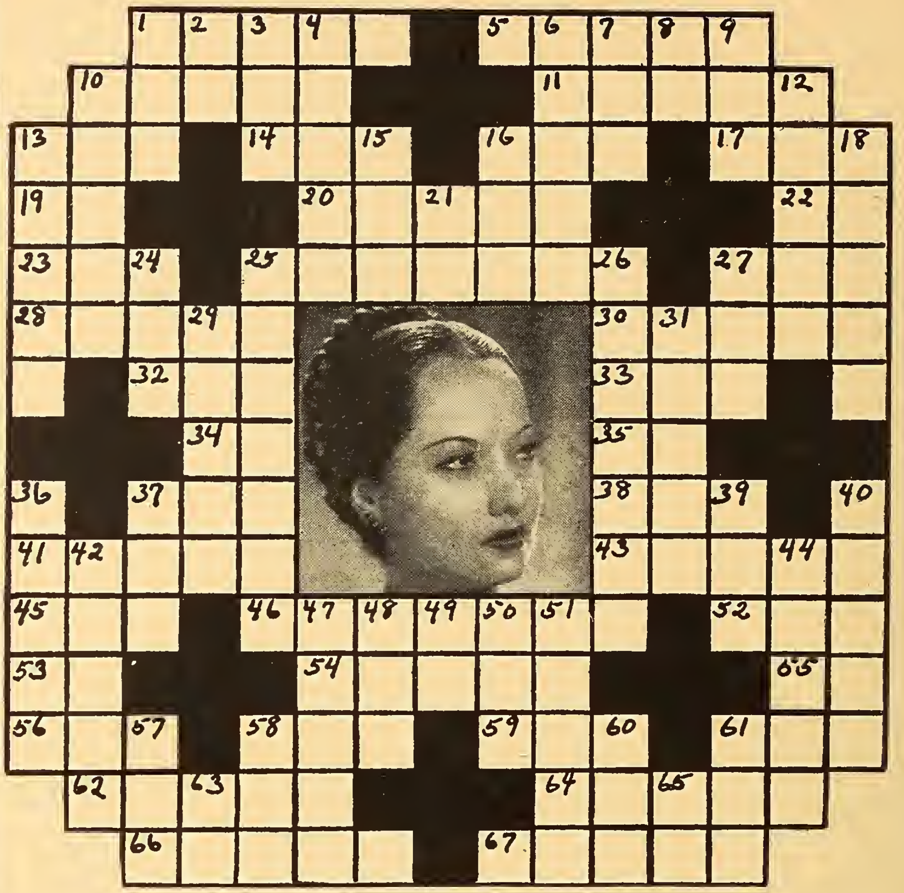
DINE-DANCE in the beautiful GEORGIAN ROOM. LARRI'S CONTINENTALS for Matinee Luncheon, Theatre—Dinner, Atter Theatre Supper. Entertainment to 2 a. m. NO COVER CHARGE
NEW YORK
45th STREET, JUST WEST OF TIMES SQUARE
PERSONAL DIRECTION: JOHN F. MURRAY

# For Movie-goers to Puzzle Over



## ACROSS

1. First name of star in puzzle
5. He was JEFF in *Forsaking All Others*
10. Masculine lead in *Take the Stand*
11. *Clive of* ————
13. Mrs. John Monk Saunders
14. Hearted Herbert.
16. Cast is sometimes repeated at this part of film
17. Descriptive of theatre lights during talkie presentation
19. *Success* ———— *Any Price*
20. *By Your* ————
22. Wheeler and Woolsey starred in ———— *This Is Africa*
23. Short for Mr. Denny
25. Star of *The Secret Bride*
27. ———— *Tell the World*
28. Remember ———— Wilbur?
30. He has written many screen song hits with Mr. Gordon
32. This studio gave us *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* (abbr.)
33. She was *Belle of the Nineties*
34. Miss Gombell's initials
35. Short for Mr. Arnold
37. Arliss celebrates birth on this April date
38. First name of a western star
41. Loretta Young was one in *White Parade*
43. Sheila's last name
45. To register sorrow
46. Dunne-Rogers-Astaire film
52. Sylvia Sidney was *Cho-Cho*———— in *Madame Butterfly*
53. Brooklyn, Clara Bow's birthplace, is in this section of Empire State (abbr.)
54. *Lottery* ————
55. Initials of Miss Nixon
56. Sleep'n' ————
58. *The Old-Fashioned* ————
59. May Robson was *Lady For a* ————
61. Comedian who capitalizes on his large mouth
62. Feminine star of *What Every Woman Knows*
64. Comedienne who was teamed with late Marie Dressler
66. ———— *Long Legs*
67. They are fastened to heels of cowboy riders in western

## DOWN

1. She was *Grand Old Girl*
2. Miss Ralston's initials
3. Actor whose first name is Christian
4. Miss Bennett of *Wagon Wheels*
6. *Luxury* ————
7. *Now* ———— *Forever*
8. He was *Count of Monte Cristo* (init.)
9. *The Lemon Drop* ————
10. Freddie Bartholomew was *David Copperfield* in early years; Frank Lawton portrayed him in ———— years
12. You walk down this to find seat in theatre
13. The comedy
15. Wera Engels' nationality (abbr.)
16. Jane Novak's sister who starred in silent films
18. First name of Jack Durant's bride
21. He had lead in *The President Vanishes* (init.)
24. *Ruggles of Red* ————
25. She was *Catherine the Great*
26. Italian comedian
27. ———— *Been Around*
29. Most players assume others for screen purposes
31. Harlow's role as *The Girl From Missouri*
36. Wallace Beery is so related to Noah, Jr.
37. *Let's* ———— *Again*
39. ———— *Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*
40. Gibson girl
42. Roland Young's first name in *David Copperfield*
44. Masculine star of *The Night Is Young*
47. Swede who portrays Chinese characters
48. Any one of *Little Men*
49. Actress who became Mrs. Hal Mohr in recent elopement (init.)
50. ———— *Morning*
51. Chaplin's vagabond role
57. He now appears minus his stooges
58. What Lila Lee and Jack Peine recently did
60. ———— *Belong to Me*
61. First name of author of *The Little Minister* (abbr.)
63. Director Henley's bride comes from New Orleans in this state (abbr.)
65. Mr. Roulien's initials

### Solution to Last Month's Puzzle

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C | L | A | R | K | | S | P | Y | | S | T | O | N | E |
| L | ■ | L | O | I | S | ■ | I | ■ | S | T | A | R | ■ | A |
| A | M | ■ | D | N | ■ | O | N | A | ■ | E | D | ■ | D | R |
| R | O | B | ■ | G | A | T | E | S | O | N | ■ | P | A | L |
| A | N | N | A | ■ | S | H | ■ | T | R | ■ | W | A | R | E |
| | A | ■ | S | O | ■ | E | G | O | ■ | A | H | ■ | K | |
| M | ■ | S | T | A | R | R | ■ | R | O | M | E | O | ■ | I |
| A | S | I | A | ■ | I | ■ | ■ | ■ | L | ■ | E | N | I | D |
| E | ■ | N | I | X | O | N | ■ | A | D | E | L | E | ■ | A |
| | B | ■ | R | V | ■ | O | U | R | ■ | M | E | ■ | J | |
| L | O | V | E | ■ | G | R | ■ | L | E | ■ | R | O | O | M |
| A | N | D | ■ | G | O | M | B | E | L | L | ■ | F | A | Y |
| N | D | ■ | B | A | ■ | A | I | N | ■ | I | S | ■ | N | E |
| D | ■ | B | E | L | L | ■ | N | ■ | S | L | I | M | ■ | R |
| I | R | E | N | E | | A | G | E | | A | D | A | M | S |

## What Men Have Taught Us

[*Continued from page 55*]

your heart turn somersaults breaks a date with you because of a business engagement, don't make a big fuss about it. A man's career is usually more important to him than a girl. If you foolishly make an enemy of his career you will lose out with him.

"The clever girl," says Maureen "is the one who shares a man's enthusiasm for his work and who listens with interest when he talks about it instead of trying to change the subject to something romantic or personal."

"There's something about the male ego which enjoys the idea of having the one and only girl listen to his opinions," says Jeanette MacDonald. But Jeanette warns you against overdoing it.

"It takes an active brain to keep a man interested in his own conversation," she says. "The girl who simply gazes up at him wide-eyed and 'yes-es' him to death soon becomes a bore. He might be flattered by it at first but not for long. My experience has been that most men prefer a girl who can make intelligent responses and one who has an opinion of her own once in a while."

THEN there's the matter of your personal appearance. Beauty may be only skin deep but it's the surface view that gets the first glance. So it's up to you to make that surface view as attractive as possible.

"One of the first things a man notices about a girl's appearance is the texture of her skin—whether it's smooth and clear," Virginia Bruce says. "That's why personal cleanliness and immaculateness are important. In fact, I think that shining, radiant cleanliness, that fresh-as-a-daisy look will attract practically every man."

"What about perfume?" I asked Virginia. "Do you think men like it?"

"Yes, I think so—if it isn't overdone. Men will run from the girl who drenches herself with perfume. Oddly enough, they don't like it during business hours, nor in the morning. Perhaps it upsets their emotional balance."

Jean Harlow thinks that bright fingernails are fun for a fad. She even wears silver polish for evening, to match a silver or white evening gown.

"But if I happen to have a date with a man who has a complex on brilliantly painted nails, I don't use it."

Then there's that all-important matter of the clothes you wear. And let me assure you that men are more observing than you imagine. It is true that they may not know whether your frock cost fifteen dollars or fifty. They may not have any idea what sort of material it's made of, whether it's an advance style or a last year's model. But if it has a lot of loose ends dangling from it, or a lot of gewgaws or some bizarre feature which puts it in the fashion-freak class, they won't like it.

How Hollywood Stars Emphasize *The Appeal of Beauty*

The Secret is a New Make-Up
*. . . Now You Can Share It*

YOU can instantly make your beauty more attractive if you adopt this new kind of make-up, created originally for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

It is called color harmony make-up, because each shade of powder, rouge and lipstick is a color harmony tone designed to harmonize with each other, and with individual complexion colorings of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. Thus, the appealing beauty of each type is emphasized to the utmost.

Famous screen stars have found magic beauty in this secret. So, you may confidently expect your own color harmony in this new make-up to create a lovely, entrancing, fascinating beauty for you. You'll note how the face powder imparts a satin-smooth, clinging make-up . . . how the rouge gives life and color to the cheeks naturally . . . how the lipstick creates a color-perfect lip make-up that lasts and lasts.

Discover new beauty by sharing this luxury of Hollywood's stars, now available to you at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores.

*FOR personal make-up advice . . . and to test your own color harmony shades in powder and lipstick...mail coupon below.*

GLORIA STUART
*in Warner Bros.* "Gold Diggers of 1935"

**POWDER**
*The color harmony shade for Gloria Stuart's blonde colorings is Max Factor's Rachelle Powder... clinging, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that beautifies.*

**ROUGE**
*The harmonizing color tone is Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge... creamy-smooth in texture, it blends evenly, imparting a delicate lifelike color to the cheeks.*

**LIPSTICK**
*Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick completes the color harmony make-up. Moisture-proof, the permanent color keeps the lips lovely for hours and hours.*

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SOCIETY MAKE-UP . . . *Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick In Color Harmony*

**Mail for your COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER AND LIPSTICK**

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR . . . HOLLYWOOD
JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "*The New Art of Society Make-Up*" . . . FREE.

3-5-89

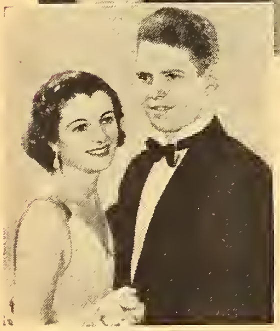
NAME

STREET

CITY STATE

| COMPLEXIONS | EYES | HAIR |
|---|---|---|
| Very Light ☐ | Blue ☐ | BLONDE |
| Fair ☐ | Gray ☐ | Light ☐ Dark ☐ |
| Creamy ☐ | Green ☐ | BROWNETTE |
| Medium ☐ | Hazel ☐ | Light ☐ Dark ☐ |
| Ruddy ☐ | Brown ☐ | BRUNETTE |
| Sallow ☐ | Black ☐ | Light ☐ Dark ☐ |
| Freckled ☐ | *LASHES (Color* | REDHEAD |
| Olive ☐ | Light ☐ | Light ☐ Dark ☐ |
| *SKIN* Dry ☐ | Dark ☐ | *If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐ |
| Oily ☐ Normal ☐ | *AGE* | |

Annoying Little Blemishes!
So easily corrected . . . when you know this simple way



WHO escapes them—those occasional pimples that seem always to come when you particularly want to look your very best?

Don't let them annoy you, however, for nature can clear them up quickly with a little external aid which Resinol Ointment provides.

This safe, dependable ointment contains medicaments specially selected to soothe and promote healing of skin irritations. That is why it is so effective and so widely used. When applied after washing with a warm lather of pure Resinol Soap, the results are even more satisfying. Get Resinol Ointment and Soap from the druggist today.

For free sample write Resinol, Dept. 9-A, Baltimore, Md.

Use Resinol also for quick relief from
Itching
Burns
Chafing
Blisters
Chapping
Rashes
RESINOL
RESINOL SOAP

Resinol
Ointment and Soap

# Letters to the Editor

[Continued from page 10]

## CHEERS FOR MUNI

*($1 Prize Letter)*

RECENTLY, I passed by a picture house and, having nothing to do for a few hours, decided to take in the show, which was *Bordertown.* I expected to have just a mediocre entertainment. Not only was I surprised, but I was delighted with the whole performance.

Paul Muni did not only play the part of the young Mexican attorney, but he *was* that character. His acting was natural and easy. In all the pictures where he has starred, it has seemed to me he has been able to naturally look the part, no matter what that part might have been.

Paul Muni is truly a great artist and each picture he makes is proving that fact.—*Mrs. R. O. Ralston, Box 275, Seaside, Oregon.*

## COPPERFIELD WINS

*($1 Prize Letter)*

IF THERE be television in the other world, Dickens must have rejoiced as he saw the screen version of *David Copperfield.*

The reason for *David Copperfield's* success is Hugh Walpole's sympathetic and artistic screen story. Mr. Walpole re-read the novel instead of trying to re-write it!

Fancy modernizing *David Copperfield! Barkis* driving a taxi, *Miss Trotwood* rolling her own, *Micawber* busy with an adding machine and typewriter, *Uriah Heep* installing a dictaphone in *Mr. Wakefield's* quarters, *David* incurring *Mr. Murdstone's* wrath by reading the comic strips. I hereby rest my case.—*Nalbro Bartley, 522 College Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y.*

## WHATTA MAN!

*($1 Prize Letter)*

RECENTLY I read that when W. C. Fields' present contract expires, he will be practically able to write his own ticket with one of several of the producers who have already besieged him with very lucrative offers.

It is more than two years ago since I saw W. C. Fields in a short comedy called *The Dentist.* I viewed that picture three times and laughed longer and louder at each performance. I've made it a point to see every Fields' picture since *The Dentist.* They say he cannot remember his lines. He doesn't have to, as far as I'm concerned, because whenever he moves his hands and shudders his body, when supposedly taken by surprise, I start laughing and miss what he has to say, anyway.—*Mrs. John F. Kane, 530 Stanley Ave., Mamaroneck, N. Y.*

## WANTED: U.S. HISTORY

*($1 Prize Letter)*

WHAT'S wrong with American history? Haven't we enough colorful and glamorous historic characters to make really great pictures? *Disraeli, Du Barry, The Iron Duke, Voltaire* and a large number of other fine movies have been produced. Just because America is a comparatively young nation is no reason to overlook her beloved men of the past.—*Clarence M. Fink, 1890 Euclid Ave., San Marino, Calif.*

## CHEERS FOR BOLES

*($1 Prize Letter)*

I HAVE been reading MOVIE CLASSIC and became very much interested in the *Letters to the Editor* and would like to give my opinion on my favorite star, John Boles. I have gone sixty miles to see him in person at a Chicago theatre and I'd go many more miles to see him again. He seemed to be a man of personality, refinement, kindness and manners. I have never missed any of his pictures. The only thing I don't like about his pictures—he never gets his woman. He should get a break, as he surely deserves it.—*Dorine Cheffer, 247 W. Merchant St., Kankakee, Ill.*

## HONEST PEOPLE

*($1 Prize Letter)*

SO MANY brickbats are being thrown at more folk by people with a morality (for others) complex that I offer my opinion, humble or otherwise.

I believe that in playing the rôles of lives other than their own, the players get a truer view of their own lives and of life in general. They realize that false pride and fogeyism prevent practically all of us living natural and satisfactory lives, condemning us to a lifetime of misery and unhappiness, because we lack the moral courage to be ourselves. We are as afraid of our neighbor's opinion as he is afraid of ours.

To me, these movie folk are the only really honest people, actually living their own lives and my hat is off to them.—*James MacInnis, Box 198, Vineyard Haven, Mass.*

## MOVIE SET TREND

*($1 Prize Letter)*

THE movies are indeed setting a pace in interior decoration these days. Rooms that are the last word in modern decoration make such a vivid impression on many men and women that they are showing an active interest in the newest types of furniture, rugs and draperies. They are injecting into their homes some of the freshness, verve and beauty they have seen on the screen.

It is a blasé girl, indeed, who does not crave a lovely furnished boudoir similar to the one she sees in the movies. That rooms can have as much personality and life as humans is a fact the films are proving every day.—*Henrietta Brucke, 341 Melrose, Kenilworth, Ill.*

## Why Dick Powell Is the Average American

[*Continued from page* 33]

was soon on his way to an uncle in Florida, with thirty-five dollars hidden in his trunk, to get him back to Indianapolis again if things went wrong in the South.

At the end of six weeks he left Florida, travelling in a day coach all the way to Indianapolis, where he was engaged as a singer by the man for whom he had played the banjo.

There was a master of ceremonies at the theatre who drank too much. Soon Dick was pinch-hitting for him. The next time the master of ceremonies went on a spree, he was fired. Dick's name was put in electric lights.

DICK organized a band. Getting a two weeks engagement at the Fisher Theatre in Detroit, he made good, and at the end of the period he received a telegraphic offer from Pittsburgh.

When it seemed as though he could go no further, Rufus Le Maire, a Warner official, invited him to come to New York and make a test for *The Crooner*. His hopes were high, when, three days later he read in the newspapers that David Manners had been chosen for the rôle. Undaunted, he returned to his work in Pittsburgh. Within a month, another wire came from California asking him to come to Hollywood to appear in *Blessed Event*. After this film he again returned to Pittsburgh, where he remained until *Blessed Event* was shown. Rufus Le Maire then came to Pittsburgh and signed him to a long-term contract.

One of his most successful films has been the recent *Flirtation Walk*, in which he was teamed with Ruby Keeler, the inimitable and petite wife of Al Jolson. This picture broke box-office records everywhere and placed Dick Powell in the front rank of film players and singers. In *Happiness Ahead*, Powell reaches even greater popularity—and is now a distinct rival to his neighbor, Bing Crosby.

He is still a bachelor. His name has often been associated with Mary Brian's—who is his neighbor, and mine, at Lake Toluca.

I said at the beginning of this article—I would like to consider him the average American young man. If I lean too far either way, it is toward the average American young man, for Powell is a rather high type of fellow. I would also like to think that this quality in the young citizen from Mountain View, Arkansas, "gets over" to the young women of the nation. Perhaps, of course, being Irish, I am dealing in fantasy. However, it is as good a reason as any other to explain his amazing popularity. And, further, men do not resent him. As a banker once said to me, "He is the kind of a fellow you would like your sister to know." And that's a compliment any man could be proud to receive.

"I picked the most KISSABLE LIPS" SAID CARY GRANT

HERE ARE THE LIPS CARY GRANT SAW

UNTOUCHED Lips often look faded

PAINTED Lips look unnatural

TANGEE Intensifies your natural color

**Again the Tangee Lips win in this unusual test**

● We wanted to know how the movie stars felt about painted lips . . . those exciting personalities who represent the masculine ideal of millions of American girls.

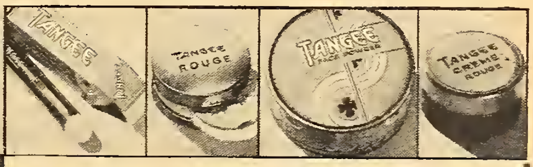
So we went to Cary Grant at the Paramount Studios. We found him making "Wings in the Dark". "Which lips are the most attractive to you?" we asked, showing him three girls. One of the girls had used no lipstick at all; one had used ordinary lipstick; and the third had used Tangee. Without hesitation, Cary Grant chose the Tangee girl. Later he said, "I simply picked the most kissable lips."

Tangee *makes* your lips look kissable. Because it intensifies their natural color, instead of coating them heavily with paint. And here is the amazing thing about Tangee. In the stick it looks orange. But as you put it on, the magic Tangee color-change principle turns it to the one shade of rose most becoming to your type. Your lips become soft, kissable, appealing.

Try Tangee right away. There are two sizes, $1.10 and 39 cents. Or make a quick trial with the famous 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set. Contains the famous Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, and the New Tangee Face Powder. To get it send 10c with the coupon below.

• Here's Cary Grant making the lipstick test. Snapped between scenes of his new **Paramount Picture, "Wings in the Dark".**

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



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TANGEE FACE POWDER

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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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SO TIRED, SO BLUE

*Till This* ALL-VEGETABLE *Laxative Solved Her Constipation*

She was so tired—depressed—always having colds and headaches. And she had tried so many things she almost despaired of getting relief. Then she discovered the real answer. A laxative that gave thorough, natural cleansing, not mere *partial* bowel action.

Can there be such a difference in laxatives? Stop and *think* for a minute. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) contains only natural plant and vegetable laxatives, properly balanced. No phenol derivatives. Ask any doctor the difference. You'll be surprised at the wonderful feeling that follows the use of NR. You're so refreshed—toned up—so pleasantly alive. You'll want to give NR's a fair trial immediately. They are so kind to your system—so quickly effective for relieving headaches, colds, biliousness, chronic fatigue or bad skin. They're non-habit forming—another proof that nature's way is best. The economical 25 dose box, only 25c at any drug store.

**FREE** 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples **TUMS** and **NR.** *Send stamp for postage and packing to* A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk 152-EY, St. Louis, Mo.

Nature's Remedy NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT GET A 25¢ BOX

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

Remove FAT from any part

*Be adorably slim!*

Feminine attractiveness demands fascinating, youthful lines of a graceful, slim figure—with slender, firm, rounded contours, instead of unbecoming flesh.

Hundreds of women have reduced with my famous Slimcream Method—and reduced just *where* they wanted, safely, quickly, surely. I, myself, reduced my chestline by 4½ inches and my weight 28 lbs. in 28 days.

J. A. writes, "I was 37 inches (across the chest). Here is the miracle your Slimcream has worked for me. I have actually taken 5 inches off. I am overjoyed." The Slimcream treatment is so entirely effective, so easy to use, and so beneficial that I unhesitatingly offer to return your money if you have not reduced your figure both in pounds and inches in 14 days. What could be fairer than that!

Decide NOW to achieve the figure of your heart's desire. Send $1.00 today for the full 30-day treatment.

*Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.*

**FREE** Send $1.00 for my Slimcream treatment NOW, and I will send you entirely free, my world-famous, regular $1.00 beauty treatment, with a gold mine of priceless beauty-secrets. This offer is limited, so SEND TODAY. Add 25c for foreign countries.

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# THE RECORD

### Wedding Bells

Virginia Reid, beautiful young RKO-Radio player, announces betrothal to Dr. Ralph McClung of Birmingham, Ala., and then gets news that studio has decided to take up contract option. She was one of the models in *Roberta*.

Jacqueline Wells, one of the last crop of Wampas Baby Stars, lets public in on secret of engagement to Walter Brooks, son of Mrs. Lionel Atwill.

Daughter of Mrs. Clark Gable will wed Dr. Thomas Burke of Houston, Texas.

### Divorces

Claudette Colbert indicates that her well publicized trial separation from Norman Foster may become legally permanent.

Gwili Andre, once a near-star files suit in Reno against Stasch Mlotkowski of Philadelphia.

Ronald Colman receives notification from London, England, that his wife's divorce has become final. Ronnie denies widespread report that he will soon wed Loretta Young.

### Here and There

Sister of Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle wants to resign as administratrix of his estate, explaining that there is no estate.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd celebrate the twelfth anniversary of their wedding. Congratulations received from friends and admirers all over the world.

Al Jolson erroneously reported dead by news association. Spends whole day thanking friends for condolences and expressions of sympathy and repeating words made famous by Mark Twain.

Patricia Ellis takes first vacation in three years.

Dorothy Dare imitates Mary and her little lamb. Somebody sent her one as a valentine.

Wera Engels, German actress who has just finished work in *Hong Kong Nights*, leaves Hollywood for Ensenada, Mexico. There she will await quota number so that she can return and apply for citizenship and steady work on the screen.

Mae Clarke back in pictures after year's absence due to illness. She is playing opposite James Dunn in *Safe in Jail*.

Eric Linden, who mysteriously deserted Hollywood a couple of years ago, returns to films.

Hollywood wondering if Greta Garbo will renew her contract with M-G-M or leave pictures after completing work on *Anna Karenina*. Same question pops up every time Garbo contract nears expiration.

M-G-M renews contract with Nelson Eddy.

### Deceased

Zelda Sears, who wrote many of the screen's best pictures, dies after long illness.

# TRAVEL FLASHES

Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw returned from Park Avenue, New York, by way of Miami—where the movies are talking (just talking!) of moving, if California passes those big income taxes . . . Clark Gable and Jack Oakie are thinking of summer-vacationing near Mt. Baker, Washington, where they made "Call of the Wild." They'd like to see it without the snow—as who wouldn't? . . . Marian Marsh has been talking about a trip to Yosemite, another of those places everyone would like to see . . . Anna Sten has paid two visits recently to Boulder Dam, which fascinates her . . .

Ann Harding, with her small daughter, Jane, is back from that vacation in China—where Betty Compson is planning to make a picture or two . . . Claudette Colbert, after pondering a short Hawaiian holiday, got enough time off to sail to New York to buy furnishings for her new house . . . Maurice Chevalier, after seeing Kay Francis convalescent from her siege of flu, headed for Europe for his annual holiday . . .

Buck Jones, recuperating from the flu, picked the Mojave Desert as his health-building spot. He remembered it from movie location trips . . . It's almost time for Janet Gaynor to be heading for that vacation spot in Wisconsin. Or is it Minnesota? . . . Marlene Dietrich has been in New York on vacation . . . Rochelle Hudson has just been there—for the first time; ditto Patricia Ellis—for the first time in three years . . .

Noel Coward, the English author-actor, who just made his movie debut in *"Miracle In 49th Street,"* has sailed by slow boat to China—planning to write a book en route . . . Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., is off on a private world cruise in a rented yacht, and will probably make a film on the way . . . before starting *"Show Boat."* Irene Dunne took a cruise to New York with her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin . . . Kitty Carlisle has been touring the middle west, making personal appearances . . . Will Rogers would like to explore darkest Africa. The jungles are about all he has missed on his world jaunts . . . Buddy Rogers is back from England, to make a picture or two, before returning to Blighty to make another picture or two . . .

## "Lessons in Loveliness"

(*Continued from page* 51)

condition." . . . You can't expect them to turn away business by telling you that your hair needs several weeks of conditioning before it will take a good permanent. The one rinse for oily hair, or the one oil treatment for dry hair just before a permanent is not enough to get the hair in good enough condition for a permanent. It takes two to three weeks to get the hair in good enough condition, so if you want to insure the success of your permanent, you *yourself* must see to it that your hair is neither too dry nor too oily.

Another thing that many women do not realize is this: a permanent wave is NOT a permanent coiffure or permanent hairdress. A permanent requires just as much upkeep and setting as does straight hair—sometimes more. A permanent puts a wave into straight hair or slightly wavy hair, but it does not do away with the necessity for daily brushing, for a shampoo every week or ten days, nor for the daily reset when you comb your hair.

If you want your permanent to be really permanent, then you must—simply *must*—get over the superstition that brushing takes the wave out of your hair. Brushing gives the hair new life and elasticity—keeps the wave in longer and better—and, therefore, your hair will be so easy to manage that you can try any new style of hair dressing. . . . Hair that is never brushed becomes stiff or lifeless.

YOUR FACE IN THE SUN . . . This year I want to start well in advance on my annual antisunburn campaign. The effect of a sunburn on your skin can be compared to that of scalding water. The very *thought* of being scalded with boiling water makes you shiver, doesn't it?—yet many of you deliberately expose yourself to a bad sunburn for the purpose of getting suntanned. Sunburn and suntan are two different things . . . A suntan acquired slowly and safely is attractive for young women. . . . . a sunburn is as dangerous as any other kind of burn. One bad sunburn can change a naturally fine skin into a tough, coarse, leathery one for life.

The only SAFE way to get a beautifying suntan is to do it slowly. This crazy business of a whole afternoon or entire day on the beach, with your face and back exposed to the sun—at the beginning of the season—has been the ruination of many complexions. Ask any movie star with a glorious suntan and she will tell you that her first sunbath was one minute by the clock—the second and third probably two minutes at most, then five minutes for a week or two—even with a protective oil or lotion on the skin.

So be beauty-wise—do your suntanning slowly and get a deep suntan effect with a suntan make-up—suntan make-up lotion or suntan make-up cream, deep rachel or suntan powder—and with your suntan or suntan make-up, the new orangey shades of rouge and lipstick, especially lipstick. . . . The more suntanned you are, the less rouge you need, but you do need lots of lipstick and heavier or deeper eye make-up.

A suntanned skin or suntan make-up tends to lessen the sparkle and size of the eyes—hence more eye make-up when you are suntanned.

The dark cottons and linens so fashionable this season will do a great deal for you. . . . Black, navy, or dark brown linen against a suntanned skin, with chalk-white accessories! Smart! Chic! Stunning! Pick your own adjectives.

This reminder—Suntan is not a youthifying effect—generally speaking. . . . Therefore, if you are past the middle 30's, be very sure that it IS all right for you.

Above everything else—plenty of "nourishing cream" (not cold cream)—You need this to lubricate the skin . . . to replace as much as possible, the natural oils which hot sunlight, ocean air, outdoor life, steal away from the skin, leaving it dry, wrinkled, scaley. . . .

Two different creams for every skin, every day . . . a thin, quick-melting cleansing cream to float the dirt right out of the pores—and a *rich* nourishing cream to *stay in* the skin to keep it soft, smooth, finely textured.

WHAT do YOU think of pictures and of stars?

MOVIE CLASSIC invites its readers to write their opinions and offers ten prizes each month for the best letters.

Turn to page 10 and read these interesting communications.

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED

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STAGE
ENTRANCE

MEET THE STAR OF SMOKING COMFORT!

*Lay-dees and Gen-tel-men!* We offer an all-star *feeture*!! The tobacco is choice Turkish and domestic. It's mildly mentholated to give your throat a most *dee*-lightful, a most *ree*-freshing coolness. There are cork tips to save your lips. And—finally—there's a valuable B & W coupon in each pack good for handsome nationally advertised merchandise (offer good in U.S.A. only). So step right up! Buy a pack or buy a carton. Have the time of your smoking lives!! And write today for FREE illustrated premium booklet.

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We build, strengthen the vocal organ—*not with singing lessons*—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct *silent exercises* . . . and absolutely *guarantee* to improve any singing or speaking voice *at least* 100% . . . Write for wonderful voice book—sent free, but enclose 3c for part postage. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 years unless signed by parent.

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*City* ---------------------- *State* ------- *Age* -------

## Want To Go to Hollywood?

[*Continued from page* 39]

Range, the Siskiyou Range—and there's noble Mt. Shasta as you steam toward San Francisco.

And you'll want to see San Francisco, so we'll just stop over for some sightseeing by day and dancing and other entertainment by night.

Then the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow trail. You're in Los Angeles and gay Hollywood. And aren't you lucky! You have the "in" (thanks to the Motion Picture Movieland Tour) and can go places and see things that are denied most travelers.

The Roosevelt Hotel is one of the nicest places to stay in Hollywood so that is naturally where you will hang your hat. You'll be motored all around—Beverly Hills where the actors and actresses of Moviedom have their homes, the Pacific beaches and all the other fascinating sights.

You'll visit the movie lots and the famous studios, see and talk with some of the stars and view the actual sets that were used in the production of some of the great film successes. You'll see movies actually in the course of "shooting"!

And you won't be an unknown when you go to Hollywood with Motion Picture Movieland Tour. Hollywood already knows about you and is preparing for your reception. And what a welcome you will receive!

DOESN'T it sound inviting? You just can't miss a trip like this one! Why not start planning right away? You'll never again have such an opportunity! We want a big congenial crowd comprised of the readers of MOVIE CLASSIC and their friends, people of all ages, people who have a real desire to peer behind the scenes in Hollywood, and above all, folks who love to travel and have the capacity to appreciate the broadening influence and educational value of what this trip affords.

We said that this is to be a houseparty tour, and here's the plan in brief:

The Motion Picture Movieland Tour, with the close and hearty cooperation of five big railroads, will charter a special train of private tourist Pullmans for our exclusive use. It will be our very own train all the way out and back. When and where we go, the Motion Picture Movieland Special goes. When we stop, it stops and waits for us.

You'll pay for the whole two weeks' trip in a lump sum at the outset. Just one payment (and a very moderate cost withal) which pays your railroad fare, sleeping car berth, meals in the dining car, sightseeing, hotel room—all expenses of every sort except some of the meals while in Hollywood, where you may not wish to be bound by any particular meal schedule.

The all-expense cost of the tour includes the sea voyage to Victoria, B.C., hotel accommodations in Hollywood and all entertainment (much of this with the compliments of the Motion Picture

Soothe
THOSE TIRED
EYES!
MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

Murine relieves and relaxes tired eyes. Removes irritating particles. Refreshing. Easy to use. Safe. Recommended for nearly 40 years. For all ages. Ask your druggist.

ECONOMY

SENSIBLE entertainment at sensible prices is the rule at the Biltmore. Rooms are featured at $3.50 single, and $5.00 double, and no finer accommodations anywhere. Menu prices to suit in five dining rooms. Popular beverages priced at a quarter. The world's finest floor shows in the Biltmore Bowl and the Biltmore Rendezvous where low rates rule.

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Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl.
Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dep. 21, 254 W. 31 St., New York

Movieland Tour and the film colony in Hollywood).

And there may be a surprise, though we don't promise it as this is being written, but arrangements are under way for a garden party for you and the whole crowd at the home of one of the most illustrious movie stars. We'll give you the confirmation of this later.

You'll be amazed at the insignificant cost of the trip. The special deal with the railroads and Hollywood connections count heavily for putting us in the way of high adventure that is beyond the reach of the average California visitors at any price.

It will be a real holiday, for you'll have no luggage to carry, no bills to pay, no arrangements to make. Your berth in the sleeper will be reserved beforehand, hotel rooms will be ready when you arrive and motor cars on hand to take you sightseeing at stopover points. A representative of the Motion Picture Movieland Tour will go along to serve as business manager and a travel expert of one or more of the railroads will accompany you as an official escort.

AND about the return trip. That is all lined up and fully in keeping with the rest of the tour as outlined. You will see Salt Lake City and do some sightseeing in the famous city of Mormons. You will go through the very heart of the Colorado Rockies, with a stop at that marvel of nature, the Royal Gorge, and stop over in Colorado Springs at the foot of Pike's Peak, motor up to the top of Cheyenne Mountain and have a dinner dance at the Antlers Hotel.

Don't forget—the tour starts from Chicago on the evening of August 4th and returns you to Chicago Sunday night, August 18.

We want you to be with us. But don't wait too long to let us know, for the party will necessarily be limited in size and we will have to stop making bookings when the train is filled. Get your reservation without delay.

An interesting little booklet containing many pictures and giving full details about the route, program, schedule and cost will be sent to you free of charge and without obligation on your part.

Write to Joe Godfrey, Jr. He is the answer man on the tour and you can ask as many questions as you like. He'll send you the free booklet, too, if you will just send in your name. If you don't want to go alone, discuss it with some of your friends. You can make it a twosome, threesome, foursome or moresome. We're out to give you a good time free of care and worry. Make this your 1935 vacation. Escape from the humdrum of everyday life and have a real honest-to-goodness adventure. The total cost is well within average means. Almost anyone can take advantage of this marvelous opportunity.

The first step is to get all details and all you need for that is a three-cent stamp on a letter addressed to Joe Godfrey, Jr., Business Manager, Motion Picture Movieland Tour, 360 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

CHARM

Natural to Blondes
Attainable by Brunettes!

Not every woman wants light blonde hair—but every woman wants the fascinating charm that "blonde" can give. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, used as a rinse, will impart beauty or glorious highlights even to dark hair. A lovely golden sheen to ordinary light hair.

Another side of the secret of blonde beauty is that charming, fresh clean look so natural in the fair smoothness of their arms and legs. Brunettes may easily acquire this by using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash on arms and legs.

Keep the "superfluous" hair Nature intended you (and all of us) to have. Certainly. But make it *unnoticeable* with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. See for yourself how bright and silky smooth your arms and legs become — how soft and alluring to the touch!

At your druggist's now, for Marchand's in the new gold and brown package. Start using it today!

MAR HAND'S

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FO HAND'S TODAY, OR USE COUPON BELOW

CHARLES MARCHAND CO. 251 West 19th Street NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the sunny, golden effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coins, or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

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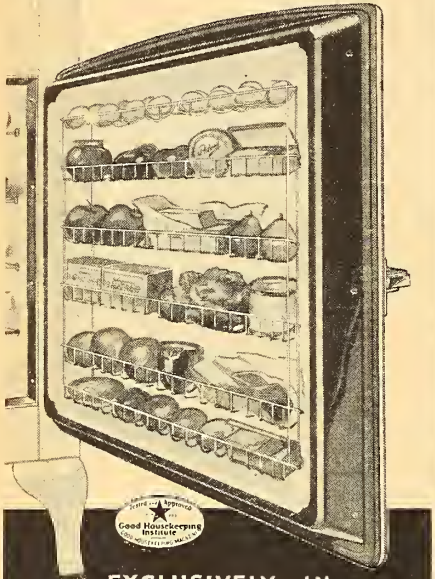
SHELVADOR



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Try This On Your Hair 15 Days—

**Let Your Mirror Prove Results.** Your hair need not thin out, nor need you become bald. This Different Method stops thinning out of hair, lifeless hair, itching, dandruff, threatened or increasing baldness by strengthening, prolonging the life of hair for men and women. Send your name now before it's too late for **free** 15-day test offer.
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## How Carole Lombard Became the Best Dressed Star

[*Continued from page 29*]

do anything about it, or cannot for some reason, I would say that conservatism is the important point. Their clothes should be ultra-conservative, in fact, and the darker the colors are the better they look. Dark colors, as you no doubt know, have a slenderizing, heightening effect."

"What about the forthcoming styles? Could you give me an idea of what to expect?"

"One thing that is definitely back is the Irene Castle dress. You no doubt remember it—chiffon with the long sleeves and skirt to the floor. That should be good news, because this type of gown is becoming to practically everyone. For summer, I prefer bright gay prints and sport clothes. Evening gowns and blouses and collars made up in organdies are always fresh and charming looking."

Just then another question popped into mind, and fearing the elusive thing might slip again into the well-known dark recesses, I interrupted.

"Miss Lombard, if you were a girl on a very moderate salary, but could afford to have one fur coat, and only one, what kind would you choose?"

"I would pick a tailored broadtail or caracul," she answered without hesitation. "Either of these two furs is practical and smart anywhere, and for nearly every occasion."

"And to get back to summertime, what is your opinion about shorts, slacks, coats of tan, bare legs, and such? Are they definitely here to stay, and do you think they are the proper attire for summer?"

"Yes, I certainly do. Shorts on the

Clark Gable and Mrs. Gable at the Santa Anita race track. Clark couldn't shave because of the part he is playing

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AGUA CALIENTE, Mexico, is just a few minutes from San Diego, The Exposition City of 1935. On direct transcontinental air, train, steamer and highway routes. Easily accessible to all Southern California visitors. Send 10 cents for new augmented booklet "Bottoms Up" containing foreign mixed drink recipes. Address Agua Caliente Co., 615 Broadway, San Diego, California.

George Arliss is hard at work on his latest historical characterization, playing the title rôle in *Cardinal Richelieu*

beaches and tennis courts seem to me very sensible and very much in the right place. Slacks, too, for the beaches, boating, and other outdoor pastimes are easy, and if well cut, very attractive.

"I think tan will always be the vogue in summer because it is better looking with the scanty summer things than white or pink skin. Besides, it's healthy and it's sensible. If you take pains to acquire a good coat of tan in the right manner, you escape the pain and danger of sunburn. Fashions based on comfort, common sense, and, of course, attraction, generally do not go out very quickly.

"As for tanned bare legs with shorts or tennis dresses—I say yes, by all means.

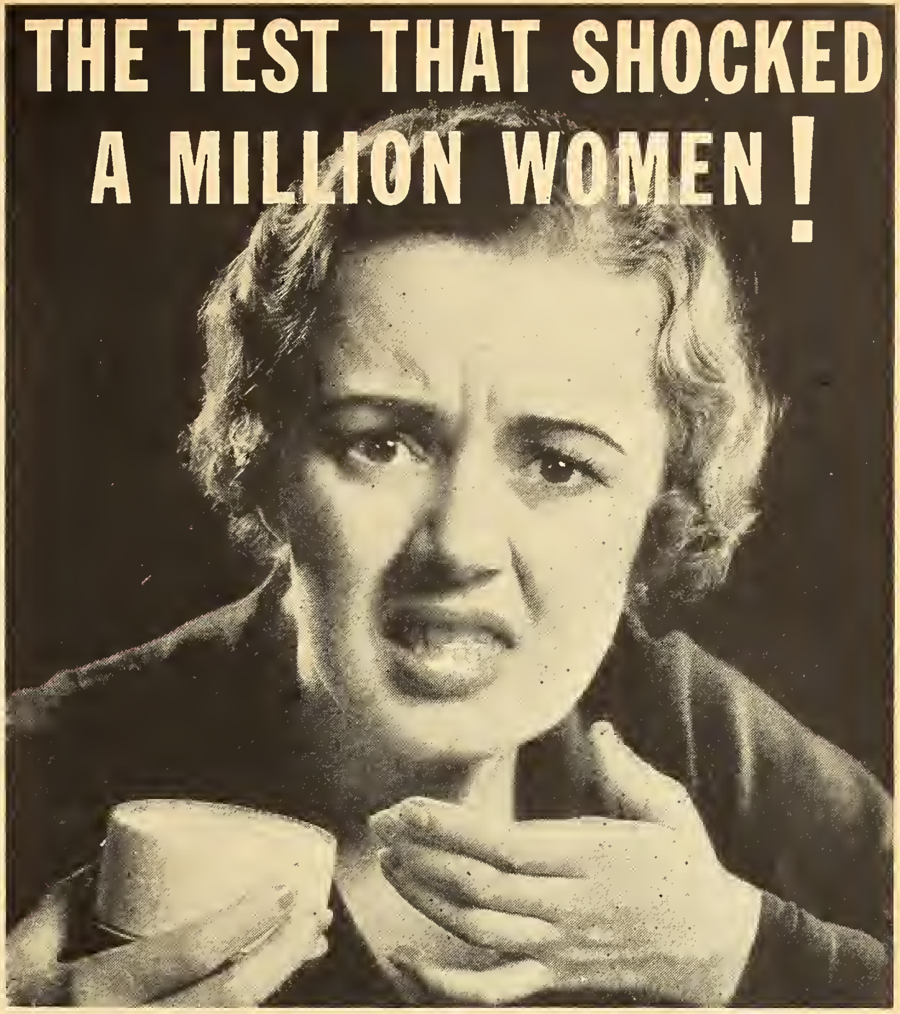
"And, of course, fads have no place in the realm of the chic—they are simply out of the question.

"As taste in clothes improves on the screen, so will it improve in public, and that is why everyone benefits when such a designer as Travis Banton employs his genius in Hollywood. His creations, appearing before the public eye in pictures, cannot help but have an uplifting effect on the style and smartness of American women.

"It often happens that movie-goers mistake what is meant to be funny for the real thing, and those whose imitativeness is developed to a high degree apply to themselves what they see their favorites doing on the screen, with ludicrous results.

"Most essential of all, remember this: dressing well is an art which requires judgment and careful study. It is not a luxury or a characteristic exclusive to the very wealthy. Anyone can be smartly dressed if she sincerely wants to be."

IF you want to keep abreast of Hollywood's latest fashion trends, you will not miss a single issue of MOVIE CLASSIC.


THE TEST THAT SHOCKED A MILLION WOMEN!

Sensational "Bite-Test" Exposes GRITTY FACE POWDERS!

*"I Dropped the Box, I was so Horrified", Writes One Woman!*

BEHIND many a case of sore and irritated skin, behind many a case of dry and coarse skin, lies gritty face powder!

That face powder that looks so smooth to your eye and feels so smooth to your skin, it may be full of grit—tiny, sharp particles that are invisible to the eye but instantly detectable to the teeth.

You can't go on rubbing a gritty face powder into your skin without paying for it in some way. Maybe some of the blemishes with which you are wrestling now are due to nothing less than a gritty face powder. Find out! Ascertain whether the powder you are now using is grit-free or not.

**Make This Telling Test!**

Take a pinch of your powder and place it between your front teeth. Bring your teeth down on it and grind firmly. If there is any trace of grit in the powder it will be as instantly detectable as sand in spinach.

More than a million women have made this test in the past year as advised by Lady Esther. And thousands of them have written in in righteous indignation over their findings. One woman was so horrified she dropped the powder, box and all, on the floor!

There is one face powder you can be sure contains no grit. That is Lady Esther Face Powder. But satisfy yourself as to that—and *at Lady Esther's expense!* Your name and address will bring you a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Put it to the "bite-test". Let your teeth convince you that it is absolutely grit-free, the smoothest powder ever touched to cheek.

**Make Shade Test, Too!**

When you receive the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder try them all for shade, too. Did you know that the wrong shade of face powder can make you look five to ten years older?

Ask any stage director. He will tell you that one type of woman has to have one light while another has to have another or else each will look years older. The same holds for face powder shades. One of five shades is the perfect shade for every woman. Lady Esther offers you the five shades for you to find out which is *the* one for you!

Mail the coupon now for the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

*(You Can Paste This on Penny Postcard)* **FREE**
LADY ESTHER (12)
2040 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

I want to make the "bite-test" and the shade test. Please send me all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder postpaid and free.

*NAME*____________________
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*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.*

Don't Worry Over

GRAY HAIR

Quickly Tint It This Safe Way

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it — by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-three years by thousands of women. Brownatone is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

Brownatone is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

HAWAII brings your lips a new brighter RED

At last . . . an indelible, *transparent* lipstick that hasn't even a hint of purplish undertone! Actually *stays* red on the lips; and *such* a red! The brilliant red of Hawaii's gayest flower . . . the wild Hibiscus . . . the brightest, most daring, exotic red you have ever seen. Yet, it is so soft in its intensity, it is easy to wear. It makes lips *really* feminine . . . gorgeously, *appealingly* feminine! TATTOO "HAWAIIAN" is pasteless too. Put it on . . . wipe it off, only the COLOR stays. There has *never* been anything like "HAWAIIAN" before. The price, $1, at drug and department stores.

TATTOO "HAWAIIAN"

Have FULL ROUND ALLURING CURVES

You, too, can have a full rounded form

You can add 3 to 6 inches with Beautipon Cream treatment, which has given thousands a beautiful form. YOUR MONEY BACK if your form is not increased after applying Beautipon Cream Treatment for 14 days! Full 30-days' treatment, $1.00 sent in plain wrapper. The ultra-rapid, positive GUARANTEED way to have the bewitching, magnetic, feminine charm you've always longed for.

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"I have put 3 inches on my chest measurement and increased 10 lbs. in weight." G.

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If poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching, or Acidity try the guaranteed Doctor's Prescription Cystex (Siss-tex)—Must fix you up or money back. Only 75c at druggists.

Cystex

## Helen Hayes . . . Dynamite De Luxe

[*Continued from page 42*]

into his dressing-room, singing "Happy Birthday to You."

They all came bearing gifts—popguns for Mr. Gable, whose hobby is hunting. Cameras for Mr. Gable, which came apart at a touch. Mangy animal heads, which quartered whole colonies of moths. And then there were toys for Mr. Gable, who had but recently been dubbed, by an interviewer, a man who was only a little boy at heart.

As a parting gift, Helen informed him that the muddy make-up was all for them. And that if he could get it off fast enough, he might get home in time for dinner.

But, if Helen can dish it out, she can also take it. When Charlie was making *Crime Without Passion,* Helen and Fannie Brice mingled with the extras. She hadn't said a word to her husband. Not a flicker of recognition registered on his face when he saw his wife and the famous Miss Brice in the crowd.

He turned to one of his assistants: "You see those two women? Well, put them on the stone bench over there until I call for them."

For nine hours Helen and Miss Brice sat there. It was a cold bench. They shivered and shook. Helen's gag had boomeranged but she said not one word to her husband, and not once did Charlie indicate that he knew those pathetic creatures sitting in such evident discomfort.

The extras were dismissed and Helen went home. Eventually, Charlie arrived. He looked at her with interest. "What did you do today, darling?" he asked innocently. "Did you have a nice day?"

Helen was equally innocent. Oh, she

Handsome Tom Keene is starred in *Hong Kong Nights,* first of a series of pictures being released by Walter Futter, well known producer

BETTER HURRY!

If you have not already sent for your beautiful 1935 Calendar-Thermometer as offered in the NR (Nature's Remedy) advertisement on page 72, do so at once as the supply of these attractive calendars showing a beautiful parrot illuminated in Red, Blue and Gold, is limited. All you have to do to secure this attractive Calendar-Thermometer which will be sent you absolutely free, is to refer to the NR (Nature's Remedy) ad on page 72, then send your name and address (enclosing stamp to pay for packing and postage) to the desk indicated. Sample of Nature's Remedy, the famous all-vegetable laxative, together with sample of TUMS, the delicious candy-like antacid mints for fussy stomach, will also be sent free of charge with your Calendar-Thermometer. *(advertisement)*

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MAKE $50 TO $100 A WEEK!
Our simple, proven methods make it easy to learn Commercial Art, Cartooning and Designing quickly AT HOME, in spare time. New low rate. Big new book, "ART for Pleasure and Profit," sent free. State age.
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EXPERT IN SWEDISH MASSAGE

Learn THIS PROFITABLE PROFESSION IN 90 DAYS AT HOME

Salaries of *Men* and *Women* in the fascinating profession of Swedish Massage and Physio-Therapy vary from about $40.00 up to $75.00 per week with room and board often included *Free,* but more often those who qualify, after a few short weeks of study, choose to establish their own offices with correspondingly greater possibilities of large incomes.

Tremendous opportunities lie before you in this uncrowded field which is now open to you without having to leave your present work until you qualify as an expert and can command an expert's pay.

This interesting big pay profession was heretofore open to a select few but now its closely guarded secrets are available to you through our home study instruction. All lessons have been prepared in our great resident school here in Chicago, the same teachers and the same material is used and *the same diploma awarded you.*

National College Bldg., Chicago.

The Cost is unbelievably low—the terms so easy anyone can meet them.

LARGE INCOMES FROM DOCTORS,

hospitals, sanitariums, clubs and private patients are bound to come to those of our graduates who profit by the thousands of opportunities available to make money. Mr. Charles Romer, Wisconsin, writes, "At times I have had to turn away people; I have been so busy the depression never touched me." Miss Childs, Baltimore, Maryland, says, "I already have over 40 patients. I hope many others take your course and profit financially and socially as I have. Hundreds and hundreds of graduates have written similar letters. Get into Swedish Massage and Physio-Therapy through our "Right in Your own Home" Plan.

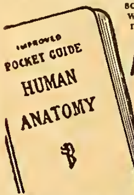
EXPERTS IN REDUCING

The field of "Taking off fat" offers untold possibilities. Hollywood stars have found Swedish Massage the most effective method and the whole world is ready to follow their example.

Women *must* have stylish figures, men *must* keep in trim and rich patients by the thousands are willing to *pay big* for results.

Our course includes special lessons in this work.

Here is a profession, now open to you, which makes you a public benefactor; for the skill we teach you is of great aid in many human ailments as well as in building beauty—it offers you position, both professional and social, it offers you independence, freedom from worry and the respect and admiration of your neighbors and friends.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**Warner Brothers held a big party at the Biltmore Bowl and many stars attended. Our cameraman snapped this picture of Glenda Farrell and Joan Blondell as they arrived for the fun**

had shopped, and visited. Never to this moment have they mentioned the incident to each other.

THE MacArthurs live in a perpetual round of giggles and sly humor and hearty laughter. They are completely mad—both of them. Charlie by inheritance—and Helen by acquisition.

It is Helen Hayes' ability to laugh at herself and at others, to make life surrender to her moments of unadulterated fun, which gives her perspective. Which has given her the tenet that every person is entitled to the happiness at hand. She believes that every person is entitled to mastery over an individual Fate—entitled to determine what form personal growth shall take, and how contentment shall be achieved.

To that end, she is a mother who does not seek to absorb or chart her child's life. Rather, she considers herself only a lifeline to which her small Mary may cling, when the need arises. She has emphasized the point that her child's life shall be her own and hers alone. To do with as she may desire!

Helen Hayes does not say: "My child will follow in my footsteps."

Rather, she says: "There are certain things every girl should learn, whether she is to be a waitress, a secretary, or an actress. The universal things which make women happy. These are the things I am planning to teach my child. Parents unconsciously betray their children when they impose their own hopes and their own desires on them."

This is Helen Hayes. *One* Helen Hayes nobody knows. The Helen Hayes who is a mystery even to herself is the actress.

The old fear gone-forever!

**SOME WOMEN** still suffer regularly; martyrs to the time of month.

*

**OTHERS** have put this martyrdom all behind them. The days they once dreaded are just a memory. They approach this time without fear. They pass it without the old discomfort.

*

**MIDOL** has made periodic pain a thing of the past for many, many women.

*

**"OH, YES"** say some who have read about it, and heard about it, "but my suffering is so severe, and I've tried so many things that didn't help! Midol may not end all the pain for me."

*

**TRUE,** there are women who are not relieved of every trace of pain when they take these tablets. But they get such a large measure of relief that they are quite comfortable in comparison.

*

**AND** the comfort you get from Midol is not momentary, not an interlude, but sustained comfort from the very start. In fact—

*

**THE BEST TIME** to begin with Midol is before any discomfort is felt.

*

**YOU MAY** escape all pain.

*

**YOU ARE SURE** to have an easier time.

**THE ACTION** of this medicine is effective for hours, and two tablets should see you through your worst day.

*

**SO** why postpone this welcome comfort another month?

*

**ONE REASON** some women still hesitate to try Midol is their doubt of its being as effective as advertised. Doubters should ask anyone who has tried it!

*

**ANOTHER REASON** for hesitating to take these tablets is the fear that Midol may be a narcotic. It is not.

*

**THE NEXT** time you are in a drug store, pick up a package of Midol. You'll find it displayed on the counter. If not, just ask for Midol.

*

**TUCK** the slim little aluminum case of Midol tablets in your purse, and be all prepared. Be prepared to "be yourself" all through the days which might otherwise be given over to the usual pain and discomfort.

*

**YOU'LL** be grateful!

*P. S. It's a true kindness to tell any periodical sufferer about this real relief. Don't keep your discovery a secret!*

How to be a SWEET LITTLE WIFE

**If you want to be sweet and cheerful, you should first get rid of your aches and pains with Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets**

Perhaps you are a cross little girl. Perhaps you know you are cross . . . and just can't help it.

Girls always have *some* reason for being cross, so the first thing you should do is find the reason for your bad disposition. If you have a nice husband, you should please him by becoming a sweet little wife.

**ACHES and PAINS**

Most girls are a little bit cross each month when they are suffering from cramps, headaches, backaches, and other discomforts.

You can't help being mean to your husband when you are in pain . . . *but you can stop the pain.*

All that you have to do is go to your nearest drug store and buy a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets. Take them according to directions and you will find that your pains and discomforts will quickly disappear. You will be your own gay self again. You will be a sweet little wife and worthy of a nice husband.

**ARE YOU NERVOUS?**

If your nerves are all on edge, this condition may be caused by the pain from which you have been suffering each month. You will find that Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets will help to calm your quivering nerves.

**SINGING MADE EASY FREE BOOK**

Write to-day for FREE 32 page book, "How To Make Money With Your Voice", which shows how to develop the beauty and power of your voice for RADIO—STAGE—SCREEN—OPERA—CHURCH—through a home-study Conservatory Singing Course in Voice Development, Sight Singing, Muscle Building and Control, Enunciation, Interpretation, and Style. Individual training for beginners, advanced students, teachers, and children, by instructors of wide American and European experience. Big improvement assured in amazingly short time. Low tuition; easy terms. *Write for free book.*

**American Academy of Voice, Dept. D.**
**521 Fourteenth Street, Oakland, California**

STREAKED HAIR?

*This way brings even color*

FADED streaks — dull strands — grayness —all vanish at the touch of this famous clear, water-like liquid. Just comb it on and color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Hair stays soft—easy to curl or wave. Entirely SAFE. Millions know this time-tested way. Get bottle from your druggist or department store on money-back guarantee.

**Test it FREE ~ Will you try Mary T. Goldman's on single lock snipped from hair? No risk this way. We send complete Free Test. . . . Mail coupon.**

MARY T. GOLDMAN
3331 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

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Street....................................

City...................... State............

Color of your hair?...........................

**IMPROVE YOUR FIGURE**

Develop only where needed. Neck, arms, face, etc., with my new VENUS CREAM-METHOD designed to develop shapeliness, lift sagging tissues, fill out scrawny necks, arms, and unsightly hollows. To convince you, I'll send former $1 size for only 25c. Money-back if you're not amazed with results!

ONLY 25c

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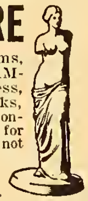


*Mercolized Wax*

Pure
Mercolized
Wax
Beautifies The Skin

*Keeps Skin Young*

Absorb all blemishes and discolorations and make your skin smooth, soft and healthy with the daily use of pure Mercolized Wax. This single, all-purpose beauty aid is the only cream necessary for the proper care of your skin. Mercolized Wax cleanses, softens, lubricates, bleaches and protects. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed, clearing away freckles, tan and other blemishes. Your complexion becomes so beautifully clear and velvety soft, your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin.

**Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently.** Leaves the skin hair free. Phelactine is the modern, odorless facial depilatory that fastidious women prefer.

***Powdered Saxolite***

is a refreshing stimulating astringent lotion when dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. It reduces wrinkles and other age lines. When used daily, Saxolite refines coarse-textured skin, eliminates excessive oiliness and makes the skin glow with fresh, warm, youthful color.

## Hollywood Leads the Fashion Parade

[*Continued from page* 41]

is in a suit with a swallowtail coat!

Let's go back in the ballroom and see what's doing. There is Ann Sothern in a white shirtmaker tub frock. You wouldn't think she'd dress so plainly for a dance, would you? But wait. She's coming nearer, and her dress turns out to be silver lamé. The belt is silver kid and the diamond and ruby buckle matches the blouse studs. Ann is lucky. Columbia lent her to United Artists for *Folies Bergere,* where Kiam dressed her up in the swishiest things imaginable, like lattice sandals of black satin studded with mirror baguettes, and a tiny black felt jockey cap with huge brushes of black aigrettes jumping out at unexpected places at the front and sides.

The effective black chiffon evening coat, made with raglan sleeves and accordion-pleated, which she wore last night with the muff of white violets, was one of Kalloch's lovely ideas. You are going to float in mists of chiffons these spring evenings. One of the nicest belongs to Claudette Colbert. It has a long full skirt and softly draped blouse of yellow chiffon over a silver slip. If you'll stop admiring Jean Harlow's pale gray chiffon dance frock, with the frothy skirt and silvery shoulder straps, I'll show you Hollywood's prettiest sleeves. They are on Una Merkel's fitted Empire hostess gown of black alpaca. The long, full, puffed sleeves, gown yoke, and softly shirred wide collar are eggshell chiffon with fragile lace appliqués. The sleeves are caught tightly at the wrist.

A two-toned color scheme is very new. What do you think of Irene Ware's evening ensemble? She was the girl, you'll remember, who said Fredric March could come over her garden wall any time he wished in *Affairs of Cellini.* Tonight, at the Miramar, she is lovely in a long crêpe skirt of twilight blue. With it she wears a halter blouse of peacock blue crêpe dotted with silver, like the first stars of a spring evening. The three-quarter length coat of dotted peacock blue is lined with the lighter shade, and the silly little hat is also of peacock. It is merely two crossed loops of crêpe, forming a very open filet. Silver sandals are worn with this.

WHILE we are talking about suits, let's whiz back to Paramount where Travis Banton is still thinking up clothes to make Mae West's boy friends nervous. He's succeeding admirably, too. Look at this dove gray suit, consisting of a plain, long-sleeved Regency gown with an extravagant triangular cape entirely bordered with platinum fox. A big picture hat of black taffeta and elbow-length black taffeta gloves add spice.

IN direct contrast to this is Una Merkel's equally smart ensemble of black wool with the flamboyant plaid taffeta blouse in black and yellow. The waist is high-necked, fastened down the front with three big, square, black buttons. The sleeves carry all the interest, for they are long and extremely full at the wrists, where they are confined by narrow cuffs. A short bolero jacket of black wool goes over this waist. The blouse sleeves give dash to the jacket, whose sleeves are only elbow length.

Kalloch, designer for Columbia Studios, says off-the-face hats are doomed, but one of the smartest hats of the season is a broad-brimmed navy blue rough straw belonging to Helen Vinson. She wears it turned sharply back off her hairline. It accompanies a navy blue and white print silk dress, with a white mousseline de soie ruffle flouncing down the blouse front and held in place at the neck with a giant ruby clip. The three-quarter length sleeves are enormous. And Joan Bennett has a hat that goes right back to the nursery for inspiration. It is white Milan straw faced with bright marine blue, and turns up in front exactly like the big-brimmed beaver hats little children used to wear. The hat goes with a white crêpe sports dress Joan bought to match her beach house. The dress has a marine blue collar studded with tiny white felt stars, the chief decorative motif of the house.

Did you know that when Joan goes to buy a formal gown she takes her jewel box along and matches the dress to the gems?

There is one very important group of spring clothes which precludes elaborate jewelry—the knit sports suits. Helen Vinson has a lovely one composed of a dusty pink flannel skirt, a matching high-necked sweater blouse and a prune-colored knitted finger-tip jacket. The belt of the blouse is prune suede. This combination of hues is smart and luscious.

Betty Furness made herself a little knit play-suit of peau d'ange yarn; shorts of corn yellow and a striped short-sleeved jumper waist of corn yellow and brown. A brown knit overskirt can button onto the shorts when she wants to be less informal. Brown antelope ties go with this costume. Mary Carlisle looks like a chubby love of a baby in her play suit of turquoise blue linen with its zipper back and white cotton cord belt. A tiny jacket covers the backless waist, and fastens with oblong ivory buttons.

Capes are tops—by themselves or in lieu of a suit coat. Suits are indispensable, and may be either three-piece with a blouse, or a dress and matching jacket. Interest will center in the use of two colors or more where one was formerly used. Softly blended Pompadour floral designs and sharp stripes and checks are both good for evening gowns, which may be of fragile diaphanous material or clinging crêpes.

Romance in the Grand Manner
Romantic Movie Stories
GINGER ROGERS WILLIAM POWELL in "STAR OF MIDNIGHT"
CASH PRIZES FOR SOLVING
NOW 10c
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

The world's best movie novels appear in the pages of Romantic Movie Stories. In the May issue, *Cardinal Richelieu*, starring George Arliss and Maureen O'Sullivan, brings you all the glamour of the court of France during the most thrillingly romantic period in history—Ginger Rogers and William Powell in a dramatic love story, *Star of Midnight*—Chester Morris and Virginia Bruce in *Society Doctor*, a thrill-packed romance—and many other complete film stories. Also cash prizes for solving *The Casino Murder Case*.

# A Sense of Humor

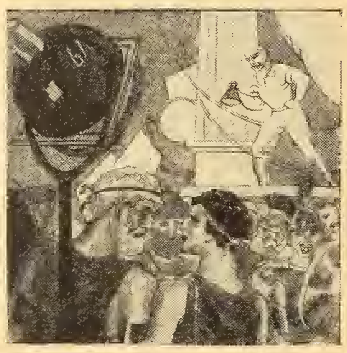
A young extra who thinks his director can see only
the serious side of life learns that he is wrong

## *A True Hollywood Short Short Story*

### By JACK GRANT

TWO thousand extras crowded the set. The next scene would be the last for the day and then would begin the rush for the paymaster's window, a mad scramble for those precious five, seven-fifty and fifteen dollar daily pay envelopes.

The mob had worked hard almost since dawn. Nerves were taut. Everyone was weary. Yet, with the final scene in sight and much-needed salaries soon to be paid, the inevitable horse-play started. Strange how spirits revive and the rough joking begins with the end of an extra's day. It is always so.



Suddenly, over the loud-speakers, boomed the voice of the director. "Quiet down, you people. I know you want to go home, but if you don't quiet down, we'll be here all night."

"What's the matter with that guy?" grumbled a young extra. "Why won't he let us have a little fun? Ain't he got no sense of humor?"

The man to his left, a grizzled veteran of the extra game, chuckled. "No sense of humor, eh?" he said. "Son, you're showing your ignorance. You can call this director a tough taskmaster, a r'aring, roaring, snorting so-and-so when he's got a picture on his mind. But don't ever say he hasn't a sense of humor. Didn't you ever hear the story of the time he died?"

"The time he what?" gasped the amazed boy, looking toward the director's platform as though he might be seeing a ghost.

His older companion laughed again. "The time he died is what he always calls it. It happened back in 1922 when he was on a vacation in Paris. Sit down, kid. We might have time for the whole story before the next take.

"Well, while our director was in Paris, he was taken sick. The doctors diagnosed his illness as inflammatory rheumatism and arthritis. They told him it was only a question of days, maybe hours, until the inflammation reached the valves of his heart and he would die. Other specialists were called in and they confirmed the death sentence.

"Men face death in funny ways. Now that I'm getting along in years, I sometimes wonder how I'll face it when my time is up. If I show even half the fortitude of this director, I'll count myself a brave man. He didn't fear death. He laughed at it. He displayed the most amazing sense of humor of which I've ever heard.

"The very moment the doctor's final verdict was made known to him, he issued an invitation to all of Paris to come to see him. In vain, the medics tried to talk him out of it. They said he needed peace and quiet. He replied he expected to be quiet for a long time, but, in his few remaining hours, he wanted to have some fun.

"French newspapers made a big play on the story. The headlines read, *American Film Millionaire Dying—Holds Open House at Deathbed!* The next morning the lines began to form at the Ritz Hotel. All of Paris had been invited and all of Paris came. Squads of gendarmes turned out to handle the crowds. If an American millionaire wanted them to see him die, they were more than willing to oblige. Crazy people, these Americans, anyhow!

"From his bed, strapped down on a wooden board, the director was able to classify the visitors almost upon sight. First, there were the curious who merely wanted to see what an American millionaire looked like. They had nothing to say, merely smiled, an embarrassed, self-conscious smile. Then, there were the ones who had something to sell—inventors who needed a 'little' financial backing, salesmen of bonds, jewelry, lingerie. 'But I don't need lingerie,' the director would laugh. 'I'm going to die.' The replies of the salesmen were all the same. 'Surely you leave a loved one you want to make happy.' This with a knowing leer.

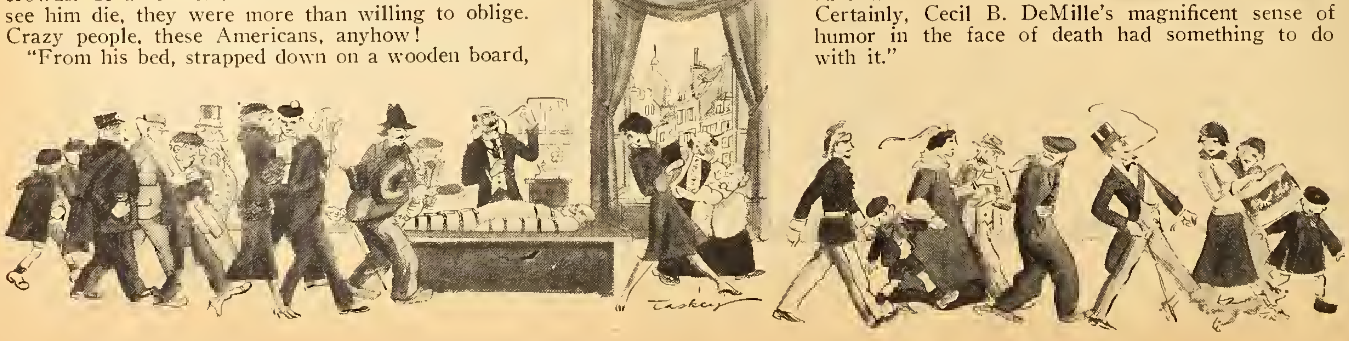
"Friends and acquaintances were among the crowds, of course. One young lady, a former flame of his youth, flew to his bedside from London. It is she who is responsible for the stiffness of his left wrist which persists today. She knelt on that wrist while she cried over him. And he bore the pain rather than disturb the grief she was so obviously enjoying.

"The curious, the salesmen, the friends were plentifully represented in the almost endless line of people who filed in and out of the hotel bedroom. But in the majority by far were the folks who had once been similarly afflicted. They were easily recognizable for they all began with a 'how do you feel?' Then, before he had time to answer, continued with 'when *I* had rheumatism, you have no idea how much *I* suffered.' Once two women, utter strangers, indulged in physical combat in an argument as to which had suffered most while the dying man watched the fight. And this is the fellow you said had no sense of humor.

"After a week, however, the passing parade began to bore him a little. He seemed no nearer death despite the doctors' sentence. So he decided to start for home. He argued his body would have to be sent to California, so why not go as far as he could while life remained. He ordered the board upon which he lay sawed out to fit his figure exactly and engaged passage on the next boat for America.

"Strapped to his board, he was carried to the boat train, and there encountered his first transportation difficulty. The board was too wide to go through the compartment door. The window had to be taken out. While this was being accomplished, the train conductor came bustling up to demand explanations for the delay that was being caused. Didn't these fellows know that trains ran on schedules? They did, but they were accommodating a sick man, a man with inflammatory rheumatism. 'Where is he?' asked the conductor. 'When I had rheumatism—' Delays were forgotten while the conductor explained how much he suffered while the current sufferer hung half in and half out of the train window.

"Getting on the boat was another task, but the most remembered incident was the hour our director lay on his board *checked with the other baggage*. Eventually he reached America and, after another journey, California, where, in the warmth of the sunshine, he completely recovered. At that I'm not sure whether the sunshine deserves all the credit. Certainly, Cecil B. DeMille's magnificent sense of humor in the face of death had something to do with it."



Every Star Has a Double of the Opposite Sex
SCREEN BOOK
MAGAZINE
10¢
Mae West
CAN YOU PASS THE JOAN CRAWFORD CHARACTER TEST?
Alice Faye's Darkest Hour

# JOAN CRAWFORD'S AMAZING CHARACTER TEST

In May SCREEN BOOK a famous psychiatrist makes a complete analysis of Joan, based on the remarkable facts in her life and career. The revelations about her personality are astonishing. Every woman will want to apply this unique test to herself.

Other unusual features in the May issue, now available at all newsstands include—*Every Star Has a Double of the Opposite Sex . . . Grace Moore's Bohemian Adventures* . . . interviews with Claudette Colbert, Jessie Matthews, Adolphe Menjou, Anna Sten, Alice Faye and many others.

May SCREEN BOOK brings a beautiful array of spring style creations straight from Hollywood . . . valuable free beauty service for every woman . . . and distinctive features found in no other magazine . . . don't miss the one last opportunity to enter the Ruby Keeler Scholarship Contest!

## SCREEN BOOK

# WE ASKED LEADERS IN WINTER SPORTS:

## "Is this fact important to You?"—

*Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos..Turkish and Domestic..than any other popular brand*

(SIGNED) *R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.*
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

HAWKS
CHICAGO

**ENERGY!** "Camel's 'energizing effect' is a great thing," says Paul Thompson, of the world-champion Chicago Black Hawks hockey team. "When I come off the rink, dead tired, there's just one thing I want—a Camel!"

**HEALTHY NERVES!** Says Ray F. Stevens, North American Bob-Sled Champion: "After the last heat, I light a Camel and enjoy smoking to the full, knowing that Camels *never* bother my nerves!"

**FLAVOR!**—Jack Shea, Champion Skater: "For good taste and for sheer pleasure, there's nothing like a Camel!"

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Copyright 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

**VALUE!** "I 'get a lift with a Camel' when I'm tired," says Edward Kent. "And the fact that tobaccos of a choicer quality are used in Camels goes far to explain why Camels are so mild and pleasing!"

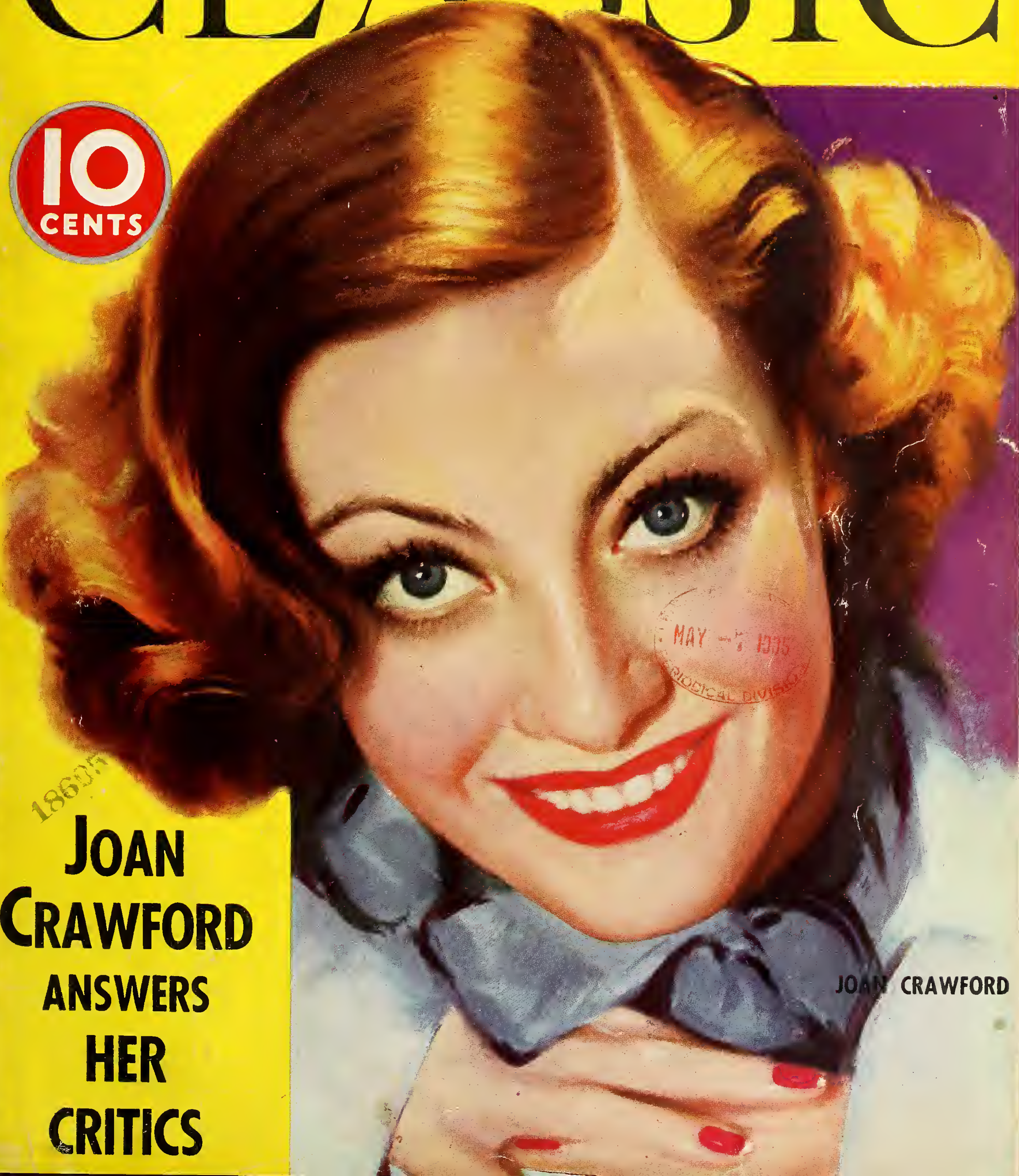
**MILDNESS!** Betty Chase, expert skater, says: "Camels are so mild! And to me it's a very important fact that Camels use finer tobaccos."

THE MAGAZINE OF FEMININE FASHIONS, CHARM AND BEAUTY

# MOVIE CLASSIC

June

**10 CENTS**



JOAN CRAWFORD

MAY - 7 1935
PERIODICAL DIVISION
18605

## JOAN CRAWFORD ANSWERS HER CRITICS

# U. S. RUBBER SWIM SUITS

The Swim Thrill of '35

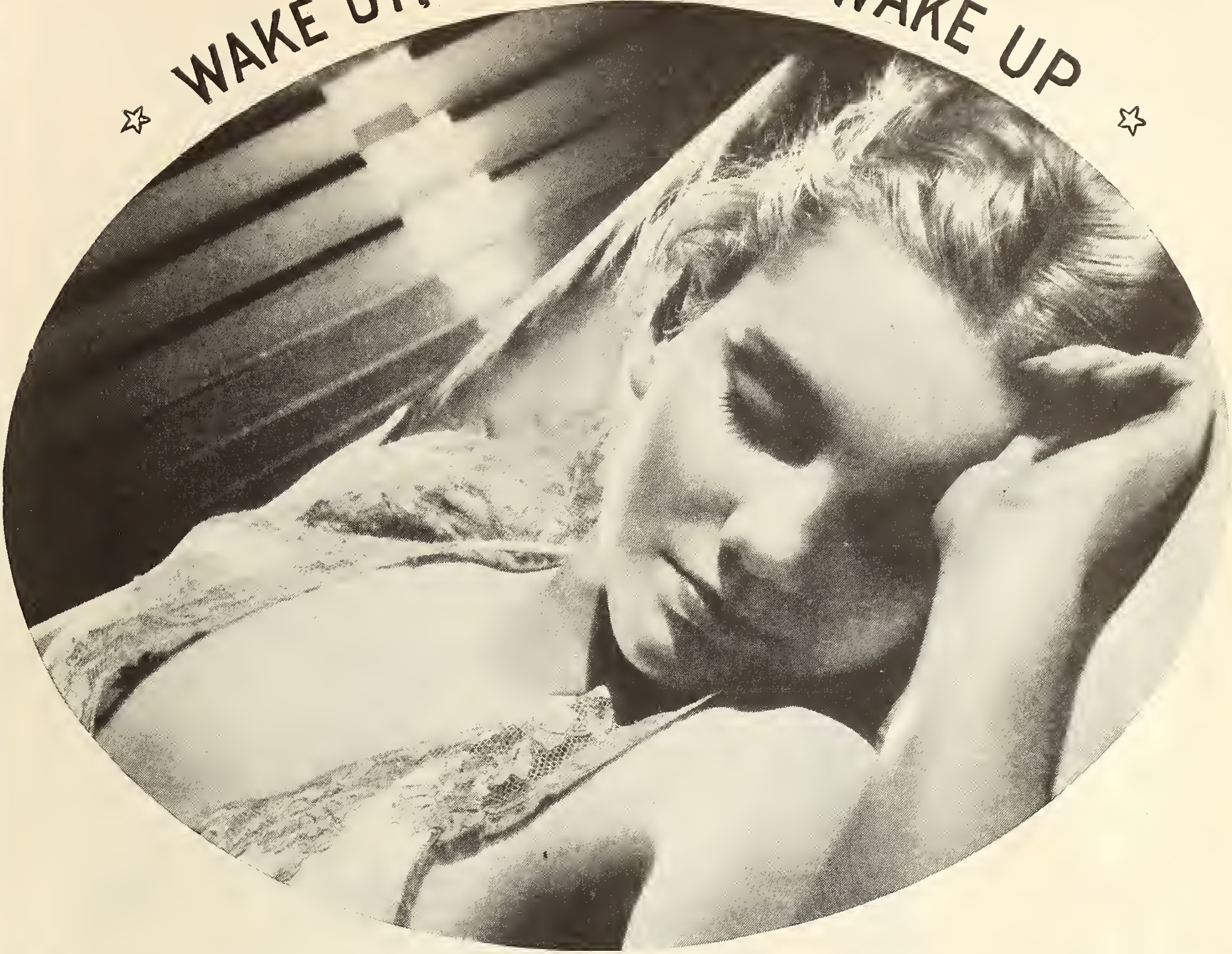
KREPE-TEX, that luxurious, crinkly-textured, gloriously-colored, fabric-like rubber now appears in the sleekest, smartest suits that ever brightened a summer beach. Kool-Tex—a daring new air-conditioned material—is actually patterned with perforations. It breathes! . . . And *listen!* Every Kool-Tex suit is reversible—the two-piece model actually gives you *four* color combinations.

These are the suits that have that thrilling *nothing-on-at-all* feeling . . . the suits with the gentle, persuasive control that keeps your figure slim and suave . . . Join the *smart* crowd that swims in rubber.

WATER WEAR

Product of United States Rubber Company

## WAKE UP, LITTLE GIRL . . . WAKE UP



# TODAY *IS YOUR* WONDERFUL DAY

A CANTER with that nice Princeton boy over the Westchester hills, green and misty . . . luncheon at the Ritz with Paul and Frank and Leila . . . to the matinee with Jud . . . then in Charlie's plane to New Haven and that wonderful party where your partner will be a real prince . . . What a lucky girl you are to be so popular! What's that you say . . . . It's not all luck? A little forethought and common sense mixed in, you maintain . . . How right you are, little Miss Charming.

* * *

A girl may be pretty and witty and appealing, but unless her breath is beyond reproach she gets nowhere. After all, halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault. The sought-after woman . . . the popular man . . . realizes it, and takes sensible precaution against offending others. It's all so easy . . . just a little Listerine morning and night and before engagements. That is your assurance that your breath is sweet, wholesome and agreeable. Listerine attacks fermentation, a major cause of odors in the mouth, then overcomes the odors themselves.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

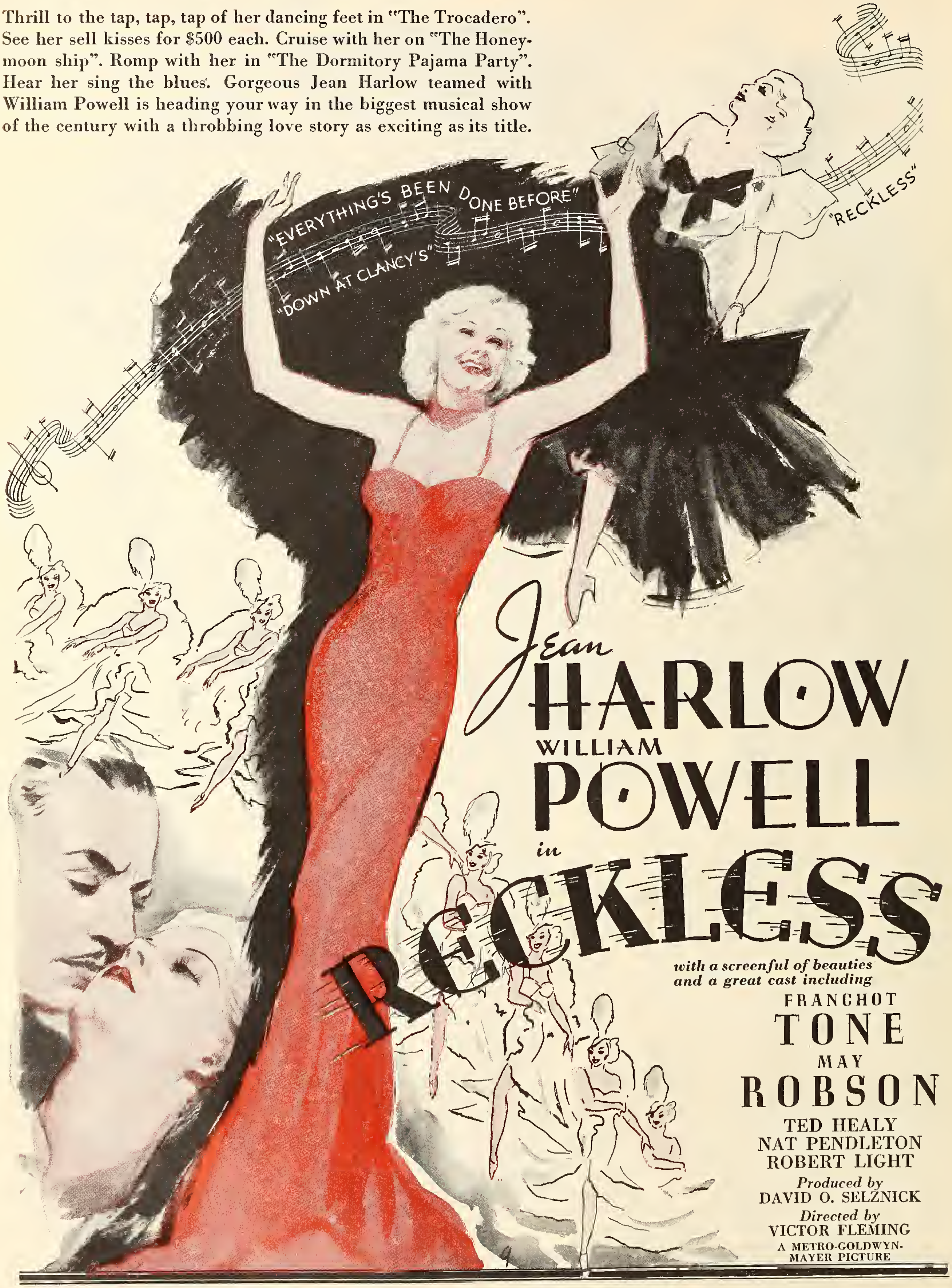
**P. S. Do not make the mistake of assuming that you never have halitosis. Due to processes of fermentation that go on even in normal mouths, halitosis visits everyone at some time or other. *The insidious thing about it is that you never know when.***

Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau
Good Housekeeping Magazine

BEFORE EVERY SOCIAL ENGAGEMENT USE LISTERINE . . . DEODORIZES LONGER

# LET'S GO "RECKLESS"!

Thrill to the tap, tap, tap of her dancing feet in "The Trocadero". See her sell kisses for $500 each. Cruise with her on "The Honeymoon ship". Romp with her in "The Dormitory Pajama Party". Hear her sing the blues. Gorgeous Jean Harlow teamed with William Powell is heading your way in the biggest musical show of the century with a throbbing love story as exciting as its title.



Jean
**HARLOW**
WILLIAM
**POWELL**
in
## RECKLESS

*with a screenful of beauties and a great cast including*
FRANCHOT
**TONE**
MAY
**ROBSON**
TED HEALY
NAT PENDLETON
ROBERT LIGHT
*Produced by*
DAVID O. SELZNICK
*Directed by*
VICTOR FLEMING
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

JUNE, 1935
VOL. 8 No. 4

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Western Editor

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# MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK

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COVER DRAWING OF JOAN CRAWFORD BY MARLAND STONE

This specially-posed silhouette - portrait of Shirley Temple in her flower garden is our opening salute to things that are new and summery

W. H. FAWCETT
President

S. F. NELSON
Treasurer

W. M. MESSENGER
Secretary

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Vice President

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

*Portrait by Wm. Grimes*

# Challenge!

**THIS PICTURE** of Jean Harlow captures your attention instantly. You will remember it. You will turn back to it later.

Why?

Because in it the photographer has captured a quality that is not Jean's alone, but belongs to all of Hollywood.

Radiantly healthy, her feet planted firmly on the ground, her arms akimbo, her head pertly tilted, Jean smiles at you and seems to say, "Let's enjoy life!"

She personifies a gay challenge that Hollywood flings to the whole world.

● WHEN the world plunged into the abyss of depression, it would have been easy for Hollywood to share that sinking sensation. But Hollywood stopped on the brink, got a foothold, snapped up its head, and smiled, "Are we going to beat the Depression, or let it beat us?"

The movies came into their own.

They brought adventure, romance, laughter, music to all who went to see them. They challenged the world to forget its troubles, to renew its hope, its spirit.

And inch by inch—slowly, surely—the movies have been lifting up the heavy-hearted human race, have been making the world livable again.

● HOLLYWOOD has challenged the world of women to look healthy, to be healthy—to have the stamina to face discouragement with heads up.

Hollywood has challenged women everywhere to care, more than ever, about their appearance, to be more beautiful than women have ever been before.

Hollywood has challenged women to be well-dressed, no matter what they may spend for clothes.

Hollywood has challenged women to learn all the secrets of self-confidence, poise, and charm—the secrets of successful living, whether times are good or bad.

Hollywood has challenged women to bring romance into their lives.

● AND now come natural-color films . . . to carry the challenge to new, even wider horizons.

Already, women no longer look only to Paris and New York for guidance in fashions, beauty, charm. They also look to Hollywood.

With their daytime frocks, their evening creations, their sport clothes, Hollywood's young designers gaily challenge the style supremacy of Paris and New York . . . which follow trends that Hollywood starts.

And the new Movie Classic likewise intends to challenge the interest of young moderns!

James E. Reid

# HE JOINED THE HOWLING MOB TO CELEBRATE HIS OWN ASSASSINATION!

LEWIS DANIEL

And when his strange figure walked into their midst, not one of these, his mortal enemies, dared lay hand on him. Such was the power of this man who defied a King and threw a world into tumult that a wisp of a girl might marry the boy she loved.

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK presents
DARRYL ZANUCK'S production

## CARDINAL RICHELIEU

STARRING
**GEORGE ARLISS**
With
Maureen O'Sullivan
Edward Arnold · Francis Lister
Douglas Dumbrille · Cesar Romero
Directed by Rowland V. Lee
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

20TH CENTURY PICTURE

# They're the Topics!

## New notes on personalities who are Spring, 1935 news!

—Wide World

**It looks as if Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw intend to take a honeymoon every year. At least, they've been seeing New York, Florida, and Bermuda this spring. Here you see them in Bermuda, far from the madding crowd—and motor cars**

### *Joan's New Creation*

JOAN CRAWFORD has designed herself a costume for theatre wear that *everybody* is talking about.

A very tailored suit on the order of a man's tuxedo is what it is. The plain skirt is ankle-length and has seam splits. The white satin blouse is cut like a modified sport shirt and has diamond clips on the soft collar. But it's the coat that takes the eye—very tuxedoish, even to the pinched-in waist and wide lapels of satin.

She has asked Adrian to make her a costume like it for *No More Ladies.* Well, a tuxedo ought to go with a title like that! . . . We all may be wearing them, once the picture is released.

### *Manhattan Meets Marlene*

MARLENE DIETRICH tried a new ruse on her recent New York holiday. She persuaded Paramount to give a Sunday afternoon cocktail party at the Waldorf-Astoria and invite all the writing boys and girls, who would see her, even talk with her for brief moments, and be content—especially after the cocktails.

The most-inclined-to-be-tailored star of them all appeared in a trailing black velvet hostess gown, with emeralds and diamonds at her throat, and on her wrists and left hand. Her make-up was super-pale, her eyebrows were artificially slanted into high peaks. Sipping tea, she patiently shook hands for three hours. . . . And then vanished, to change into her most mannish suit, step out and be comfortable.

—Wide World

**A new Janet Gaynor stands revealed—an athletic, tennis-playing young person. And a sportily attired one, at that!**

### *Where Was Garbo?*

BUT Garbo can still keep reporters baffled. A columnist on a New York evening newspaper got himself some publicity by announcing that Greta was in town. A columnist on a morning daily, not to be outdone, said that she was stopping at a certain hotel—and gave her room number. A third said she had attended a certain new play. One of the more exclusive milliners told reporters that Greta had just bought thirty hats (among them, a silk topper) at a cost of $3,000. The papers (including the ones the columnists worked for) sent out their best celebrity-finders, But they couldn't find Garbo.

### *Note on Nelson*

NELSON EDDY couldn't believe what the publicity boys were telling him—that women were going mad about his screen shadow. So one of them took him to a theatre where *Naughty Marietta* was breaking records. . . . And, in the theatre, Eddy got earfuls of "Oh's" and "Ah's" about himself.

Afterward, he shook his head. He couldn't understand it. "Here I've been singing for years, in cities all over the country, and nobody ever got excited about me. Then I make one picture—and look at what happens. . . ." His next will be *Maytime,* with either Grace Moore or Jeanette MacDonald as his co-star.

### *Operas Next*

GRACE MOORE'S new picture, *Love Me Forever,* is laid entirely in America—just to prove, among other [*Continued on page* 10]

# Hollywood's Most Famous Bad Man Joins the "G-MEN" and Halts the March of Crime!

Leave it to Warner Bros. to make the first big picture of America's greatest battle in the war on crime!

The producers of "The Public Enemy" have trained their cameras on the men who trained their guns on the craftiest killers of this gang-ridden day and age.

They've brought the G-MEN, mighty man-hunters of the Department of Justice, out of the shadows of secrecy into the brilliant glare of the picture screen.

Yesterday's screaming headlines are a feeble whisper compared to the sensational revelations in this shot-by-shot dramatization of gangland's Waterloo — the last stand of the underworld!

It's all here! . . . every graphic detail of how the deadly trap was set — and sprung — on the Mad Dog of the Mobs, and of how the Big Shot no jail could hold kept his rendezvous with death!

"G-Men" is easily the *stand-out* for this month's highest honors. Our advice is to see it yourself before your friends begin to rave about it!

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

*Yesterday*

Public Enemy No. 1 in the never - to - be - forgotten Warner Bros. thriller, "The Public Enemy."

*Today*

he's on Uncle Sam's side, staging his own private war with the public enemies of 1935!

**JIMMY CAGNEY** revels in his return to the scenes of his greatest triumphs!. . . And Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay, and Robert Armstrong score heavily in a big cast, superbly directed by William Keighley for First National Pictures.

# They're the Topics . . .

[*Continued from page* 8]

things, that grand music doesn't need a foreign background to make it grand. And behind the curtains marked 1936 there is a great shifting of scenery going on, a great shuffling of new feet—all inspired by this same Miss Moore. Grand opera is on the way into the movies.

Quietly, under cover, to avoid tipping off other studios, producers have been buying up rights to famous operas—for young, slenderish, glamorous, romantic singing stars. Already on the rosters are the names of Nelson Eddy, Lawrence Tibbett, Mary Ellis, Lily Pons, Helen Jepson, Gladys Swarthout, Jeanette MacDonald, Jan Kiepura. And others are on their way toward Hollywood!

### *Little House, Big Charity*

FOR a small admission fee, you may see the greatest dollhouse in history—built and furnished like a palace, at a cost of nearly a half-million dollars. It is the property of Colleen Moore, of silent screen fame, who is giving America a chance to see it—with all the admissions to go into an endowment fund for the children's orthopedic hospitals of America.

From city to city, she is sending the dollhouse, whose tiny cornerstone was laid in New York a few weeks ago by the President's mother, Mrs. James Roosevelt. The tour will last two years, is expected to gross two million dollars in receipts. Miss Moore will receive no monetary return on her investment; every last cent will go to the children's hospitals. And all those who once bitterly attacked the screen star for what they considered an extravagantly costly hobby are now strangely muted.

### *Miriam All Smiles*

MIRIAM HOPKINS, finishing the last scene of *Becky Sharp*, donned her smartest suit, hopped into a plane and flew off to New York to open her recently acquired town house in colorful, exclusive Sutton Place—once the property of the late Elisabeth Marbury, most famed of all literary agents.

The smile she flashed when she stepped off the plane at Newark Airport was as warm as a day in spring. It radiated confidence that *Becky Sharp*, first all-natural-color picture, will make screen history.

### *Gable Mobbed Again*

THE only two places where Clark Gable seems to be safe are Hollywood and the wind-blown Sierras (where he takes refuge even from Hollywood between pictures). If he ventures anywhere else, he has a battle on his hands—a battle to keep hordes of women from clutching at him, trying to touch him. Going down to Texas to see his pretty and popular stepdaughter, Georgiana Lucas, married, he took to the air to avoid the frenzied female rushes. But someone tipped off all Texas, or so it looked when he landed. Hundreds, thousands of women were there, waiting. For one thing, it was spring in Texas. For another thing, Gable still seems to be Gable.

**The movies must be socially acceptable now. Here is Prince Sigvard of Sweden, with his bride, arriving in Hollywood—to become a director!**

### *Claudette Goes Auburn*

AFTER receiving the Academy award for the best feminine performance of 1934 (in *It Happened One Night*), Claudette Colbert hopped a train for New York, where amazed reporters discovered that she had tinted her hair auburn—perhaps just for a change.

### *Best-Dressed in the East*

THE best-dressed actress on the Broadway stage this season, by the official vote of qualified fashion judges, is Constance Cummings, star of *Accent on Youth*, and late of the cinema.

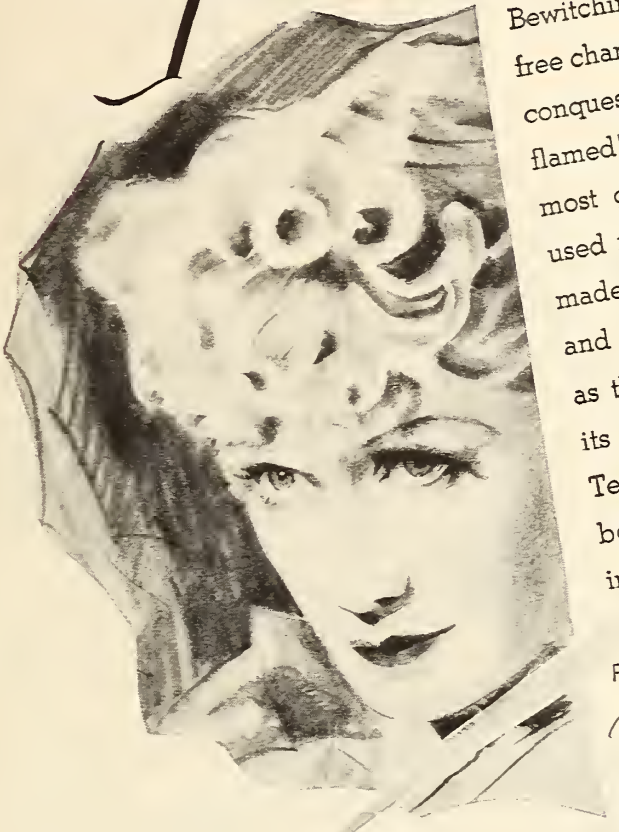
### *The Future Style-Setter*

ROYER, the brilliant young Fox stylist who tells, a few pages farther back, how to be "unexpected" and glamorous, ventures the opinion that Mona Barrie is the future best-dressed woman of the screen—because she is already well-dressed off the screen (and she selects her clothes, herself), is not a sensationalist, and is a sophisticate.

—*Wide World*

**Like colleges, movie studios vote on The Girls Most Likely to Succeed. These are the 1934 winners at Paramount: starting with Gertrude Michael (in striped sweater) and reading left around the circle: Wendy Barrie, Gail Patrick, Katherine De Mille, Grace Bradley and Ann Sheridan**

# THE BLUE OF HER EYES—THE SCARLET OF HER LIPS



Bewitching Queen of Coquettes...carefree charmer...whose beauty blazed in conquest...while the world about her flamed! The private life of the world's most glamorous adventuress . . . who used men as stepping stones . . . and made history. Told against an exciting and colorful background . . . as big as the mighty events through which its drama rolls!...Re-created on the Technicolor screen...its breathless beauty will burst upon the world in radiant life...and glorious color!

IN NEW TECHNICOLOR

PIONEER PICTURES PRESENTS

*Miriam*
**HOPKINS**
*in*

# BECKY SHARP

*with*

**FRANCES DEE**
**CEDRIC HARDWICKE**
**BILLIE BURKE**
**ALISON SKIPWORTH**
**NIGEL BRUCE • ALAN MOWBRAY**

Distributed by
RKO-RADIO PICTURES, INC.
Designed in color by ROBERT EDMOND JONES

The first...full-length production photographed in the gasping grandeur of NEW TECHNICOLOR! ...A new miracle in motion pictures...that promises to create a revolution...as great as that caused by sound!...The producers of "La Cucaracha" are proud to pioneer and present the first full-length feature filmed in the full glory of NEW TECHNICOLOR!

## A ROUBEN MAMOULIAN PRODUCTION

# New Shopping Finds!

**MOVIE CLASSIC'S Shopping Scouts have been out reconnoitering for exciting new gadgets . . . the latest conveniences . . . intriguing summer luxuries. Complaining bitterly that they would like the space to tell you about all of their finds, they tell you about as many as possible in this space. More next month!—Editor.**

****It can't be summer without snapshots of "the gang" in bathing suits . . . of picnics . . . of house parties. And what's to keep you from collecting a whole album of shots in three months, when you can get one of the new-sized Baby Brownies for only 85c?

****Do you hear the rustle of taffeta as summer approaches? It's going to be the rage. And just in case you are going to be worried about what you wear underneath it, without having bumps in the wrong places, Bien Jolie presents a satin foundation, completely boneless, for either daytime or evening. It comes in sizes 34 to 38, and a ten-dollar bill buys it.

****Have you heard of "The Hickory Fashion Council," organized by a smart girdle company? It is composed of stars noted for their fashion alertness—Gloria Stuart, Adrienne Ames, Esther Ralston, Sally Blane and Binnie Barnes—who actually assist expert designers as advisers. One of their "consensus suggestions" is a complete foundation of two-way-stretch satin Lastex . . . very low-cut in back, very uplifting, and very proficient in giving allure to the figure. The cost is $12.50.

****You used to lug a portable phonograph to the cottage for the summer. Now you can take along a portable radio and keep up-to-date on your dance music. The new, compact American-Bosch measures just 10½ by 7½ by 5¼ inches, has a built-in antenna, needs no ground wire, and operates on either A.C. or D.C.

****A neat Van Raalte idea, which all the big stores are window-displaying, is the "Picnit" glove. It's tailored, of ribbed Fauntex fabric, with button trimmings, and sells for $1 and up.

****The smartest idea in summer stockings that we have seen yet is the one that Kayser and Lastex got together on. The stockings are called Rolettes with the tops below the knees, and non-binding holder-upper tops knitted right in. They are feather-light and as washable as handkerchiefs—and cost no more than your usual hose. . . . Kayser feels the movie influence. At least, they have named four new beige stocking shades after dances that the movies have made popular—Rumba, Carioca, Bolero, and Tango. What—no Continental? They are priced from $1 up.

****This cleaning problem can get you down, but not when you use Vapoo, which is something special in the way of a cleaner for rugs, draperies, lamp shades, etc. It simply whisks away the dirt . . . don't ask us how. One can will clean a 9x12 carpet, 10 chairs, 2 automobile interiors, and dozens of lamp shades . . . and if you want more for a dollar, you're greedy!

****They are perfectly huge—these new Cannon towels—and the most delightfully beachy-looking things we've seen, decorated with clever fishes, palm trees, and wild waves. To lie on the beach . . . to wrap around you on the way . . . to use for months afterwards . . . what could be more luxuriously sporty for $2.34?

****Imagine taking an ordinary glass and making it look like an extremely expensive hand-etched one in a minute, and at the cost of a cent! All you do is put a stencil on the object to be etched, smear on a bit of Etchall cream, and you'll have a permanent monogram. You can monogram vanity mirrors, window panes, liquor bottles, glasses. You can be very smart and etch it on the headlights, windows and windshield of your car to discourage theft. Each tube contains enough cream to etch your monogram on dozens of pieces and costs only $1. Small size, 50c. It's put out by Etchall, 70 Pine St., New York City.

****With the lazy season upon us, it's time to watch our weight. Anyone under 250 pounds (heavens, we hope you aren't over that!) can pick up a bathroom scale for 250 cents or $2.50. It's made by Health-O-Meter.

****There is a new combination compact and cigarette case on the market that is the acme of something or other. Comfort, perhaps. It's called the Glyde-A-Way, and it lives up to its name by having a cover that slides back like the cover of a roll-top desk, exposing whichever compartment you want exposed. It sells for $2.

****A young woman named Lydia O'Leary has invented something that has actually made life worth living for hundreds of people. With a terrible birthmark that kept her from even getting jobs, she was forced by necessity to find a way of covering—and the result is a magical cosmetic called Cover Mark, under which birthmarks, disfiguring scars, all disappear It costs $3, and lasts for months.

# The GIBSON FAMILY

Pretty Sally Gibson isn't spoofing when she says she owes her lovely complexion to Ivory Soap.

**WHEN SALLY WAS A BABY** she had daily baths with pure Ivory—on Doctor MacCrea's advice. And Ivory kept her sensitive skin soft and comfortable as a baby's should be.

**LATER ON,** in the 'teens—when Sally's friends were falling all over themselves trying out "beauty" and "complexion" soaps—Sally still clung to her pure Ivory treatments. "I *like* Ivory," she protested. "It's white and clean-smelling—and it leaves my skin feeling so fresh!"

**AND NOW,** when Sally looks into her mirror she sees a flawless Ivory complexion.

It's never too late! Start cleansing *your* face with Ivory—"the soap that is safe for a baby's skin"—

**IVORY SOAP · · 99$^{44}/_{100}$ % PURE**

**"AND SO**—the heroine washed her face with Ivory Soap," relates Sally, entertaining two visiting Sunday School pupils. *"Then—*the hero saw she was simply *beautiful—"*

"Do you use this same Ivory, Miss Gibson?" asks adoring Rosika.

"Yes, since I was a tiny baby," says Sally, "because my doctor said I must have a pure gentle soap."

"You see!" nods Rosika to Anna. "Let's use Ivory—so's our skins'll look like Miss Sally's!"

**PURE IVORY DOES NOT DRY THE SKIN**

**"THIS PARTY DRESS** will make a hit at the style show!" happily sighs the buyer of "misses' dresses."

"Don't forget, Miss Marsh, to tell customers how beautifully this organdie washes with Ivory Flakes. We're advising Ivory exclusively in this Washable Summer-Fashions Show!"

"Count on me!" says Dot. "After all the teddies and stockings and silk dresses I've kept going for months by using Ivory, I'll be a grand little Ivory talker."

**FINE STORES SAY, "USE PURE IVORY FLAKES"**

IVORY SOAP
IVORY FLAKES
IVORY FLAKES

**"GEE, I THOUGHT** this was a kitchen shower," says Bobby Gibson. "Whatcha giving Miss Peters all of that Ivory for?"

"Son!" answers Mrs. Gibson, "you are not old enough to realize how a girl feels about her hands. This little bride isn't going to cry her eyes out because dish-washing gets her hands red and rough—because I'm starting her out on Ivory—and Ivory tells its own story!"

**GENTLE PURE IVORY KEEPS HANDS SMOOTH**

BRIGHT

EYE IDEAS
Kurlash
by Jane Heath

So—YOU know some one who's planning a trip to the altar! Let's do a little missionary work for her—right away! Imagine what a fiery blush, or turning deathly pale, does to the most-carefully-made-up face! A bride simply must depend mostly upon her eyes alone for beauty. They'll be sparkling anyway—but no matter how busy she is, see that she takes the time to slip her lashes into *Kurlash* (just as you do!) so that they may curve back into the most enchanting frames that deepen and enhance her eyes. Kurlash costs only $1 at almost any store, so perhaps you'd better take her one.

Something Blue

Then—blue eyeshadow—because it's so lovely beneath white filmy veiling. *Shadette*, the eyeshadow in compact form, comes in a heavenly cerulean blue (as well as in violet, brown or green), $1. Pass it among the attendants, too, for a lovely ensemble effect.

Lashtint
Something New

A wedding is a dramatic event—so use blue mascara, also. Lashtint Compact may be carried right into the vestry, for it carries a little sponge to insure even application. Take it along in black, too, to touch the very tips of the bridesmaids' lashes after the blue. (It's a final, theatrical note of beauty.) Also in chestnut brown, at $1.

Kurlash

*Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department F-6, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.*

Copr. The Kurlash Co. Inc 1935

By
MARILYN
GRANT

"It's fun to be filled!" Lyle Talbot and Peggy Watters seem to be humming—sampling all the hors d'oeuvres in sight

*Rhodes Photo, Exclusively for CLASSIC*

# FAREWELL

## Starving has gone out of style. All the smartest people have become fanciers of fine foods!

IT LOOKS like goodbye to diets—even in Hollywood. Particularly in Hollywood. No longer is it stylish to starve. The smartest people are eating, drinking and being merry—and planning to exercise tomorrow.

A sudden craving for curves has nothing to do with it. Hollywood has just suddenly realized that it is the most cosmopolitan town on earth, what with the variety of its celebrities—and it wants to act the part. And the first step is to become connoisseurish about cookery; to know by experience, not mere hearsay, the delights of dining in faraway, romantic places.

Connoisseur No. 1 at the moment seems to be Carl Brisson, the smiling Danish singing star, who gave Hollywood its first taste of cheese one hundred years old—and has the town asking for more.

Let me smuggle you into his home for dinner—to initiate you into the ritual of the fabulous cheese. But before we start out, I want to prepare you. You will be expected to work up to it gradually, with an introduction of approximately two hundred dishes . . .

● First, there are cocktails, foamy with beaten egg-whites. After this conventional preliminary, the main bout begins, which is called, Danish fashion, a "sit-down" dinner. And very well named it is, too, for it is all you can do to stand up after it is over.

An amazing array of bowls and plates confronts you, each piled high with trick Danish *hors d'oeuvres*. There is, for example, *beuf tatare*, which in English means a small patty of raw ground beef sirloin, covered with chopped raw onions, capers and green peppers. On top of this is balanced half an egg shell containing the yolk of one egg. You pour the yolk over the meat, mix it around with your fork, and eat it. Another name for this is "The making of a Viking." So now you know what Carls are made of.

Then there is *hakkebofer*, which is a little dab of minced pork fried in butter and resting under a blanket of finely chopped fried onions. The

Carl Brisson, Hollywood's Food Fancier No. 1, has a partiality for Eggs Madeira—not to mention 199 other delicacies!

# to DIETS!

Danes do cute things with pork. On that dish just beyond the pickled herrings, you will find more ground pork, only this time the meat has been rolled in a slightly boiled white cabbage leaf and the whole fried in butter. One delicacy of which Carl is particularly fond is *Eggs Madeira*. No matter where they are placed on the table, those eggs invariably end up in front of him. They are poached and served on round croutons. In the center of the tray are tender little fish—anchovies, sardellen, and sardines: and the platter is garnished with parsley, capers and relish.

There are all kinds of mayonnaise dishes on the table—lobster mayonnaise, chicken, whitefish, tuna and others. There are relishes, pickles, sausages, salads, kippered fish, pickled fish, creamed fish, fish in oil, salted fish, smoked fish and more fish. (The Danes know all there is to know about fish.) One of the nicest of the non-fish dishes is mushrooms and sweetbreads in cream sauce seasoned with sherry wine. Beer is served while this part of the dinner, known as the "cold table" is being consumed. But before the beer is brought on, glasses of Danish *schnapps*, or *akvavit*, are poured from a tall green bottle entirely frozen in a block of ice. Carl toasts his guests with this *akvavit*, and everyone who knows it sings a gay Danish drinking song with him.

● After the "cold table," the "hot table" appears. Fish is never served at this, but dishes like pork tenderloins stuffed with parsley, roast chickens or other fowl, and hot vegetables with rich Danish gravy are brought in. The gravy is made from butter in which meat has been fried, flour and heavy cream. Red and white wine are served with the hot table. Then come the sweets—frozen creams, ices and custards.

Finally, there is the cheese. There are seven kinds of cheese placed on the table, but all the others pale into insignificance beside THE cheese, which has been cheesing ever since 1835. It has been doing its stuff personally for Carl for the past fifteen years. Between dinners it is kept in a tightly sealed glass jar. Yes, to be perfectly truthful, you are right. It *does* smell its age. You get only a little smear of it on a thin rye wafer, however. Let me whisper to you that this venerable cheese costs $100 a pound on the open market today.

Following the cheese, maids bring in fruits and nuts. If you are the least bit hungry, you can now fill up on almonds,

[*Continued on page 77*]

Don't choose your laxative *blindly!*

BLIND Man's Buff is no game to play... in any matter pertaining to your health. When you need a laxative, you must know *beforehand* how it will act on you.

Harsh laxatives will cause stomach pains, upset you, leave you weak. Laxatives whose sole virtue is gentleness may fail to be thorough.

You must have *both* thoroughness and gentleness...you must have pleasant, painless, complete relief from constipation. Never be satisfied with less from a laxative.

*Why America uses more Ex-Lax than any other laxative*

Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take. Yet its action is so gentle... so completely without stomach pains. Ex-Lax doesn't leave you feeling weak, doesn't upset you. Ex-Lax is not habit-forming—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And Ex-Lax is not a punishment—it's a pleasure to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Ex-Lax has no unpleasant after-taste and no bad after-effects.

Millions of people have found this out. And last year alone, 46 million boxes of Ex-Lax were bought!

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store. If you would like to find out how good it is... at our expense... just mail the coupon below for a free sample.

**When Nature forgets—remember**

**EX-LAX**

**THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE**

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

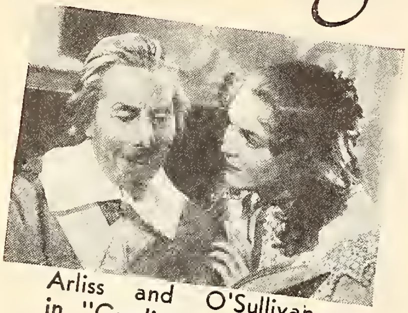
EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
MP65 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax

Name________________

Address________________

# Seeing Things

MOVIE CLASSIC reviews the new pictures from a feminine viewpoint

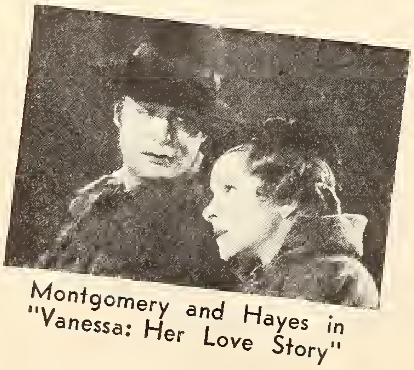


Arliss and O'Sullivan in "Cardinal Richelieu"

Boyer and Colbert in "Private Worlds"

Madeleine Carroll in "Farewell to Love"

Keeler and Jolson in "Go into Your Dance"



Montgomery and Hayes in "Vanessa: Her Love Story"

MOVIE CLASSIC'S reviewers, for your guidance, rate the new pictures as follows:

● ● ● ● Exceptional
● ● ● Excellent
● ● Good
● Skip it

● ● ● ● **Cardinal Richelieu** *(20th Century)* is another masterpiece of the Arliss art. If there is anything a woman admires, it is poise, coupled with smartness. And on the screen the two aren't combined any more adroitly than in George Arliss, who can (and does) give acting lessons to heroes half his age . . . In the title rôle, he plays a character about whom the historians have had controversies for more than a century—and handles the delicate, difficult assignment so suavely that no one can be offended. He humanizes the almost mythical Richelieu of the history books and makes the biography stimulating and zestful . . . Edward Arnold is superb as the weakling King, but feminine eyes will fasten on Cesar Romero, the newest of the Latin lovers, who is smitten with Maureen O'Sullivan, quaintly wistful in curls.

● ● ● ● **Private Worlds** *(Paramount)* is a faultless film translation of Phyllis Bottome's novel, which was read by thousands who could never visualize the movies' attempting to do it. Paramount rates an extra-large orchid for not only making the effort, but succeeding—and bravos and bravas can be distributed wholesale among the four principals: Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, Joel McCrea and Joan Bennett . . . The setting is a hospital for mental diseases, where, through the twistings and turnings of events, the three chief doctors and the wife of one of them seem headed for fates as pitiable as those of their patients . . . If you can take your drama strong, and would like to see Claudette as the most thoroughly believable (and emotional) woman doctor in Hollywood history, you can't afford to miss it.

● ● ● **Farewell to Love** *(G-B)* offers a surprise . . . If you ever thought that Clive Brook was too glacial to be a convincing lover, here is your chance to change your mind. As the doctor, *Struensee,* who becomes dictator in the court of King Christian VII of Denmark and who falls passionately in love with the beautiful *Princess Caroline Mathilde* (Madeleine Carroll), he is on fire with emotion; he dominates the whole picture . . . The costumes, not to mention the palatial settings, are a feast for jaded eyes.

● ● ● **Go Into Your Dance** *(Warners)* presents Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler (Mrs. Al) together, for the first time on any stage. It also makes a record of a new trend in New York night-life—namely, the conversion of idle theatres into dine-and-dance cabarets. It gives Al, in the rôle of a singer making a comeback against melodramatic obstacles, a chance to sing—and Ruby, as a dancing beginner who is trying hard, a chance to do some neat and fancy stepping . . . You will be humming "A Latin from Manhattan" and "About a Quarter to Nine."

● ● ● **Vanessa: Her Love Story** *(M-G-M)* is a tale of two spirited young lovers (Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery) who part, only to meet in later years and realize that they are still in love—with new obstacles in their way . . . Obstacle No. 1 is Otto Kruger, who happens to have married Helen and is a jealous madman. He walks off with the picture, which only proves once more that the one who does the unexpected is the one who clicks . . . There is considerable conversation, with all three principals distinguishing themselves as elocution experts.

● ● ● ● **Star of Midnight** *(RKO-Radio)* is—though you might never guess it from the title—the closest approach yet to a duplication of *The Thin Man.* It's that amusing, human and intelligent . . . William Powell again is an amateur detective with a murder to solve, and again is [*Continued on page 79*]

# Shades of OLD MONTEREY by ORRY KELLY

VICTORIA VINTON
MARTHA MERRILL
NORMA TAYLOR
JEAN CONNORS
DOROTHY DARE

These Warner Bros. Players prefer Shades of Old Monterey

**IRRESISTIBLE! Warm, vibrant Spanish colorings ..entirely new in water-fashions! Serape stripe accents..Orry-Kelly originalities..as designed exclusively for Catalina**

## Catalina SWIM SUITS

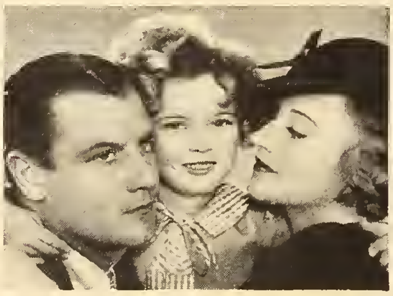
LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH

# Preview flashes from SHIRLEY'S greatest picture..."OUR LITTLE GIRL"

by Jerry Halliday

## She plays at being happy to rebuild a shattered dream!

CONGRATULATIONS, FANS, here comes Shirley! How you'll thrill to this human story of a child and her parents whose happiness is suddenly threatened! And how the tense, dramatic climax will stir the heart of everyone from Granddad to Junior as Shirley's love triumphs over a family crisis. A *"must-see" picture!*



Rosemary Ames and Joel McCrea give true-to-life performances as the parents who grope in the dark shadows of misunderstanding.

•

You'll love Shirley's lullaby, "Our Little Girl."

If there can be anything more adorable than Shirley alone, it's Shirley with Sniff, her loyal companion.

•

SHIRLEY DANCES AND SHE SINGS . . . TOO!

**"COME ON OVER AND SEE MY STATUE!"**

Forgotten (for the moment anyway) are Shirley's dolls and pretty dishes. Shirley is still telling friends about the nice, fat man . . . (Irvin S. Cobb to you) . . . who traded a bee-you-tee-ful statue for a hug and kiss! Dear little girl, I wonder if you'll ever know the happiness you bring to millions of people. Special Academy Award? That's nothing to the good wishes the whole world sends you!

*Shirley*

**TEMPLE**

in

**'OUR LITTLE GIRL'**

**ROSEMARY AMES**

**JOEL McCREA**

Lyle Talbot • Erin O'Brien-Moore

Produced by Edward Butcher • Directed by John Robertson • From the story "Heaven's Gate" by Florence Leighton Pfalzgraf

FOX

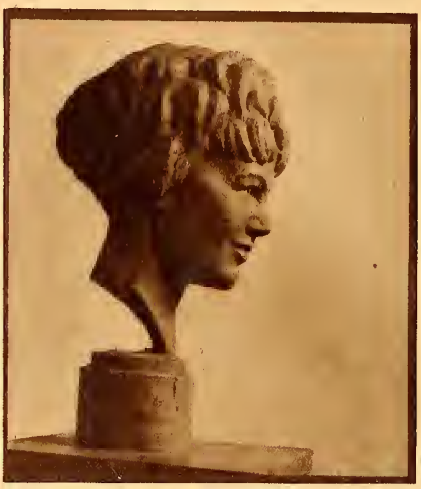
# THIS DRAMATIC WORLD

—*Fraker*

## *Exotic*

Ann Sothern, of the Columbia Pictures Sotherns, usually doesn't do things by halves. And even when she does—for a camera study—she still is wholly provocative. From her spun-gold hair to the tips of her expressive fingers, she is everything that a glamor girl ought to be—and a triple-threat star, as a singer, dancer and actress. The actress-side will be highlighted in "Eight Bells," which answers the description of "action drama"

# THIS DRAMATIC WORLD



*© by Sally Clark*

If any young modern rates a statue in the public square, that y. m. is Amelia Earhart. And a model for such a statue might be this, sculptured from life last year by Sally Clark, herself a sculptress-explorer

## *Newsreel Heroine*

Most of the movie heroines enact drama; Amelia Earhart lives it—with a calm, smiling assurance that is, in itself, dramatic. . . . No thrill-seeker, she never makes a flight that is not planned to the smallest detail; no glory-seeker, she never blazes a new trail that she does not share the glory with all women, everywhere—writing across the sky that there a woman can be the equal of a man. . . . And flying is not her only career. She never lets the world forget that first, last and always she is the wife of George Palmer Putnam, Paramount Pictures executive. . . . An idol in Hollywood, as elsewhere, she smiles away all suggestions, however, that she face other movie cameras besides the newsreel kind

*—Photos from Wide World*

—Richee

## Reflecting

Thinking isn't a pose with Carole Lombard. It's a habit. It must be. No bathing beauty could develop into a star (and "the best-dressed star," at that!) just on good looks, or even good luck. Right now she is thinking of a trip to Alaska—the far North summer resort—to make "Renegade"

—Manatt

## Glorying

Marion Davies is not only one of the powers in the movie kingdom; she is also one of its greater glories. That being the case, the Warners have made a happy choice for her first picture for them—"Page Miss Glory." Next, so rumor insists, she may perform "The Miracle" for Max Reinhardt

Twenty is a glamorous age—and Rochelle Hudson is twenty. More than that she is beautiful, poised, dramatic. She is what stars are fashioned of—and the fashioning process is already under way. And because of the plans that Fox producers and designers have for her, she will bear watching in "Curly Top" and other films in the offing

—*C. S. Bull*

Since Ziegfeld, probably the greatest glorifier of the American girl has been Madge Evans. To the world in general, and to a million college boys in particular, she is what every American girl ought to be, daytime or evening—attractively natural. Half of her secret is in her naturally attractive personality; and the other half, as any smart girl knows, is in her wardrobe

# *Young Ladies of Fashion—1935*

Katharine Hepburn has made herself the most dynamic picture personage by being the most dramatic individualist. Always capable of doing the unexpected, she is equally capable of being fierily feminine. No mawkish imitations of mere man for her—aside from wearing a pair of overalls! Her new picture, aptly named, is "Break of Hearts"

Stars may come and stars may go, but Mary Pickford still remains the First Lady of Movieland—the most ambitious exponent of feminine accomplishments, the most constant source of feminine inspiration. Already a star on screen, stage and radio, a producer, and a novelist, she is now interesting herself in Television—the entertainment of the future!

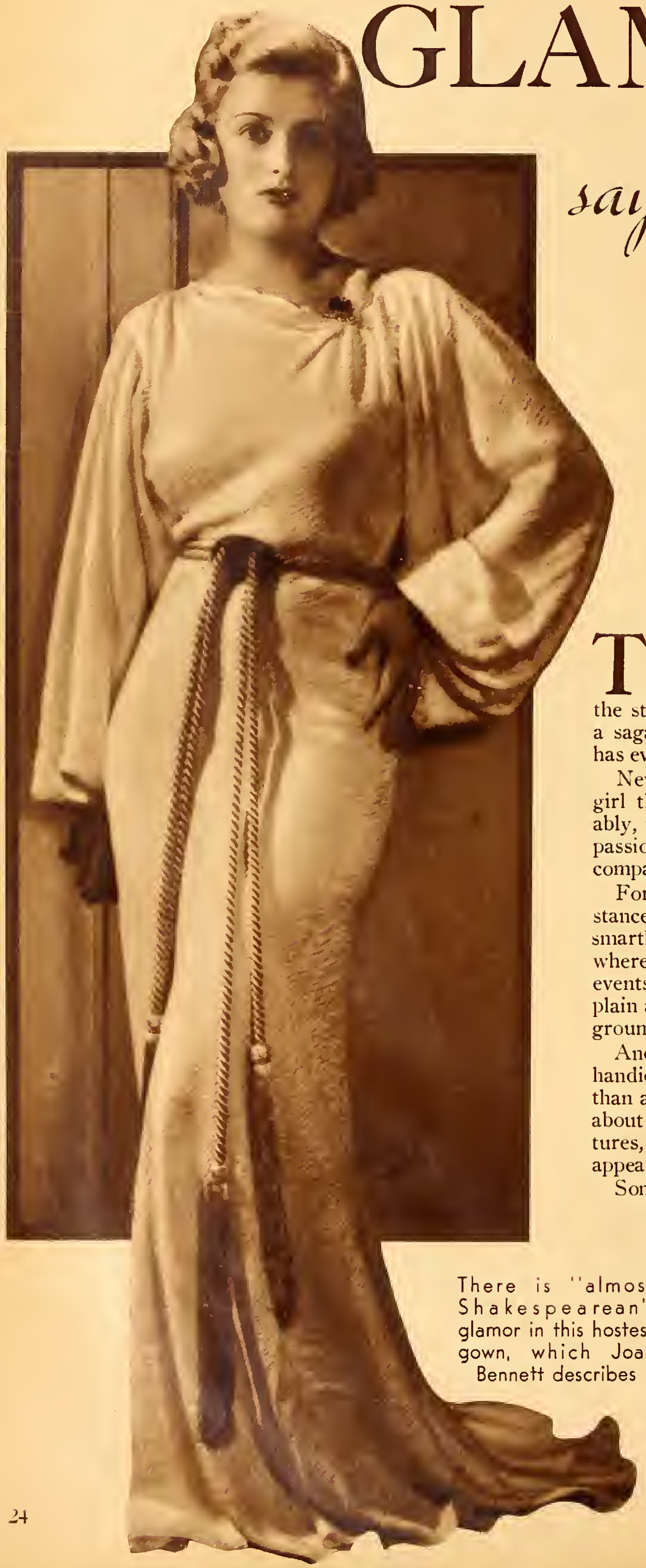
# *Feminists to the Fore!*

# DARE TO BE GLAMOROUS!

## says Joan Bennett

The shyest of the beautiful Bennetts points out that it takes courage to be colorful—and illustrates with her own personal wardrobe

### By GERTRUDE HILL



There is "almost Shakespearean" glamor in this hostess gown, which Joan Bennett describes

TODAY, she is one of the most serenely glamorous young women alive—but once Joan Bennett was shy, backward, afraid to dramatize her personality. And the story of how she conquered her self-consciousness is a saga of achievement, an inspiration for every girl who has ever longed to be attractive.

Never, probably, was there a more super-sensitive young girl than the pre-Hollywood Joan Bennett; never, probably, was there a girl who longed more wistfully or more passionately for glamor, for the self-confidence that is a companion of glamor.

For one thing, she had an older sister (the famous Constance) who was not only dramatically beautiful, but always smartly, dramatically dressed—the center of attention wherever she went. Whether justified or not (and later events would indicate that she was *not* justified), Joan felt plain and colorless by comparison and shrank into the background.

And to add to her self-consciousness she had a visual handicap—an inability to see clearly, at a distance of more than a few feet, any object or any person. Super-sensitive about not being able to see as others saw, she suffered tortures, thinking how she, herself, might—or might not—appear to others.

Something changed her.

She learned the first and foremost of all the secrets of glamor: You have to *dare* to be glamorous before you can have glamor.

I asked her to tell you and me about her own personal ideas of glamor, 1935 style. These are her words:

"TOO many modern women are afraid to be colorful. Don't look so startled. If you stop to think, you'll agree with me. Of all the loveliness in this world—all the flowing, pulsing color—how much do we make our own?

[*Continued on page* 62]

# AND YOU *CAN* BE GLAMOROUS!

## *says Royer*

### The famous Fox designer, creator of fashions for young women, tells you how to have a maximum of chic with a minimum of expense

### By CAROL CRAIG

YOU don't have to be born glamorous to possess glamor. You don't have to be famous. You don't have to be wealthy—or even beautiful. All you need is intelligence. If you are smart, you can *look* smart.

Thus says ROYER, famous Fox fashion designer, who, at thirty-two and after a career in Paris, New York and Hollywood, has created enough glamor to know what he is talking about.

And in telling you how *you* can be glamorous, he is revealing in public for the first time secrets that have proved themselves worth millions, literally, to women who have become fashion-famous on the screen and the stage and in society.

Glamor is, to ROYER, an expression of individuality. You cannot dress like every other woman of your acquaintance and hope to be glamorous. You cannot slavishly follow fashion decrees. Your clothes need little unexpected touches that are intriguingly appropriate for *you*. And you may be surprised to learn how much these little touches can do for you.

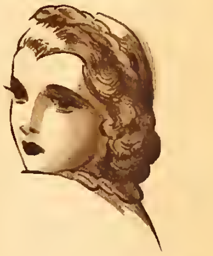
FOR example, ROYER says: "To be glamorous is not a matter of consistency, of conforming to the style dictums of the moment. Consistency is a refuge for small minds, for the unimaginative. The chic woman not only has imagination; she has the courage to be different—and her individuality is always in good taste.

"The reason why movie actresses are so glamorous is because, by the very nature of things, they have to dramatize their individual characteristics. Nowhere except in Hollywood can women dress so dramatically all of the time. But women everywhere can take hints from Hollywood—modifying them to their own personalities.

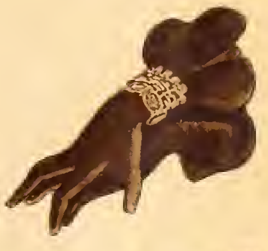
"But let's not generalize. Let's be specific.

"There are two kinds of glamor, two times for glamor—daytime and evening. Many [*Continued on page* 64]

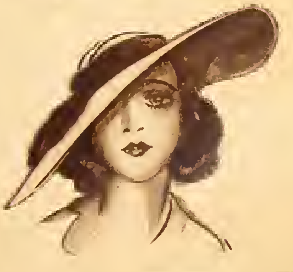
## ROYERISMS



"Clothes glamor is very closely associated with hairdressing. Every woman with a desire to be glamorous is experimenting with new coiffure effects"



"There is a new trick to add chic to suits for more dressy occasions—a bracelet of synthetic stones over one glove. It adds that unexpected touch"



"No woman should be afraid to cover half her face with her hat. She should remember that, for purposes of glamor, one eye is as good as two"

# JOAN

Joan Crawford is not merely the girl who made gardenias famous; she is the one and only person who made Joan Crawford famous. She was born poor and obscure, with no heritage of special opportunities. She was also born ambitious and determined. And unafraid of criticism. Moreover, the heroine of "No More Ladies" proves in the new, exclusive interview opposite that she still has all three qualities, plus an honesty and forthrightness all her own

# CRAWFORD *Answers Her Critics*

The tearer-downers have had their say about the world's most imitated actress. Now it is her turn to talk—plainly!

BY SONIA LEE

JOAN CRAWFORD, still in her twenties, is more than a motion-picture star. She is a cult, a tradition, a symbol of what millions of women would like to be. They follow her as a leader, copying her make-up, her hairdress, her styles; simulating her walk and her talk; emulating her ambition, her determination, her every gesture and attitude.

She shares an international spotlight with leaders of thought and action, men and women who determine human destinies. And, like them, she pays the penalties of Fame. Like them, she is a target for criticism and vituperation and misjudgment—attacks by innuendo, by untraceable whisperings, by calculated distortion of actions and statements and situations.

She recognizes and accepts the fact that criticism is a by-product of Fame. But she cannot always accept the fact placidly, with a smile and a shrug of the shoulders. She is too sensitive, too spirited—and too American, perhaps—to let injustice or misrepresentation go unchallenged.

Joan Crawford is not a dodger. She does not resort to silence or sarcasm or counter-insinuations to try to stifle her critics. She does not pretend to ignore them or to avoid hearing them. She considers what they say—more thoughtfully than they do. And, now, she answers them—all of them.

● "THERE have been many absurd, as well as justifiable, criticisms directed at me," she says. "They have ranged from bitter attacks on my mouth make-up in *Rain*, through my supposed engrossment with my leading men, to various alleged feuds with the other women stars on my home lot.

"In turn, I was supposed to be jealous of Norma Shearer, Marion Davies, Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow, and numerous others. Name them for yourself. More recently, I have been accused of being rude to Jean Harlow because Franchot Tone was selected as her leading man. According to my critics, I have been temperamental, I have insisted on my own way with directors, I have failed to recognize the people I knew in the years past.

"That's a pretty long list of indictments. Possibly, I have achieved that valued sense of humor I have been accused of not having. Anyway, I am able now to take them up one by one, to answer them on their merits and to explain many things that have never been explained before.

"I have never talked until now about *Rain* as a picture and my part in it. I wanted to do *Rain*. I thought I had a conception of *Sadie Thompson* that would present in capsule form a universal type of woman. I begged for the opportunity and it was given to me.

"A few days after the picture went into production, I discovered that I was to be given little leeway in characterization, that every movement of my hands or my body, every inflection of my voice was to be in accordance with the director's conception of the play and the part. I protested—and Hollywood said I was going temperamental.

"No actress worthy of the name can be a puppet in the hands of anyone. The thing that makes her an actress is her ability to dramatize an intangible figure and to inject into it an individuality. When there are restrictions surrounding an actress, [*Continued on page 60*]

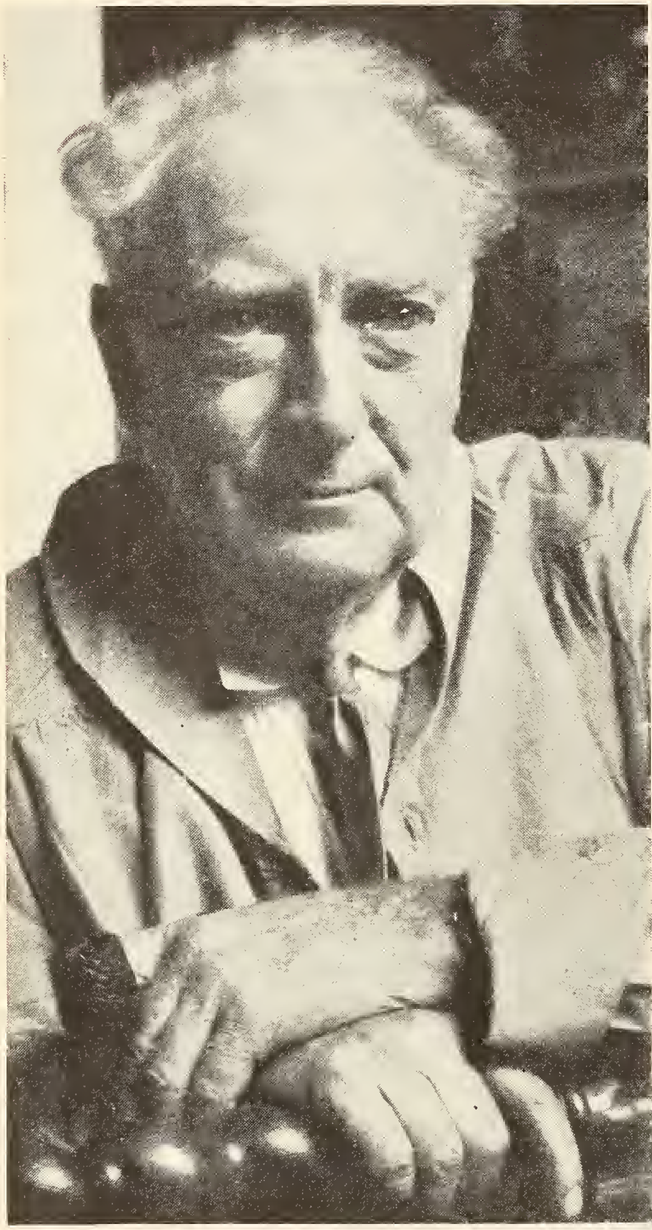
**Constant companions off - screen — Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford. But not on the screen!**

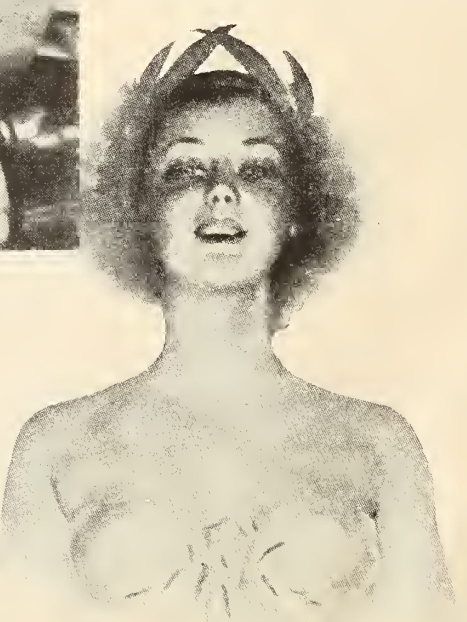
*—Wide World Photo*

# WHO Are the

### HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, America's foremost illustrator, portrait painter and judge of feminine pulchritude, selects ten

By B. F. Wilson





**This is a vivid camera study of Howard Chandler Christy—the man behind the brush that has immortalized the beauties of two generations. Right, the girl on his poster for the President's Birthday Ball**

HOWARD Chandler Christy has been painting beautiful women ever since he began his famous career as an illustrator and portrait painter. He has seen all of the great beauties of the past forty years. He has known them all. He has painted them all. And today he stands alone as an authority on beauty.

For years, his name has been at the top of the portrayers of pulchritude. He has served on innumerable committees selecting outstanding charmers. He has painted hundreds of nationally famous posters featuring beautiful girls. He is continually being called upon to select queens of beauty in colleges, schools, national contests, and each and every kind of feminine tournament. For five years, he picked "Miss America."

And at his studio in the Hotel des Artistes in New York, surrounded by life-size portraits of gorgeous women, he told me:

"There are no great beauties today. If I thought for a week, I couldn't name a half dozen women who are what we used to call 'raving beauties'—and neither could you. Beauty has become a commodity, more than a quality, to the extent that no individuals stand out.

"They can all be classified as this type or that type now—and it's a great pity. The famous beauties of the past fulfilled a need that made the world brighter, happier—a more desirable place to live in. They were legends; and, around them, men spun dreams. Can you imagine bands of men today toasting any lady because she is beautiful, or driving her carriage through the streets with themselves in the place of the horses? No, of course not. That's what I mean when I say that really great beauty seems to have disappeared from the faces of the women nowadays."

His keen blue eyes twinkled merrily. He ran an impatient hand through the shock of his snow-white hair as he said:

"Perhaps it's the movies that have done it. I don't know. But most of the girls who are stars look alike to me. I can hardly tell one from another. They are lovely in their work. Some of them have more character than the others. Maybe one or two stand out in my mind as being

# Beauties of Today?

Mary Pickford—"before any others"

Whitney Bourne—"unusual"

Marion Davies—"has character"

better-looking than the rest—universal in their appeal."
"For instance?" I urged, taken a bit by surprise.

● "WELL," he said, his voice a slow drawl, "take Mary Pickford. I like her so much that, if I were asked to name a beautiful woman of the screen, I'd put her first—despite the fact that, according to classical standards, she couldn't really be called a great beauty. But she's such a swell person—she has so much character—she's such a fine sport, that I would name her before any of the others.

"I have never selected any girls who were faultlessly perfect in feature, coloring, size, or appearance for my models of beauty," he continued. "They must have more—or, if you like, less—than that to attract me. They must have personality, poise, rhythm of line, symmetry of body. What makes poetry beautiful? What makes a line live?

"Do you remember Ben Jonson's description of Shakespeare? 'Nature herself was proud of his design, and joyed to wear the dressing of his line.'

"That's what true beauty should be. It must be alive. The average girls you see in the theatre—I mean those who are hired because they have lovely faces and slim figures—why, looking at them, I experience the same reaction as I would if I went to some maker of masks and said, 'Show me six of those brunette ones over there, and a half dozen of these blondes.' Do you see what I mean?"

"Do any other screen stars besides Mary Pickford fit your conception of beauty?" I asked.

● "YES, Claudette Colbert for one. I think she is a fine little actress. Her face is mobile, expressive, pleasing to watch. The planes are good. Her eyes dance with vitality. She hasn't that 'sleepy' look that so many of them think necessary to be seductive.

"Marion Davies is another of my favorites. She isn't strictly beautiful, but her pink-and-white coloring is very pleasing, very pretty. And she, herself, is a

Claudette Colbert—"hasn't that 'sleepy' look"

# "Beauties Must Have Personality—"

Wide World Photos

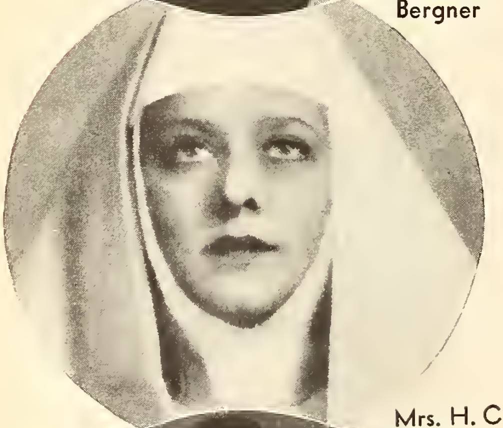
**Barbara Hutton Mdivani**

Wide World Photos

**Mrs. Harrison Williams**

**Doris Duke Cromwell**

**Elisabeth Bergner**


**Mrs. H. C. Christy**

**Elise Ford**

grand person. She has character, a great sense of humor, and a personality that makes you feel you are in the presence of one of the most attractive women you know.

"You don't have to have perfect features to be a great beauty," he continued. "The most beautiful woman on the New York stage today has in reality a plain, almost homely face. Her name is Elisabeth Bergner, and I defy anyone to witness her acting without feeling that he is looking at the most radiant, the most vibrant, the loveliest female he has ever seen. And yet, she has a tiny nose. Her cheekbones are too wide, her eyes too small, and her head is too large for her body. But her genius lights her acting with a flame that transforms her whole body, and you would swear to her loveliness despite the evidence of your own eyes."

He got up from his chair and went over to the telephone.

"I'm going to have you meet a young girl who has the standard requirements for beauty," he said. "She is only nineteen, and her face is unusual. She is my model—you must have seen her on the President's Birthday Ball poster. Her name is Elise Ford, and she lives in this building with her father and mother."

He called the number, and Elise said she would be right over. Mr. Christy went back to his seat and filled his pipe. A fox terrier and a Siamese cat played running games up and down the length of the studio. He watched their antics.

● THE door opened and a girl walked into the room. She was tall, slim and lovely. Her black hair was caught back and revealed two small ears. A cluster of short curls graced the slim nape of her neck. Her eyes were huge and almost as dark as her hair.

"This is Elise," said Mr. Christy in introduction. "She is really an unusual type. How much do you think she weighs?"

I looked at the trim, boyish figure. "About one hundred and two pounds," I guessed.

"She weighs one hundred and thirty pounds," said Mr. Christy. "She's all bone and muscle, and yet see how slender her ankles and wrists are. She is a fine swimmer, a great little athlete. Yesterday she walked nine miles in the country, 'to get a breath of air,' she said, and she has won eight cups and medals for excellence in her studies, and athletic competitions. She is learning how to be an artist, and has no desire to go in the movies. She wants to paint."

"How tall are you, Miss Ford?" I asked.

"Five feet, six and three-quarter inches," she answered. Her voice was low and charming. "With my shoes on, five feet, eight inches, she added.

"Have you ever done any screen work?"

"Oh, yes," she answered indifferently. [*Continued on page* 65]

By MAUDE CHEATHAM

# IT'S ALWAYS JUNE WITH THE JOLSONS

Partners in a picture now, as well as in private life, Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson insist: "Romance begins at the altar"

THE Al Jolson-Ruby Keeler marriage, now more than six years old, is one of the Seven Wonders of Hollywood—at least, to Hollywoodians, who find it so easy to supply happy endings to make-believe romances and so difficult to make love last in real life. Broadway, too, marvels that this marriage can withstand the obstacles that beset its path.

Perhaps it is an amazing combination—the vital, volatile, sensitive Al, and quiet little Ruby, whose modesty and diffidence are almost unbelievable. It is one of those beautiful coincidences that they should have met, fallen in love and married, for between them is a peculiarly strong bond of sympathy, a complete understanding that no outside conditions can touch.

When they were married, Al was the sensational pioneer star of the talking screen and Ruby was Ziegfeld's star dancer, who voluntarily forgot her career to be "just Mrs. Jolson." And it took Al, himself, as well as all of the Warner Brothers, to persuade her—three years later—to play a rôle in *42nd Street,* which made her a star overnight. Now, for the first time, they are costarring—in *Go into Your Dance.* And both welcome the chance to share the single spotlight—for each firmly believes that the honors of the picture really belong to the other. This is no "act." It is the *realist* thing in all the world to them.

And what is the explanation, the Jolsons' secret? Just this: *"Romance doesn't end with marriage—why, it only begins at the altar."*

Al was dynamic as he spoke those words, and the emphasis he put on each word italicized every one of them.

● Then, under the warmth of Ruby's responsive smile, he went on, "You see, I fell in love with Ruby the very first time I met her. I had seen her on the New York stage in *Show Girl,* but we had to come to Los Angeles to meet.

"It was a June day in 1928 and I had gone to the station to meet Fannie Brice. Fannie whispered that she wanted to introduce a sweet little girl who came out on the train with her, and the next minute I was standing before Ruby. I knew at once that I [*Continued on page 74*]

# The SIX MOST

By Mae West

PAUL CAVANAGH AND MAE WEST

### Hollywood's most famous connoisseur of masculine appeal names 1935's most potent heart-throbs—and explains her selections

IF X marks the spot for romance, then Hollywood is the x-iest city in the world. Romantic men? There are more of them in the studio city than in any other place you can name. And each packs his own brand of dynamite, if you know what I mean . . .

Choosing the six I would throw the spotlight on first is a difficult job. And I am doing it purely from observation, you understand. Since I have been on the movie scene, I have not had time for any close study. Ahem!

Of course, one girl may go for a man in a big way, while the same type of man may be a complete flop to another—which is a real break for humanity in general. There would be some terrible hair-pullings if we all went for the same type of man!

Screen celebrities, as a rule, have several different angles of appeal, which is what makes them popular with the masses. And the more dangerously appealing they are, the more popular they are.

The man who was the one hundred percent thrill of the screen seemed to be the late Rudolph Valentino. Just as some women like tall men and some like men not so tall, Valentino was that in-between type and seemed to have all the other qualities rolled up into one.

Every woman could see something in him that she liked. You never heard anyone say, "I don't like Valentino." Whether it was his eyes, his nose, his mouth—or whatever it was—every woman had to like something about the man. He had too many assets for any woman to say that she did not like him at all. He was the most romantic man of all time.

● BUT I am picking the six men of the screen today who can do the most damage to feminine hearts.

Gary Cooper, for instance. Gary, I should say, is about as safe as a runaway truck-load of T.N.T.—to almost every type of woman. If his slow, appealing smile doesn't get you, his tenderness will. That's the catch. He suggests the kind of tenderness a woman craves, along with a neat mixture of Grade A steel.

# ROMANTIC MEN

Risk No. 1 in any man! Combine it with six feet of good-looking masculinity—and you have trouble. Heart trouble.

There is no age limit to his appeal. Gary has a physical attraction, plus a woman-getting personality that makes him irresistible to the weaker sex. Maybe you have noticed. The younger ones go for that strong-man-of-the-silent-spaces air; and the older ones—well, when they see that bashfulness of his, they want to run their hands through his hair.

Fate did herself proud when she landed this Mr. Cooper on the rugged terrain of Montana, then sent him to England for a little finesse. It gave him a double pull—in a drawing-room and in the great outdoors.

● AND Clark Gable. Better bring out the "Danger: Detour" sign. He's another of these peril-on-every-side men.

There are so many Gables. There is that red-blooded Gable with that come-to-me-baby look in his eye who hauls them in by the thousands. He's different. He's cool—but you have a feeling that underneath the ice there is fire. Almost every woman sees in him her secret lover. One will tell you, "Why, Mr. Gable just tries to put up a big bluff to hide that boyish shyness of his." And do women fall for that? They probably try to mother him right off the set.

Somebody else thinks he is "only a boy at heart" because he can still get down and shoot marbles with the youngsters and gets such a kick out of skeet-shooting. And another says that he is the most sophisticated man in Hollywood! I guess it must be Clark's unexpectedness that keeps the girls dizzy. You never know what he will do next. You never know *what* to expect of him.

● PERSONALLY, I think one of the most fascinating men in Hollywood is Paul Cavanagh. He plays opposite me in this new picture, *Goin' to Town,* so I ought to know where he is heading! You are going to see—and hear—a lot more of him on the screen after this picture. Up to this time, he has been cast in light "heavy" parts, when he should have been doing romantic leads. And is he romantic!

There [*Continued on page* 67]

JAMES CAGNEY

GARY COOPER

CLARK GABLE

GEORGE RAFT

BING CROSBY

**Do you agree—or disagree—with Mae West's selection of these five stars, and Paul Cavanagh, as the most romantic?**

# Do Movies Influence the Paris Designers?

Molyneux, Lanvin, Worth, Lelong, Rochas, Patou—we asked them all. Their answers are illuminating. Films and stars do inspire them!

### By Laura Blayney

FOUR times a year, I sit in the salons of the most renowned fashion creators, to watch the most glorious mannequin parades in the world. And four times a year I emit audible and delighted "Oh's" and "Ah's." I ask myself: "Where do they get so many ideas? What feeds these vivid imaginations?"

The most pat answer is to be found in the words of a great writer: "I am a part of all I have known." And rightfully so, for any artist is a sensitive barometer of the times in which he lives, a sensitive reflector of what he sees and hears and feels.

But in the world of fashion, what are the forces so compelling and far-reaching that not just one stylist, but all stylists, feel them simultaneously?

The movies are one great force, I am sure. Time after time, seeing the new summer collections, I have found myself mentally classifying this dress as a *Little Women* frock, that as a gown inspired by *Miss Ba.* (*Miss Barrett,* to you!)

All right, then, call me movie-struck! To prove my point, I shall tell you a few things about the summer collections, then ask the couturiers, themselves.

● WHAT do I see? Everywhere, the billowy-skirted silhouette. What do I hear? The steady swish-swish of crisp taffetas and alpacas.

Wherefore all these feminine fripperies? Ruffled parasols . . . gold-handled glass fans or fans matching the dress . . . poke bonnets at Schiaparelli. Little ruffled tulle capes with hoods, and hoops in at least the trailly part of the skirt, at Mainbocher. Balloon sleeves at Rochas. Bows, ribbons, embroidery—everywhere.

Are we going forward or backward in our fashions?

Certainly, when Grandfather starts bragging about the "old-fashioned girl" this summer, you can shake your bewitching curls (you'll have them!) at him, and fan out your skirt a little more. You *know* those old wiles—from going to the movies.

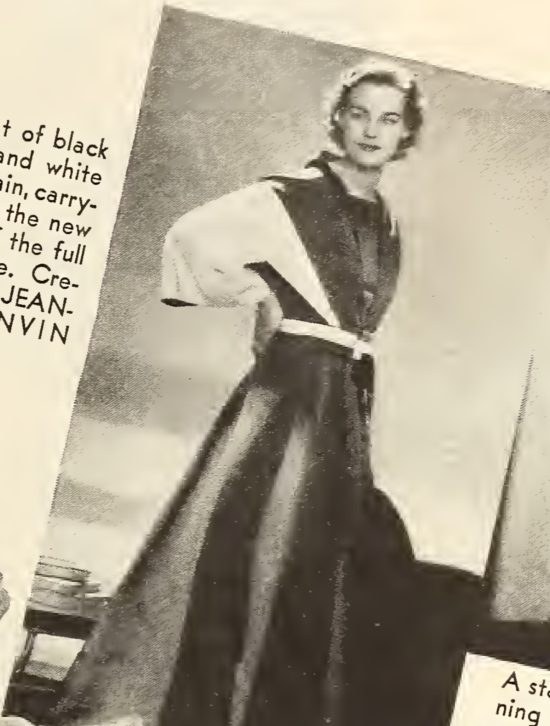
Just to rub in my point about this movie-inspiration business, let's have a history review. Alexander Korda's brilliant *Private Life of Henry the VIIIth* took us back into a colorful, half-forgotten era. Did anyone thereafter start to see plumed hats on the modern scene? Yes, indeed. A few months later, Korda's *Catherine the Great* had its world première in Paris. The next season's collections started a parade of Russian tunics and Astrakhan Cossack hats, which continued all over the world last winter. Everyone remembers how Mae West revived the Gay Nineties vogue with *She Done Him Wrong.* *Little Women* started a cycle of costume pictures and "picture costumes."

Understand, I do not imply that the couturiers "lift" styles. Paris continues to be [*Continued on page* 58]

Meerson, Paris

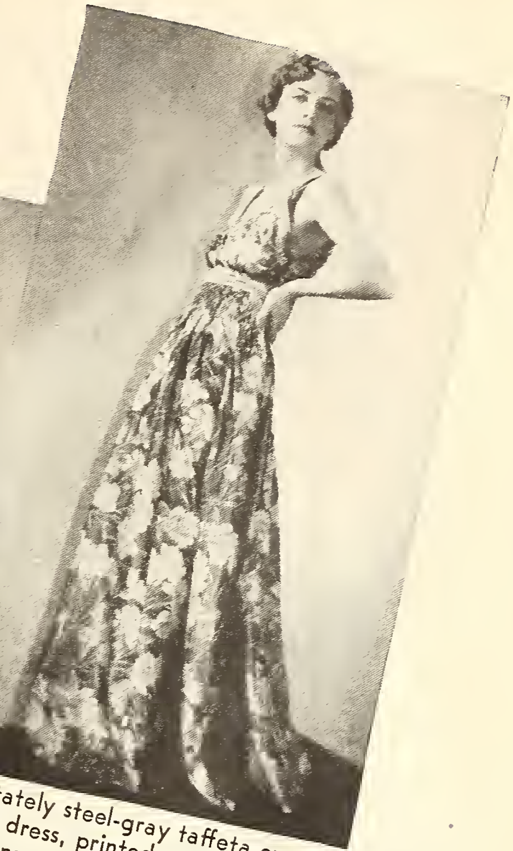
**Like American designers, French designers are now introducing their creations in films. Above, Marcel Rochas, Parisian couturier, gives Lili Damita a last "coup d'œil" before a scene for a French picture**

# Paris Presents

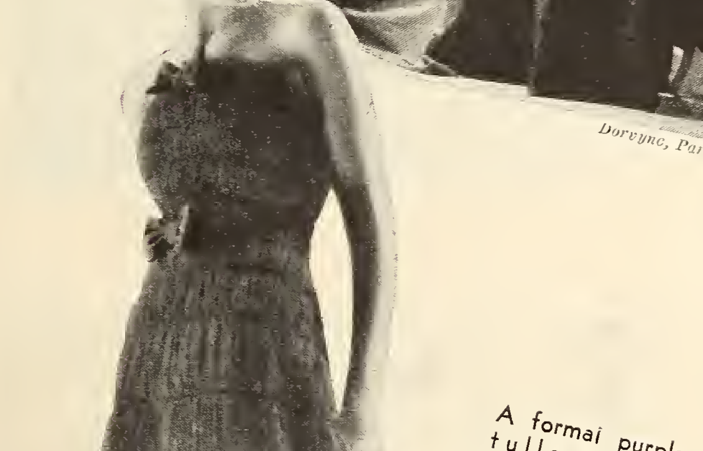


A coat of black faille and white grosgrain, carrying out the new motif of the full silhouette. Created by JEANNE LANVIN

Dorvyne, Paris

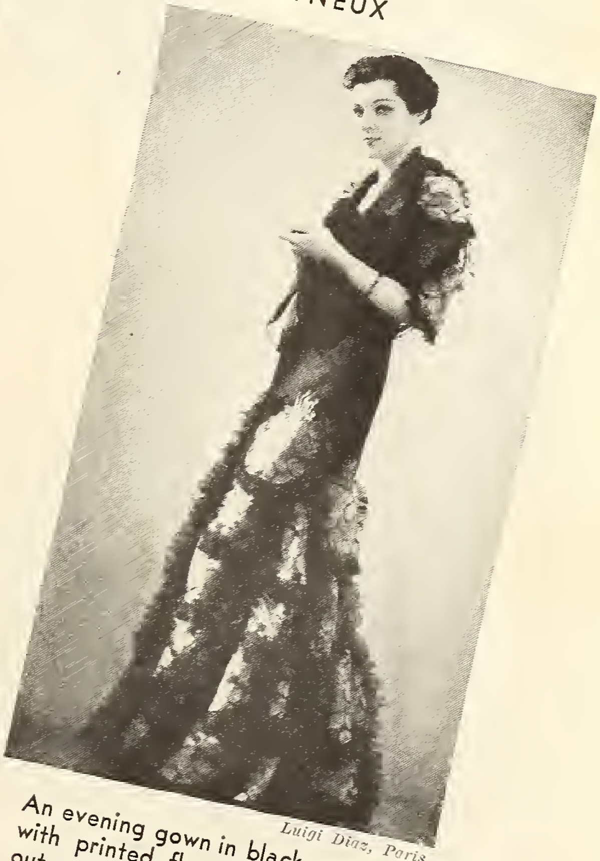


A stately steel-gray taffeta evening dress, printed with silk carnations. The sash is pink satin. Designed by MOLYNEUX



A formai purple tulle evening gown, with red velvet bows, a billowy skirt and no shoulder straps. Copyrighted by LUCIEN LELONG of Paris

H. E. Deutsch, Paris

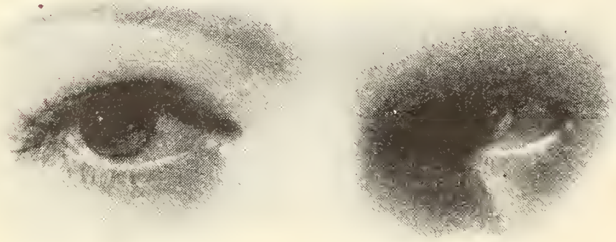


Luigi Diaz, Paris

An evening gown in black organza, with printed flower bouquets cut out, appliqued and edged with ruffles. From JEAN PATOU

(Models Registered, P.A.I.S.—Reproduction Forbidden)

# The Story Behind JEAN PARKER'S Eyes



"THIS picture may do you a lot of good." A photographer made the remark to one of a group of eight girls in a Pasadena High School Glee Club. He was making a picture to publicize the Olympic Games held in Los Angeles two years ago.

The girl to whom the remark was made nearly fell off the float upon which she was posing.

"You mean *me?*" she asked.

The photographer looked at her with his seerlike eyes and said, "Yes, baby. Mr. Eastman, Junior, means you. Don't let 'em kid you—you may never get a break—but you've got something—I can't tell you what it is—neither can anyone else—you just stand out in the camera like a peaceful Irishman at a picnic."

The photographer "shot" the girls again, lit another cigarette, complained about the hard life of a photographer; then turned to the girl again, saying, "Now remember what young Eastman, without a dime, told you—but don't tell them people over in Hollywood I said it—they'd be hirin' me for a scout—and I'm just so happy luggin' this camera around, I'd be all broke up if I had to quit."

The girl watched him go away, whistling,

*"Just tell 'em that you saw me,*
*And where you saw me last—*
*Just tell them I was looking well, you know—"*

● THE photographer's name has been lost to fame. The girl was Jean Parker.

She has since tried to learn who the photographer was, or where he came from. There were so many photographers at the time that no one knows. He is as completely lost as an "extra" in a mob scene. But how right he was, the years have shown.

The girl's life had been one of heartache, struggle, and hard work.

Born to hard knocks, she had never been happy. Hers had always been the crust of the pie, and the core of the apple. She was always the girl who washed the supper dishes, the Cinderella looking for the Prince Charming who never appeared. Only her daydreams kept her from becoming too cynical.

Like all sensitive people who have suffered early, she became too old for her years. Her eyes were mirrors of sorrow.

● SHE was born in Deer Lodge, Montana. There may be those who say that the best thing about Deer Lodge is a departing train—but not Jean. She was not Jean Parker then, but Mae Green, and she early learned to love the wild and windy places.

She was not much more than a baby, as years are reckoned in the eternity of time, when her parents moved to Oregon with her little sister and herself.

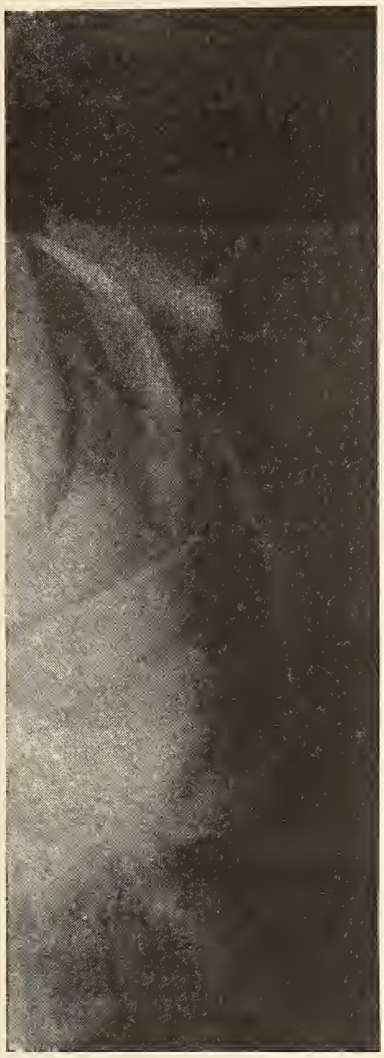
Someone long ago said that when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window.

Jean's parents soon separated.

Her mother, untrained for work, moved with her woe-

# *by* JIM TULLY

The famous author of "Beggars of Life" paints an unforgetable pen-picture of the girl with the haunting eyes who found fame as in a dream



"Like all sensitive people who have suffered early, she became too old for her years. Her eyes were mirrors of sorrow"

begone little girls to a small shack along the railroad; and though untrained, and a woman above the average in culture, she did all sorts of work for pitifully small pay.

When Jean was eight, she helped to make beds and run errands at a boarding-house. Her hands would be red and raw with the cold, and the tears would come to her eyes.

Truly Masefield said a heartful when he wrote:

*"Lord, give to men who are old and rougher—*
*The things that little children suffer—*
*And let keep bright and undefiled*
*The young years of a little child."*

● DURING the Winter months, when the cold was not too severe in the little home, Jean would try to paint small pictures. After long effort, she made enough money, she now proudly admits, "to buy underwear for my little sister."

The picture of this child going about a bleak town, selling her little daubs from door to door, is relieved only by the sheer kindness of the people who bought them.

After some years the family moved to Salt Lake City. Jean was happy at the thought until she learned that her little spaniel would have to be left behind. Poverty had not been sentimental. It made no provision for a little dog's journey.

Jean spent the last day with Buster. A neighbor had promised him "a good home." She watched him from the train window until he was lost to view, and then thought of him all the way to Salt Lake City.

They lived in a small white cottage with a paling fence around it. She went to school whenever possible and helped to earn whatever money she could in her spare time.

Then something happened to Jean. It was unlike all the stories ever written.

● HER mother married again. Jean found a great companion in her stepfather. He understood her. He encouraged her to continue trying to paint and to dance. His name—Henry Colvard—should be written here; for it is deeply etched on the hearts of three women—Jean, her mother and sister.

"He was like the Lincoln I read about," says Jean. "There was always a smile on [*Continued on page* 70]

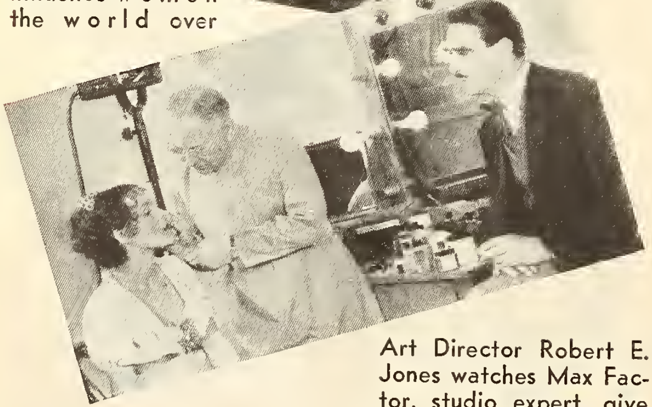
**When her pet spaniel recently swallowed a threaded needle, Jean Parker also suffered. She saved its life thus—with a magnet**

# Now You'll Be Color-Conscious!

By J. Eugene Chrisman

"Color has given me something I never felt I possessed on the black-and-white screen," says Miriam Hopkins, star of *Becky Sharp*

Right, Bernard Newman of RKO, one of the famous Hollywood designers whose creations, in color, will influence women the world over



Art Director Robert E. Jones watches Max Factor, studio expert, give Frances Dee a new make-up for the color camera

You are about to see not only what color can do for screen stars—but what it can do for you!

ALMOST without warning, new color is coming into your life. Almost overnight, new beauty will be yours. The magic of the movies will bring them to you, will make them *yours.*

Tomorrow, films will no longer be drab gray shadows; they will be vivid paintings in natural color. In fact, the color revolution has already begun.

The first all-natural-color picture has just been completed—*Becky Sharp,* starring Miriam Hopkins and produced by John Hay Whitney, head of aptly-named Pioneer Pictures. In a few days—a few weeks, at the most—you will be seeing it. And, seeing it, you will find yourself living in a new, breath-taking world. You will be conscious of color—and the possibilities of color—as never before.

Because we do not live in a world of silence, talking pictures, with their accompanying sound effects, had to come. Because we do not live in a gray world, color films, glorifying all the hues of creation, had to come. And now they are here. After years of research and development, after earlier heart-breaking experiments, Herbert T. Kalmus and his wife, Natalie, inventors of Technicolor, have at last succeeded in transferring Nature's own tints to the screen. Their new color process is as great an improvement over previous efforts as today's talking pictures are over the first sound films.

● I SAT in a studio projection room with Director Rouben Mamoulian and watched one of the scenes he had made for *Becky Sharp*—based on Thackeray's famous novel, *Vanity Fair,* with a background of the colorful Napoleonic era. The scene was the gorgeous spectacle of the grand ball given in Brussels for the Duke of Wellington. (If you know your history, you remember that it was at that time that Napoleon escaped from exile, gathered his army together and met the Allies at Waterloo.) Suddenly, when all is gay, a rumble like thunder is heard. The music

[*Continued on page* 73]

# *Ex-Tooter*—NEXT STAR!

### FRED MacMURRAY, filmdom's newest fame-finder, "got there"—believe it or not—by playing the saxophone

### BY DONALD P. SHELDON

CLAUDETTE COLBERT was just beginning work on *The Gilded Lily*—and she had the jitters. Claudette had not yet won the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences as the "best actress" of 1934; and, while she did have several recent smash hits to her credit, she was badly worried about the picture she was then starting.

"They are making me carry it," she wailed, "with only two boys, both inexperienced on the screen, as leading men!"

But Claudette need not have worried, for one of those two inexperienced boys was none other than Fred MacMurray, who, as the indigent reporter who felt more romantic with his shoes off, turned out to be a young sensation. He played his part with the *élan* of a March and the virility of a Gable.

The movie-going public, appreciators of personality, began to call him "Fred No. 2"—the head of the house of Astaire being "Fred No. 1." The question began to arise: "Where has he been all these years?" Until now the tumult and the shouting have reached such proportions that an answer is in order.

● IF YOU happened into any one of a hundred night clubs, between Portland, Maine, and San Diego, California, during the past few years and heard the plaintive moan of a saxophone, it was no doubt Fred MacMurray who was torturing it. He is the only known sax player besides Rudy Vallée who ever survived to become a movie star.

The reasons for his taking to tooting in the first place remain obscure. His father, also named Fred, was a concert violinist. Accompanied by his wife, he was on a theatre tour twenty-seven summers ago, with the stork hovering near, which explains why young Fred was born in Kankakee, Illinois, on August 30, 1908. The MacMurrays were residents of Kankakee only a few weeks, which explains why Fred cannot claim it as his home town. But the reason for his growing up to be a saxophone specialist still defies explanation.

He thinks of Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, as "the old home town," since that was where he attended grade school and high school, early becoming one of the-most-likely-to-succeed contingent by

[*Continued on page* 71]

**Front or side view, Fred MacMurray has the looks, the personality, and the alertness that have a way of inviting opportunities**

# WE'LL SHOW YOU

Movie Classic
Invites You
to See the West
and the
Whole Movie World
August 4–18

R.S.V.P.

### BY JACK SMALLEY

NOW you can see Hollywood for yourself! Hollywood—the city dedicated to drama, romance, glamor, beauty. Hollywood—the one American city that influences the whole world. Hollywood—the one American city that the whole world would like to see.

Our big special train is waiting to take you there, to give you the most exciting two weeks' vacation you will ever have. A reservation is waiting for you—if you hurry. And, in Hollywood, MOVIE CLASSIC is waiting to welcome you personally, to entertain you royally, and to give you the insiders' outlook on the movie scene.

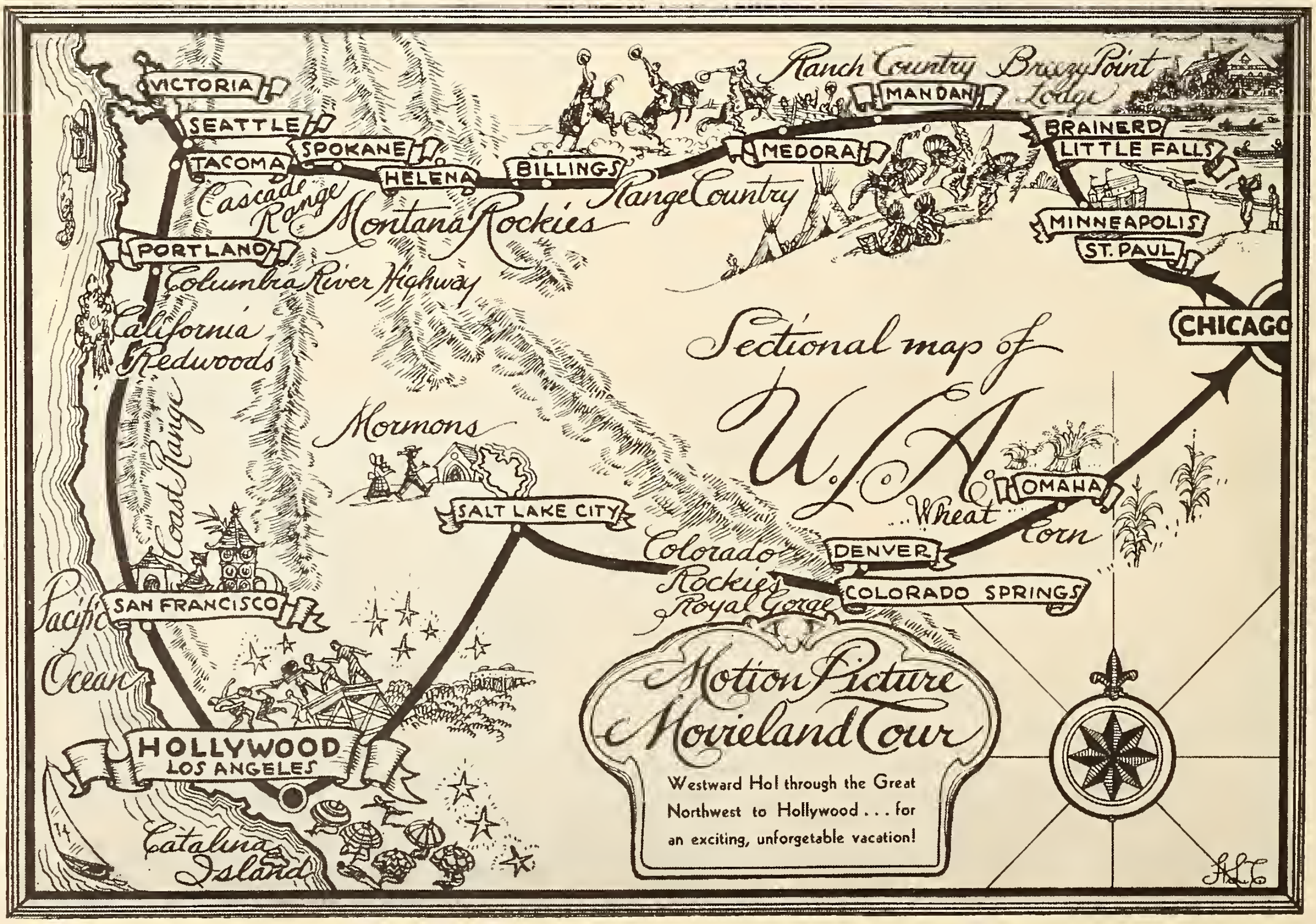
We'll show you what is behind the studio gates marked "No visitors." We'll show you a picture in the making. We'll introduce you to stars. We'll show you their homes—and take you to a party in a star's home. We'll show you the star's favorite recreation spots.

We'll show you, in short, why Hollywood is the ideal city for the making of movies, for working, playing, living.

*Are you interested?*

Then you will want more details! And here they are:

● LAST month, we told you how the party will begin, but we cannot resist the temptation to tell you again briefly, because en route you will also see sights that will thrill you, sights that you will never forget.


VICTORIA
SEATTLE
TACOMA
SPOKANE
HELENA
BILLINGS
Ranch Country
MANDAN
Breezy Point Lodge
MEDORA
BRAINERD
LITTLE FALLS
MINNEAPOLIS
ST. PAUL
CHICAGO
Cascade Range
Montana Rockies
Range Country
PORTLAND
Columbia River Highway
California Redwoods
Coast Range
Mormons
Sectional map of U.S.A.
SALT LAKE CITY
OMAHA
Wheat
Corn
Colorado Rockies
Royal Gorge
DENVER
COLORADO SPRINGS
SAN FRANCISCO
Pacific Ocean
HOLLYWOOD
LOS ANGELES
Catalina Island

Motion Picture Movieland Tour

Westward Ho! through the Great Northwest to Hollywood . . . for an exciting, unforgetable vacation!

# HOLLYWOOD!

We want you to meet such stars as Gloria Stuart, Henry Hull, June Clayworth

On the night of August 4, the Movieland Special will roll out of the Union Station in Chicago, bound for California by way of the scenic Northwest. The next morning you will be in St. Paul and Minneapolis, where there will be a brief stopover, to give you an opportunity to motor to the historic spots of the lake-studded Twin Cities, seeing, among other things, Lake Minnetonka and Minnehaha Falls, site of Longfellow's *Hiawatha.* Then on the Special will go, through the wooded lake country of Minnesota, to Brainerd—where you will detrain to spend the night at world-famous Breezy Point Lodge, "the Deauville of the North Woods."

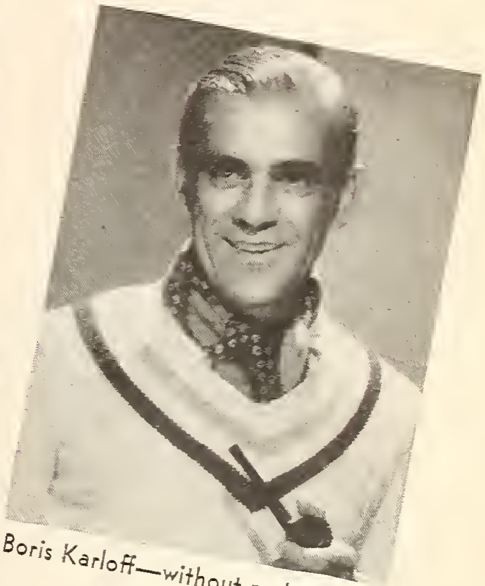
Morning will find you heading west through the strange, fascinating Badlands of Dakota, through the Indian and cowboy country, across the majestic Rockies, to Seattle and the Pacific. After a boat trip to Vancouver Island, you will head south through Portland, past Mt. Baker (where *Call of the Wild* was filmed), and Mt. Shasta to colorful San Francisco and the Golden Gate. Then on to Hollywood!

By the time you arrive, you will be on speaking terms with every member of the party, and your enjoyment of everything you see will be doubled by having kindred souls to share your sensations. And before you leave, you will be acquainted with every spot in Hollywood worth knowing!

- WE intend to lose no time showing you what the inside of a studio is like. That is what you will see *first*—after freshening up at the Hotel Roosevelt, located in the heart of the city on famous Hollywood Boulevard. Carl Laemmle, Jr., will swing wide the gates of Universal Studios for our cavalcade of cars!

Universal Studios are located in Universal City—the only studio city in the world—five miles from Hollywood. They cover two hundred and thirty-five acres and within their boundaries more than two thousand pictures have been filmed in the twenty years of the studio's history. This is where the pioneer producer, Carl Laemmle, Sr., did his pioneering—and still is doing it, in fact.

This is the production site of such pictures as *Foolish Wives* (Von Stroheim's first great hit), *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* (which made Lon Chaney famous), *The Phantom of the Opera, Broadway, Show Boat, All Quiet on the Western Front,* [*Continued on page* 66]



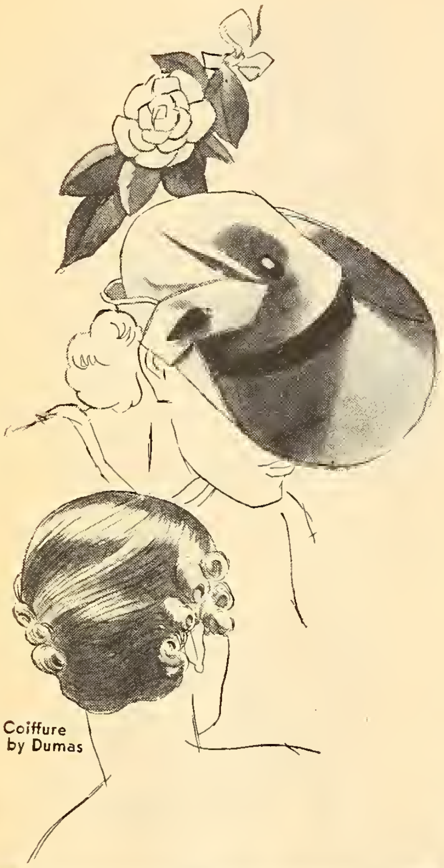
Boris Karloff—without make-up . . .

Elusive Margaret Sullavan . . .

Chester Morris—and others . . .

# Fashion Foreword

## By Gwen Dew


Coiffure by Dumas

*The fashion story used to be told in one word:* Paris. *Slowly, but surely, it was proved to really smart women that* New York *was producing equally as advanced styles. Then almost overnight the world began to realize that both of these places were definitely responding to the influence of* Hollywood, *and thus the triad became complete.*

*New York now happily becomes the meeting ground between the two, taking the best from both, toning down some of the extremities that of necessity exist in Hollywood clothes, and adapting French styles to the tempo of American life. And thus it becomes our joyous duty to relate to you each month the glorious style parade that passes before us daily in the finest shops of all the world . . . those of New York.*

SPRING into summer . . . and what a fascinating world of fashion we gaily enter! With a magnificent gesture of relief we throw away heavy, cumbersome clothes and drift into the fluttery things that spell romance to all truly feminine souls . . .

And being so lucky as to live in 1935, we can go to work in the most strictly tailored suits or attractive flowered prints, dine and dance in yards of chiffon, rustling taffeta or crisp net, and week-end in shorts, bathing suits, knitted things, and strictly sports outfits.

Suits have never played such a dominant rôle in wardrobes as in this year of grace. Tailored, semitailored and dressmaker suits all have their places. There are so many combinations to be made of them this year that you can have endless variety. Man-tailored suits are very smart, either tuxedo style or with a gathered back and belt. Striped skirts and plain coats, or vice versa, are very good, and other suits are worn with matching or complementary colored topcoats.

Miss Maureen O'Sullivan smartly wears the classic man-tailored suit

If you can, use fresh flowers for boutonnieres for your suit. A white carnation, a gardenia, or a bunch of violets gives your outfit an air of elegance nothing else can add. The artificial flowers this year are very natural-looking, and carnations are especially smart. There are white ones, and those so brilliantly red you think of the flash of a cardinal's wing.

Flat or decidedly lower-heeled shoes, are new to wear not only with suits, but with almost everything except the dinner and evening things. There's a new style pump with a little flap at the side to which your initial is affixed. This is to wear with tailored silk dresses. Hand-done initials are smart for your tailored blouses.

White pigskin hats, belts, bags, and gloves are being shown, and are very soft and supple, and easy to keep clean. A number of very wide belts are being worn, four, five and six inches in width.

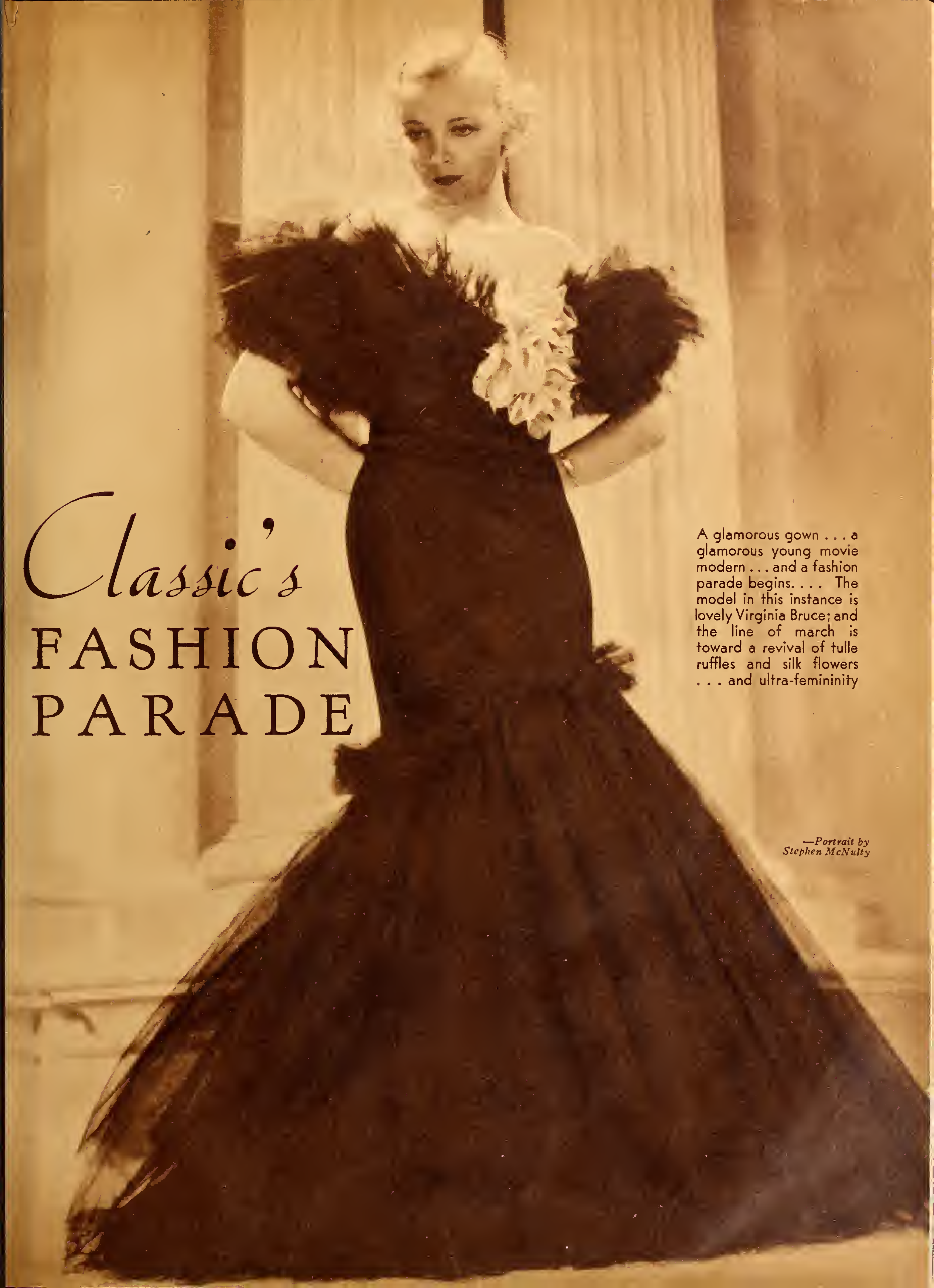
SINCE hats are the first to change the stream of fashion, you have to watch them carefully, for they can betray your lack of fashion sense before all other things. They are much easier to wear than usual, and are flattering and youthful. Regency bonnets are piquant and go beautifully with summer dresses. Brims have taken a dramatic forward movement, and many turn up sharply on both sides.

Of course, this gallant plunge-ahead fashion of brims demands new coiffures, as that forward jot simply reveals everything in the way of hair and neck in back. Dumas, one of New York's smartest hairdressers, has evolved a very chic style to wear with summer hats. It is plain and swirled to one side in back, and waved from the widow's peak in utter smoothness, with curls spiraling upward on the sides.

PRINTS are excellent for afternoon events, and usually have a dark background with brilliant and delightfully gay flowers scattered upon them. Very often a coat is worn

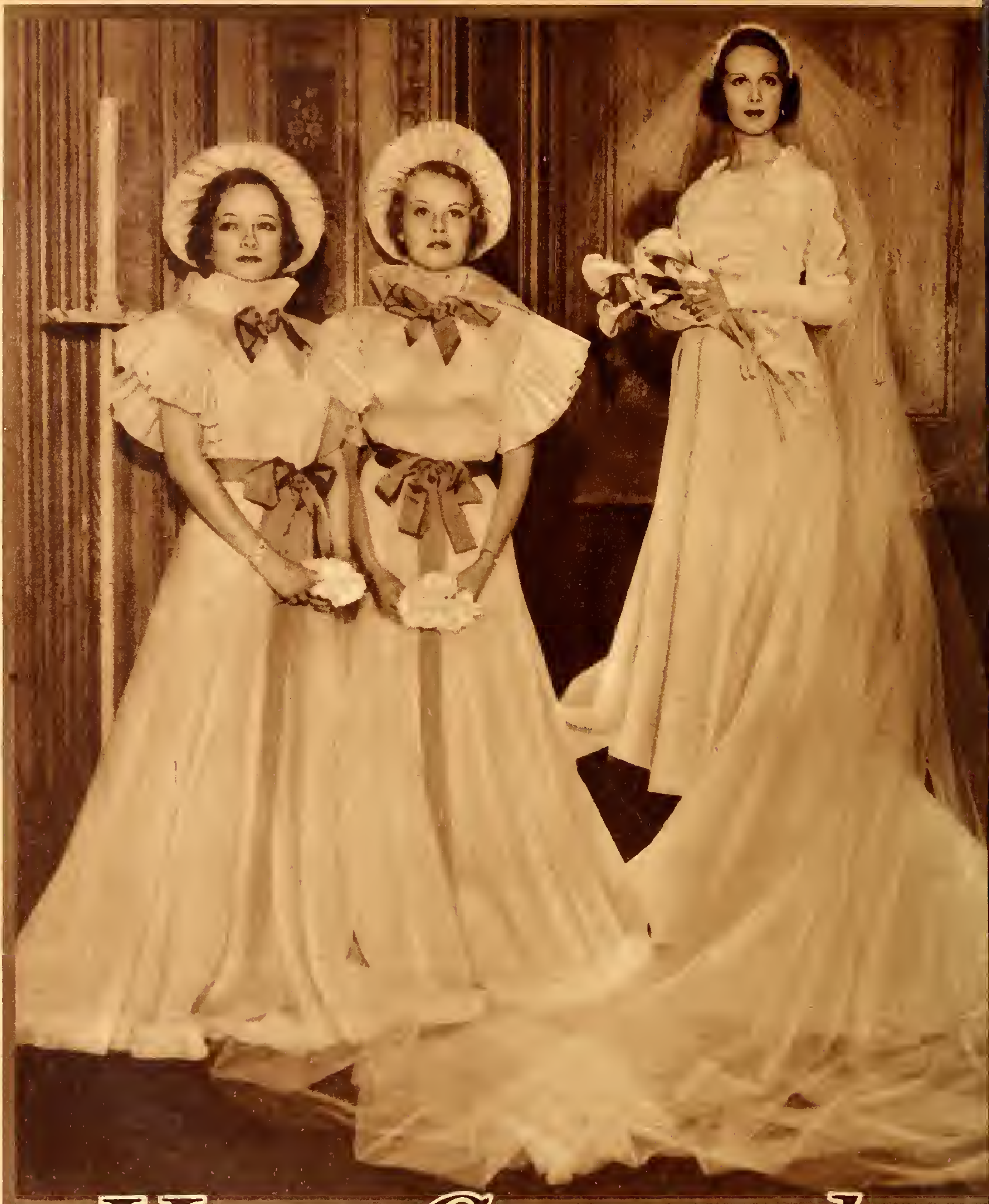
[*Continued on page* 75]

# Classic's FASHION PARADE



A glamorous gown . . . a glamorous young movie modern . . . and a fashion parade begins. . . . The model in this instance is lovely Virginia Bruce; and the line of march is toward a revival of tulle ruffles and silk flowers . . . and ultra-femininity

*—Portrait by Stephen McNulty*



# Here Comes the

An Exclusive
*Classic* Feature

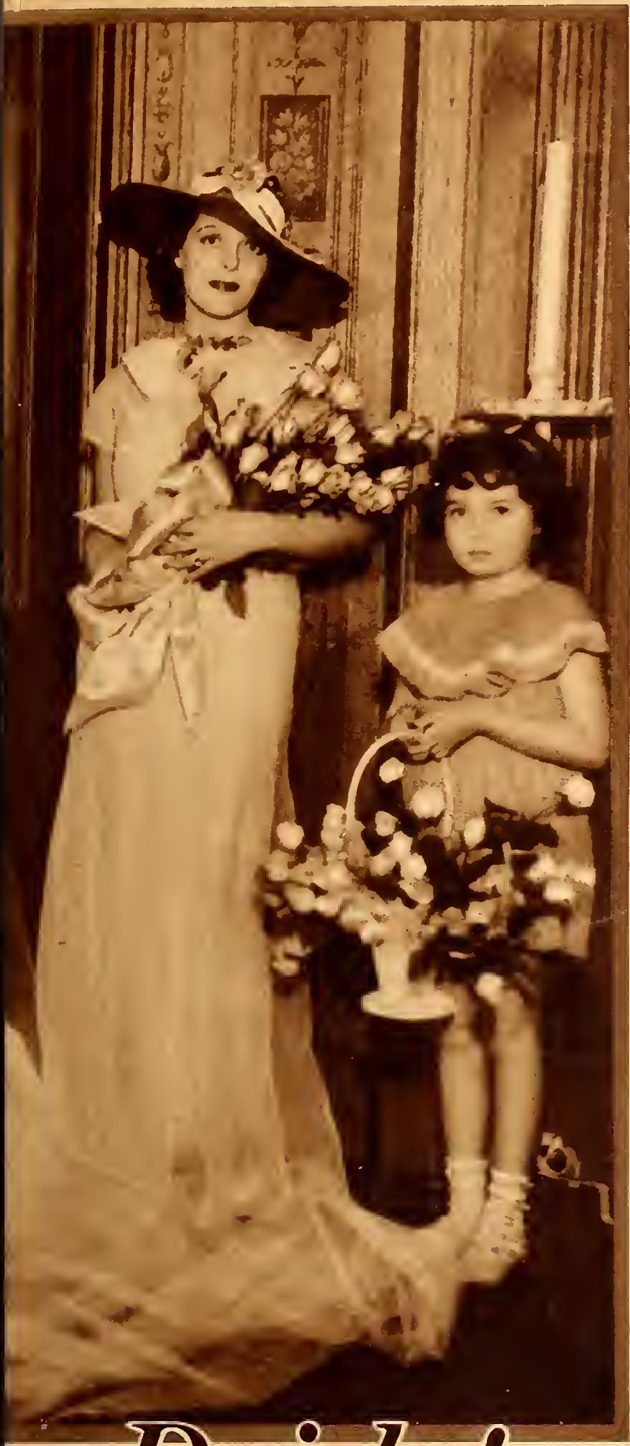
With an all-star cast, we proudly present a Dress Rehearsal for a Wedding —June, 1935

### *by* VIRGINIA LANE

AND the groom? Just to let you in on a secret, we had offers from eleven of Hollywood's most eligible males for the job when they learned that Mary Brian was to play the bride in CLASSIC's *Dress Rehearsal for a Wedding!* Maybe they thought that the power of suggestion—all the orange blossoms and lace and flowers—would give Mary ideas. You know, about taking on the "Mrs." prefix.

Well, Mary *has* ideas. She has her wedding all planned —if she can just decide on the groom. And we are lucky enough to get a preview of what the event will be like.

"First of all," says that bewitching Brian girl, "I want it



*The Bride*
**MARY BRIAN**
*Maid of Honor*
**SALLY BLANE**
*Bridesmaids*
**MARIAN NIXON**
**JOAN MARSH**
*Flower Girl*
**CORA SUE COLLINS**

# Bride!

picturesque. I want it something to be remembered. . . ."

And this is the June to be a memorable bride. Never has old Dame Fashion gone so deeply into her bag of tricks to make a bride beautiful. Never have the gowns been more graceful or lent themselves more to that exalted, mystical mood that begins with the Mendelssohn march.

The gown that Mary selected to pose in, for instance. Can you imagine anything lovelier than crisp white silk moire, softened by a swirl of tulle? Not only is it very new, the last word in wedding chic; but it does things for the bride that scarcely any other material will do. Especially, if she is under the spell of flatteringly feminine Period dresses. This one has long, tight sleeves with points over the wrist that flatter any hand, and the bodice is pointed where it joins the skirt, both front and back. Very medieval-ish, with all of nine yards of material in the skirt and train. But what Mary likes best is the stately simplicity of the whole costume. The only trimming is that wide border of white velvet violets around the square neck. The violets also form a bandeau to hold the veil in place.

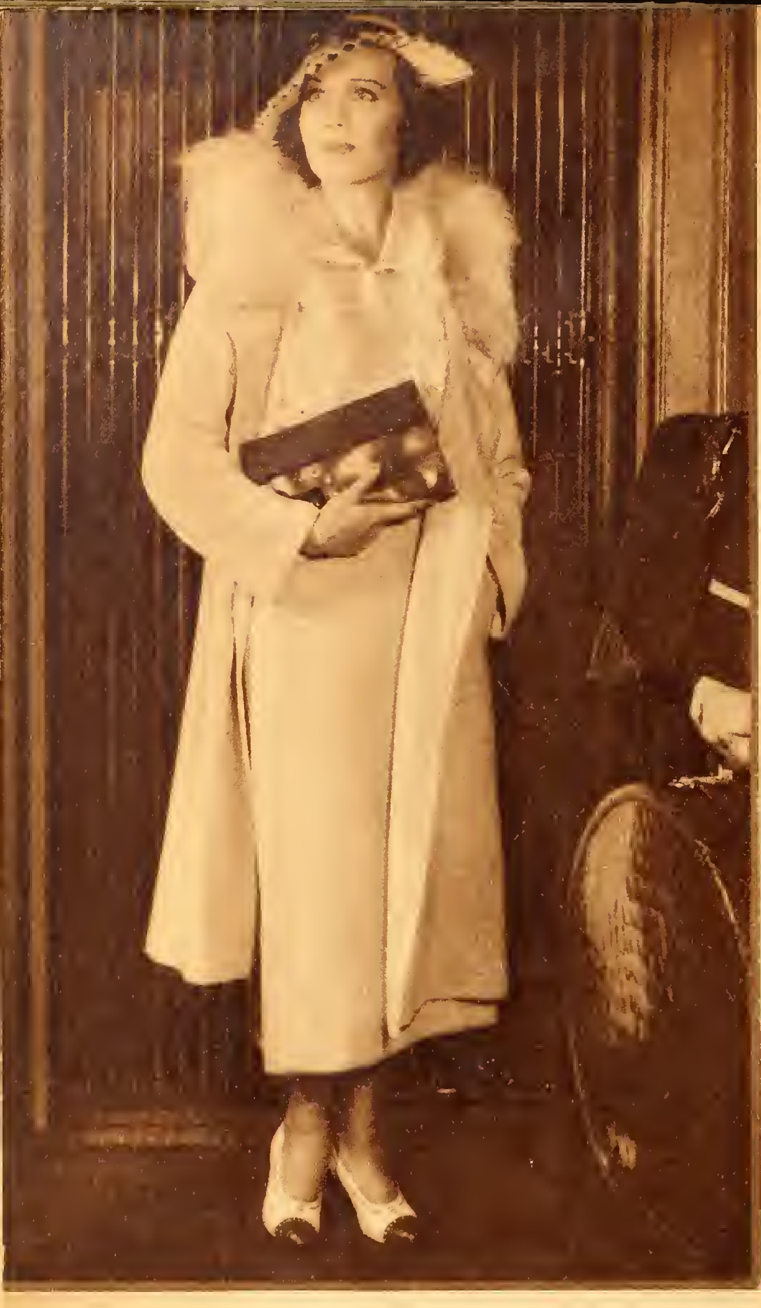
If you are budgeting your trousseau, it is never wise to spend the largest amount on the wedding dress. After all, it is a one-occasion gown and you don't want to tie up a lot of money that way. But this one can be duplicated easily at comparatively little cost, and it highlights two of the latest style notes—*flower trimming and an astoundingly full skirt.*

These days, you cannot do anything more modish than to dress your attendants in white, too. And white organza is such a fairy-like fabric that it makes the gawkiest of bridesmaids graceful. On girls as dainty and charming as Marian Nixon and Joan Marsh, it is divine! Their gowns also are in Period style, of course. Ruffles of the organza form the sleeves, the neck and the edging on the sweeping skirts. The amusing note is the demureness in front—and the sophistication in back. (The gowns are practically backless!) Along with those "poke" bonnets of organza, the effect is lyrical.

Sally Blane, as maid of honor, wears a simple shirtmaker frock of white organza, but goes in for a devastating green picture hat. The color accents to the party are supplied by that hat and the green gardenias on Sally's collar, the green moire ribbon on the bridesmaids, and the soft candy pink of little Cora Sue Collins' dress. As flower girl, she is adorable in pleated silk with a small cape collar.

Trousseaus have been the cause of many a wrinkle. What to get. . . . What is suitable . . . how to juggle the costs. . . .

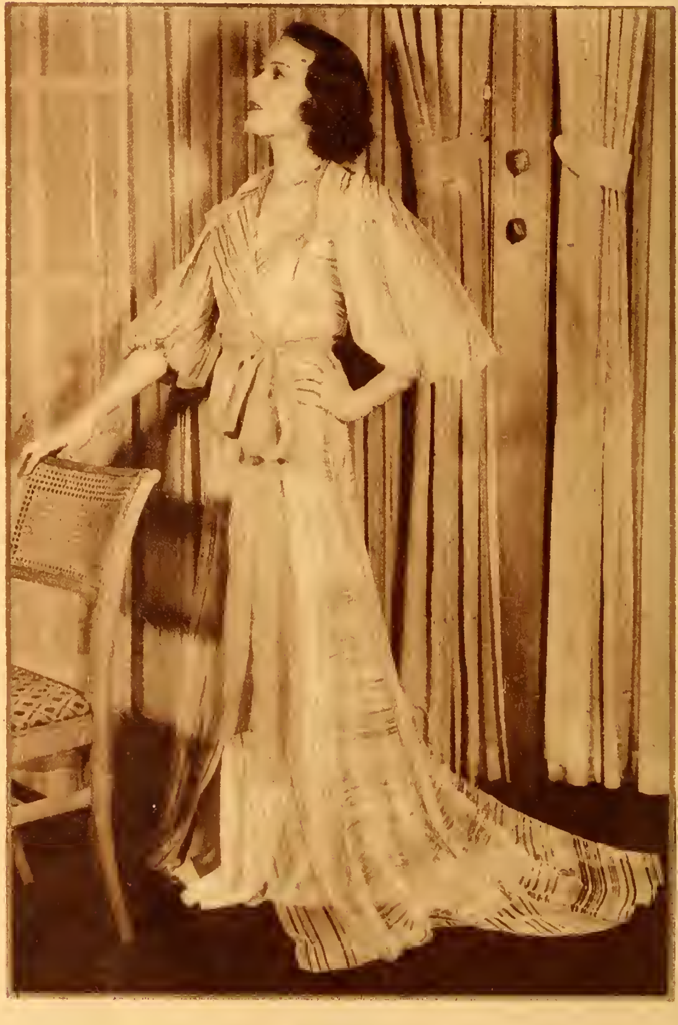
"Suits are *the* thing this Spring, so I am going to spend more in getting a good one. I'll probably live in it more than in anything else," Mary announced as we stepped into I. Magnin's shop. Which goes to prove that the little Brian girl not only has beauty. She has brains. And she used them to excellent advantage in getting together a wardrobe that would start the Summer off *right* for any young woman.



The bride goes away in a smart gray tweed, with brown accessory touches —even to the alligator luggage

# And Here's Mary's Trousseau!

### Mary Brian, still playing the rôle of the June, 1935 bride, gives a preview of the smart bridal wardrobe



Bridal negligees should be extra-special. This one is. It is of organza striped in several delicate greens

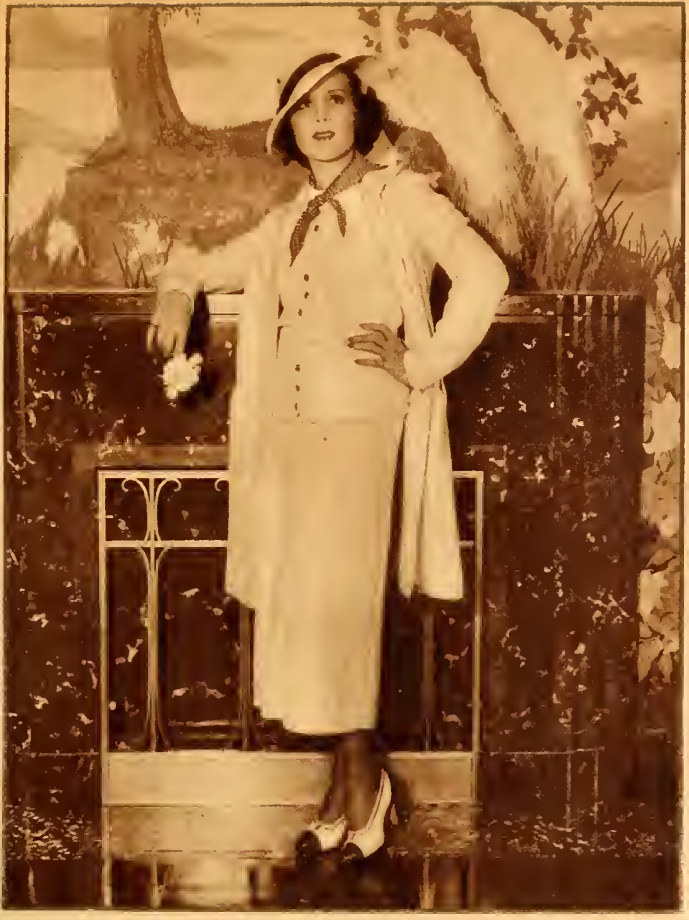
Her "going-away" suit, for example. What did Mary pick but one of those light gray monotone tweeds trimmed with Russian lynx! *Gray, along with navy and black, leads the field for daytime, you know, just as pastels and black do for night.* To emphasize the suit, she chose brown accessories—brown and white sport pumps, a brown leather envelope bag with a tiny watch set in the middle of it and a hat with a bold, brown ribbon on it.

Shirtwaists have gone elegantly feminine—without the frills. The one Mary selected was an exquisite French batiste blouse that softened the suit and said all kinds of nice things about the wearer—that she had taste and would never go severely masculine on a husband!

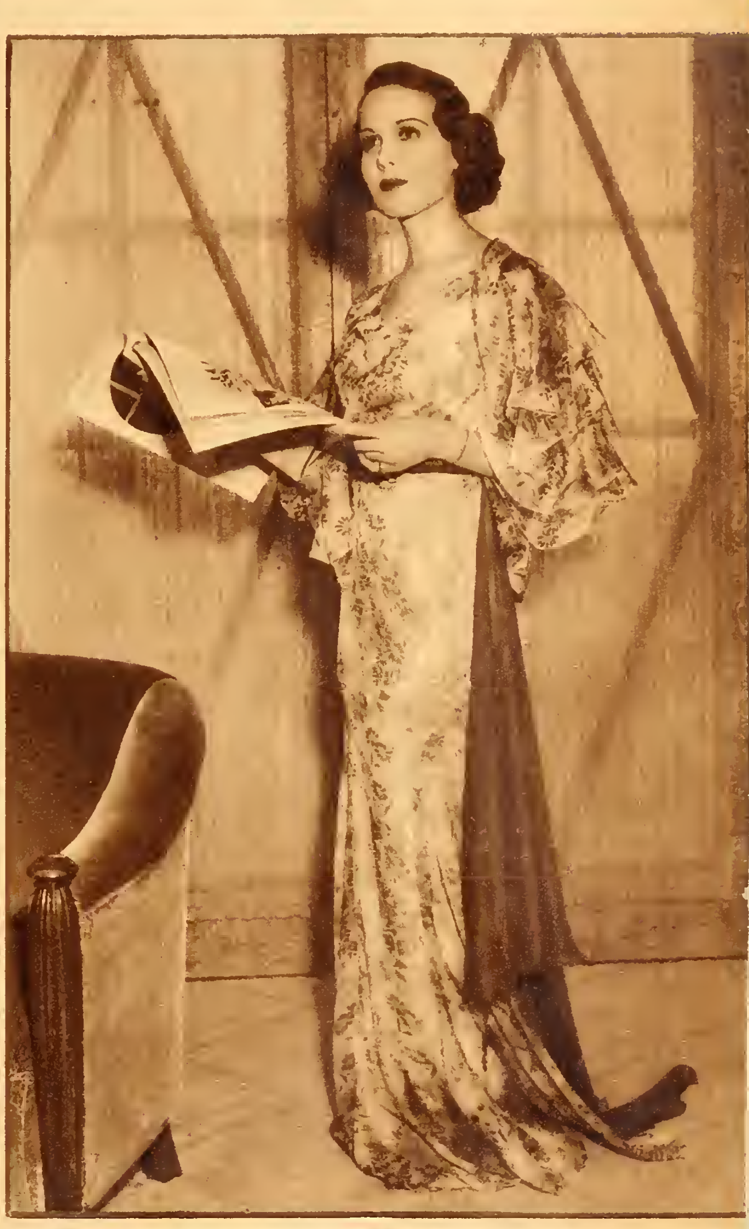
And what man wouldn't like to come home to find his wife in a romantic hostess gown? Not too much on the cream-puff and fluff style, of course, but cool-looking and dainty. Mary's gown is of organza, striped in various shades of green. Notice those full, bunched sleeves and take heed—for you will be seeing more of them a little later on. The slip is matelasse crêpe of that glorious chartreuse color and the sash is a darker green.

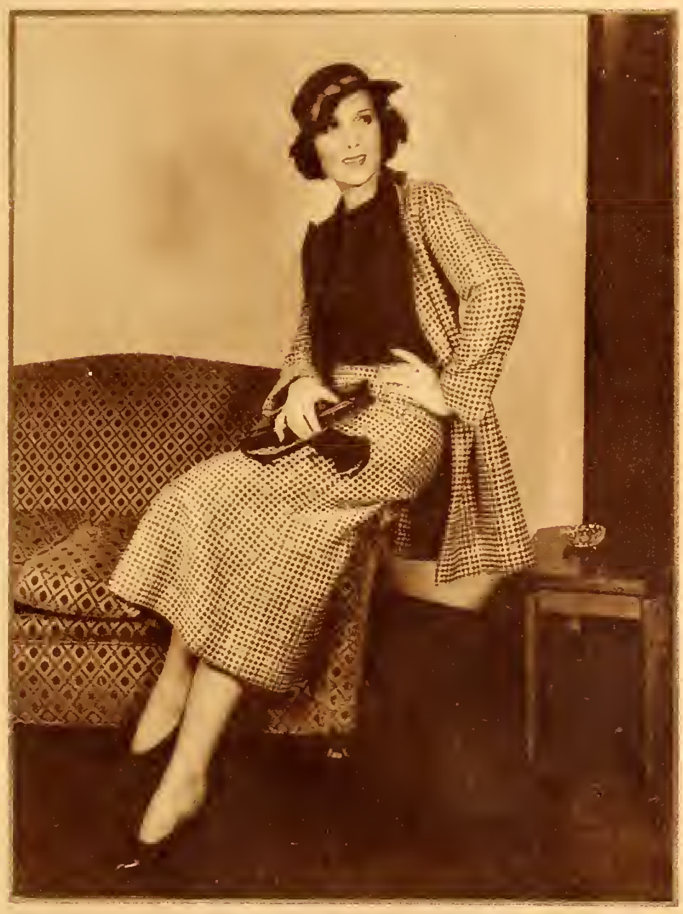
*Knit—knit—knit* . . . it is the Hollywood pastime—and the world's for that matter. So, naturally, Mary got one of those super-smart three-piece costumes knitted in a white bouclé. The coat is just a plain, finger-tip-length model and the *dash* about the suit is supplied by novel red buttons and a red polka-dotted silk scarf. If you are clever with the needles, why not knit yourself one like it? Any store that sells yarn will furnish you with a similar pattern and tell you where to get it properly blocked, once it is finished.

And if you want to do the [*Continued on page 72*]



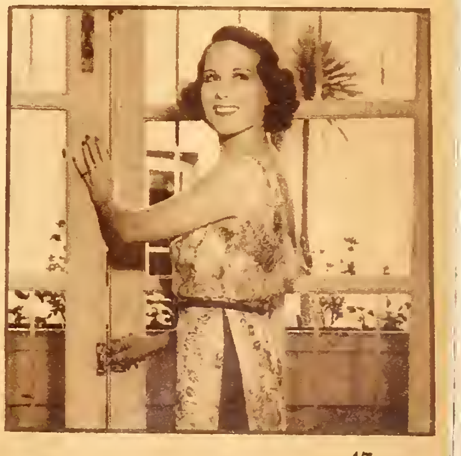
White is always the best choice for Summer sports. This is one of those clever three-piece hand-knit models with red buttons and a miniature polka-dotted bandana for an unusual scarf





A suit any girl would like to check into her wardrobe is this Dorchester homespun, with hand-knit blouse, coat lapels and hat to match. (Here is a brand-new idea for clever knitters!)

A flowered chiffon is indispensable — and can be irresistible. Mary's (above) is of begonia shades—and the trailing scarf sash is a fashion forecast. When she doffs the jacket (right), she has a formal dress



GOWNS BY
COURTESY OF
I. MAGNIN

*Photographs by Rhodes*

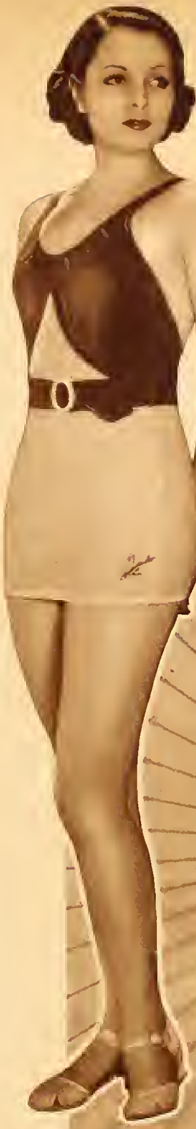
Victoria Vinton of Warners likes the Catalina suit with Roman-stripe belt and smart lacings

Above: all white two-piece "Baby Pants" by Catalina, worn by Ethelreda Leopold, Warner Brothers' player

Left: Anne Darling, Universal starlet, favors this Jantzen suit with its perky ribbon ties

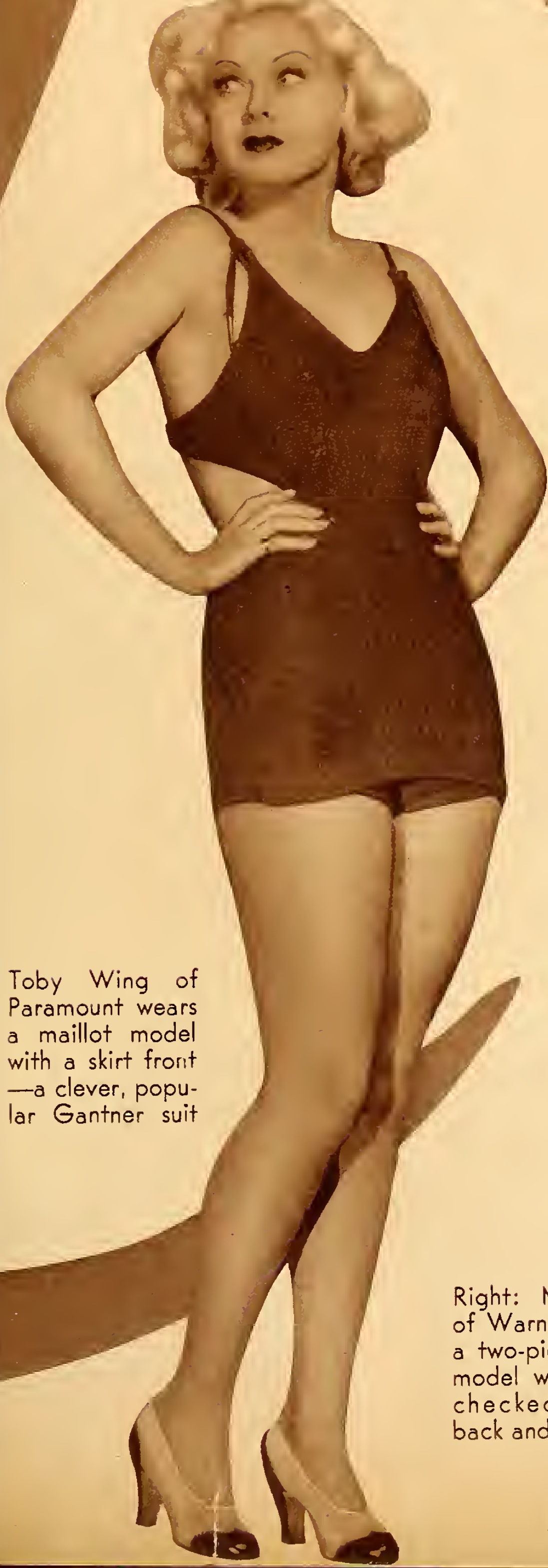
# Hollywood Turns the TIDE of Fashion

Even in swim suits, the movie maidens set the styles. And when shapelier suits are made, Hollywood will sponsor them!

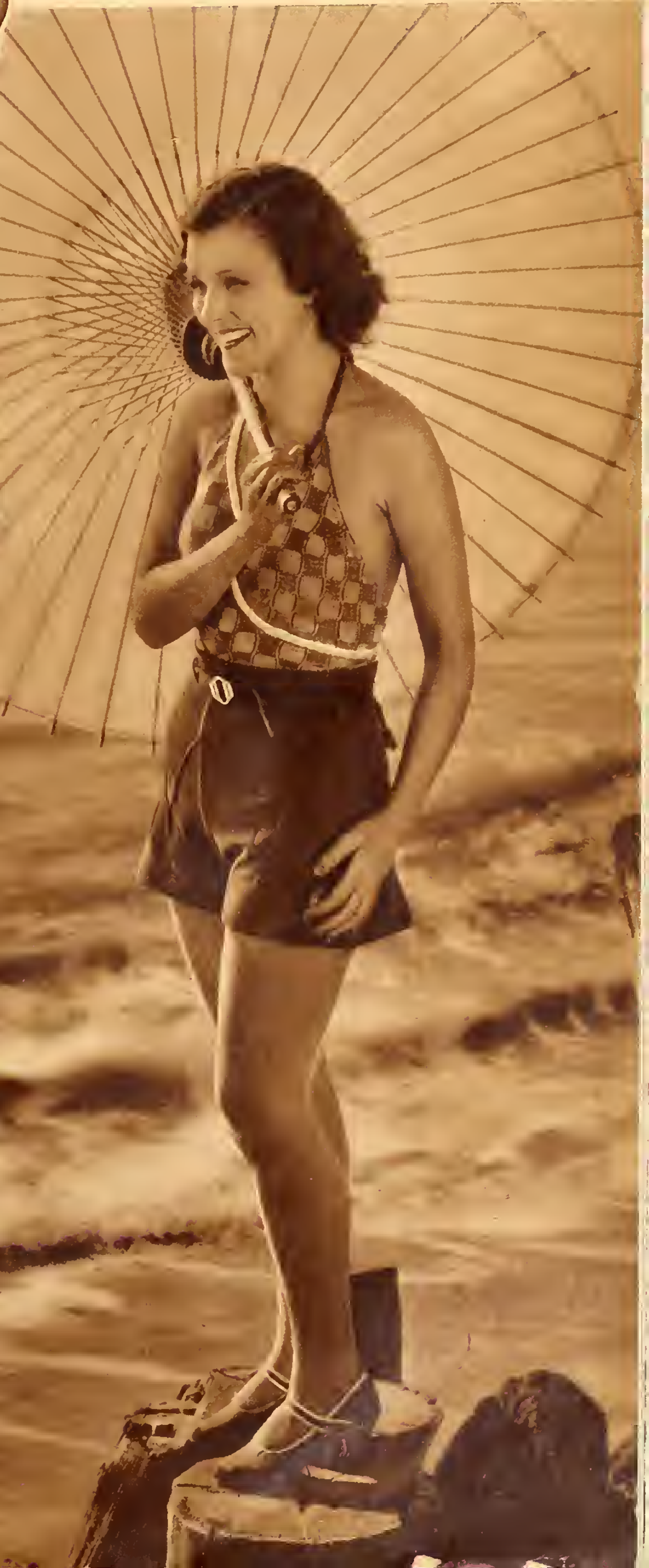


Right: Martha Merrill of Warners wears the Catalina ribbed suit with uplift brassiere effect

Orry-Kelly, Warner designer, also fin time to style swim suits for Catalin



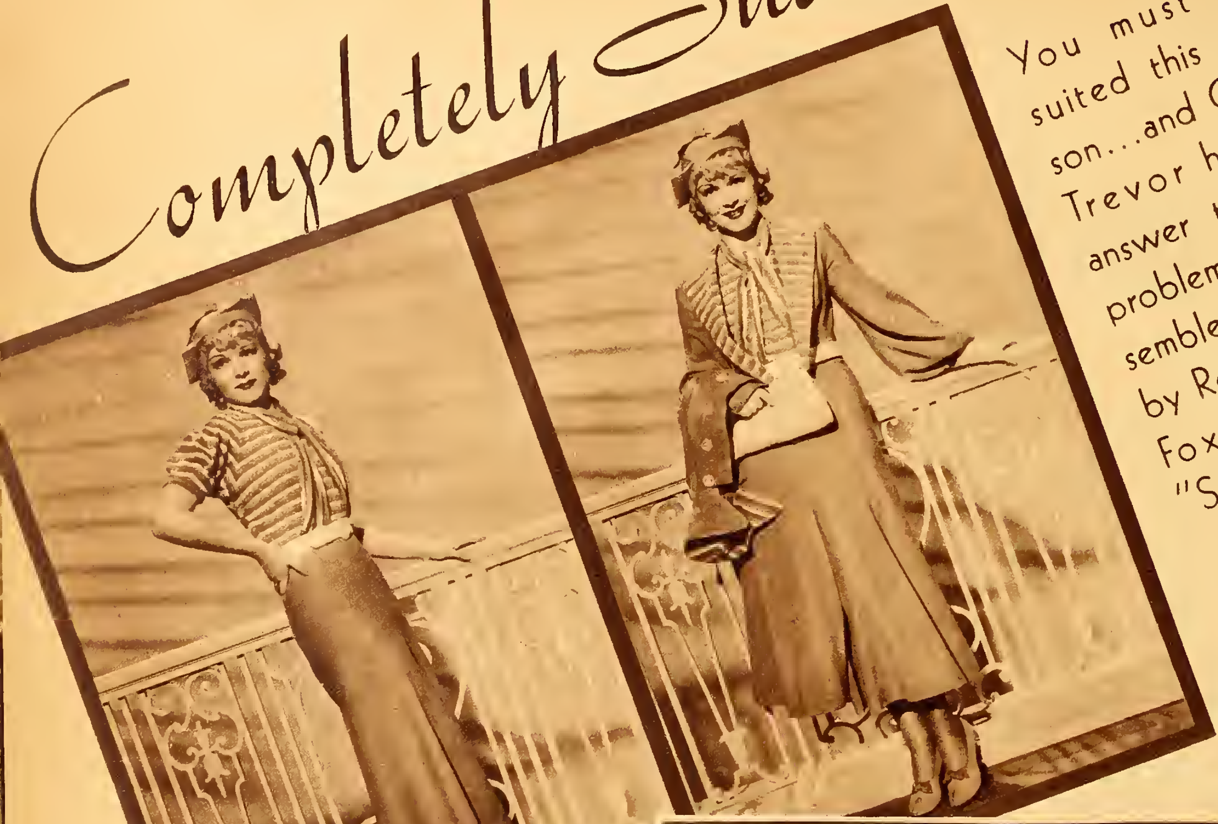
Toby Wing of Paramount wears a maillot model with a skirt front —a clever, popular Gantner suit



Right: Maxine Doyle of Warners votes for a two-piece Catalina model with tie neck, checked top, sun back and smart shorts

# Completely Suited!

You must be suited this season...and Claire Trevor has an answer to your problem...an ensemble designed by René Hubert, Fox stylist, for "Spring Tonic"...

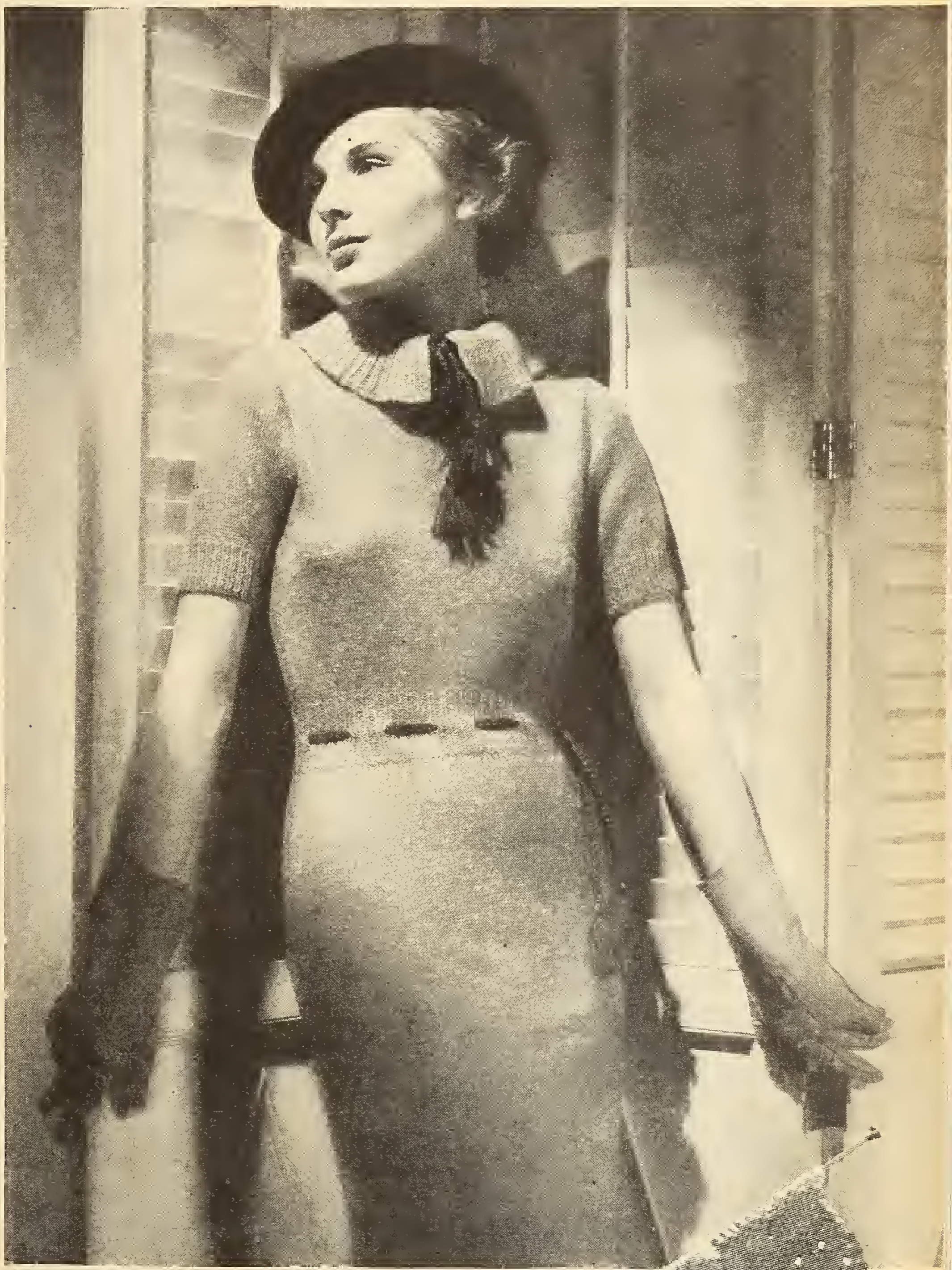


This clever four-piece suit was created of powder-blue lightweight wool and angora, striped in blue, white and rose. The skirt has this season's flared bottom. A form-fitting sleeveless coat completes the costume

—*Photos by Mack Elliott*

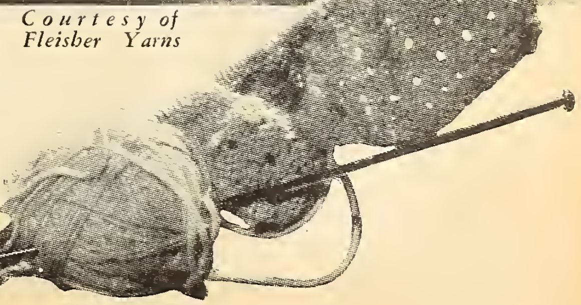
Blue suède shoes with grosgrain bows match the blue felt hat. The bag is white

# Knit Your Own as a prelude to summer smartness!



Courtesy of Fleisher Yarns

Hand-knitted things are all the vogue, so we have selected this dress as one of the season's smartest for you to knit. We chose it because it is a jiffy-knit, because its cost is less than five dollars, and because it is extremely becoming and chic. Reason enough!



## Special!

*We have instructions for making this dress in the standard knitwear size (16), which you may obtain by sending ten cents in a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Knitting Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC—mailing your request to our centrally located Minneapolis office, 529 S. 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.*

Ida Lupino tests self-made blends of light and dark powder for summer make-up

Being fair, Ida Lupino does not suntan—but uses brighter lipstick in summer

# "Lessons in

## Can you face the summer sun—and

By Nell Vinick

*"New York's Favorite Beauty Adviser"*

IT SEEMS only yesterday that I was telling you how to save your skin from the drying, scaly effect of cold weather—and here we are on the verge of the great Vacation Season. New scenes, new people, so many thrilling possibilities are in the offing that it behooves every girl to put her best foot forward—and her best face . . .

And I mean just that. Your face *and* your feet must be at their best—what with bathing sandals, or no sandals at all, exposing every one of your ten little toes, which must be pedicured and the nails tinted as carefully as the nails on your ten little fingers—and must match them. I am sure that you are beauty-wise to the fact that your fingernail and foot-nail polish must match, must come out of the same bottle . . .

We seem to have started from the ground up. I meant to begin by taking a look at your new spring permanent. How did it turn out? I hope you took the advice I gave you last month, both about preparations for a permanent and follow-up treatments. If you did, your hairdress should not be one of your worries now.

But, this being the height of the freckling season, perhaps you *are* worried about your one-and-only face.

Then let me remind you again that, if you are the freckling type, you *will* freckle unless you make it your business to protect your skin against sun and wind . . .

● MANY women have learned a bitter lesson in trying to get rid of freckles. Freckles cannot be removed or eradicated. Freckles are a clotting together of the pigment (coloring matter) in the system. Freckles are *in* your skin, and anything that would actually eradicate them would injure your skin, shrivel it up.

You *can* make freckles much less noticeable—but I cannot understand why you girls who have freckles are so worried about them. Many of the most glamorous motion picture stars have them. Carole Lombard has the most fetching freckles across the nose and under the eyes. Joan Crawford has freckles. So has Katharine Hepburn.

If they had spent as much time fretting about freckles as many of you do, they probably wouldn't have had time to develop into stars Not one of the famous screen stars would dream of doing anything to get rid of freckles because they cleverly recognize that freckles are a very fascinating complement of *their* type. If *you* are the freckling type, I hope these "words to the wise" will be sufficient.

Do you suppose the movie stars were born with better complexions than you were? Nonsense! You were born with a perfect skin. Your complexion is how your skin looks from time to time—how you,yourself, *make* it look.

In summer, too, Frances Drake uses hand lotion. Her hands are never rough!

Frances Drake prevents "straggling summer hair" by a thorough daily combing

# Loveliness" (Reg.)

## still look your best? Here's how!

And making your complexion look so lovely that every man wants to keep right on looking at you depends on more than make-up.

• OH, yes, make-up is the quickest help to bring out the lure and sparkle and expression of the eyes, a lovelier curve to your lips, a softer glow to the skin, if Nature was stingy about it. But—and it's a big "but"—make-up cannot save you from having ugly open pores. Rouge and lipstick and face powder cannot save you from having blackheads. Eyeshadow and mascara cannot save you from those ugly, aging squint-lines around the eyes . . .

So, before we discuss warm weather make-up, I would like to give you directions for a daily or bedtime facial, just as the screen stars do it. A few minutes a day, every day, of this facial with really *good* preparations will do you more good—will give you a clearer, smoother, lovelier complexion—than the most expensive beauty-shop facial every week. These are the directions:

### How to Give Yourself a Facial

First—Apply gently, with your fingertips, a thin, liquefying cleansing cream all over your face and neck. Wipe off gently.

Next—Apply soap and water, using lukewarm (not hot) water, rinsing with cold water. Wash face with palms of hands. Don't rub or scrub.

Then—Use a mild skin tonic (not astringent, but a *mild* skin tonic) on a pad of cotton that has been squeezed out in cold water.

Last—Pat nourishing cream (not cold cream) all over your face and neck if the skin is dry. For oily skins, use the nourishing cream only on neck and around the eyes.

Or—You can use soap and water and skin tonic in the morning. If you can take time for the entire facial every night, that's fine. But the two things you must never skip are cleansing cream and nourishing cream, so your skin will have the benefit of the youthifying cream while you sleep.

[*Continued on page* 80]

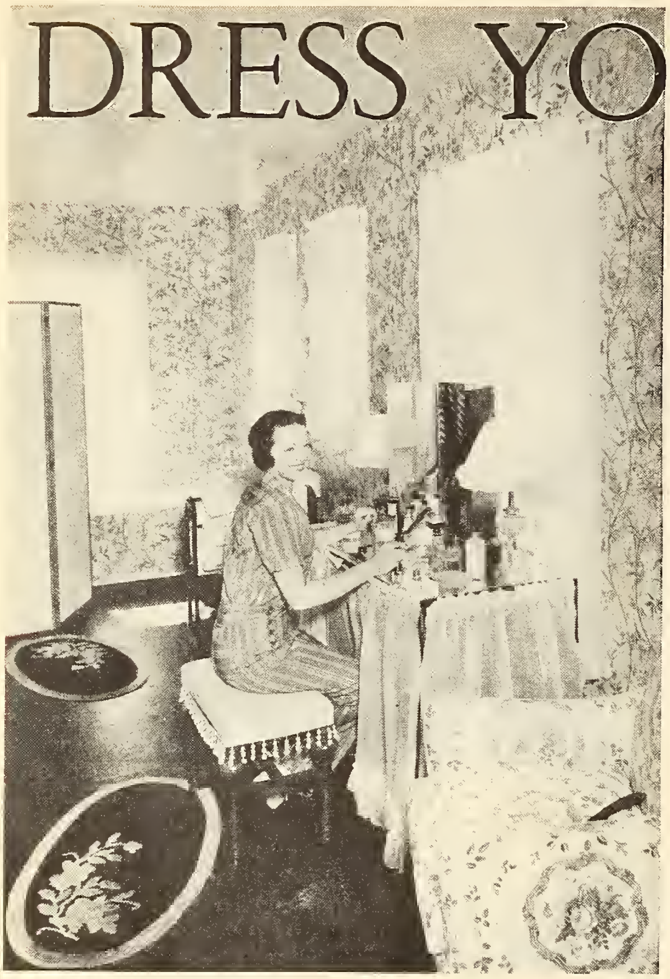
**IN ADDITION to these "Lessons in Loveliness"* in MOVIE CLASSIC, you will find other "Lessons in Loveliness"* by Nell Vinick featured on the following radio stations, with Miss Vinick, in person, telling you simple, effective ways of solving your beauty problems:**

**WOR, New York—8:15 a.m., Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays; also 11 a.m., Mondays and Thursdays**
**WMAL, Washington, D.C.—8:15 a.m., Thursdays and Fridays**
**WHK, Cleveland—10:30 a.m., Tuesdays and Thursdays**
**WBAL, Baltimore—11 a.m., Mondays and Wednesdays**
***Title registered.**

# DRESS YOUR HOUSE

## Unexpected and inexpensive are these tips from film stars about how to make the interior of *your* home as bright as a day in June

### By Marianne Mercer



**It's easy to bring summer inside, as Sylvia Sidney does—with slip covers as flowery and gay as her wallpaper, ruffled organdy curtains and some organdy touches on her dressing-table**

IT'S so easy to make the summer gay—*right at home!* It's so easy to change your mind about wanting to "get away from it all," if you just change the dress of your house . . . And how the family will love it! It is like finding an old friend in a new, exciting mood to walk in and see the familiar rooms all decked out for hot weather.

But how to go about it—inexpensively? . . . Believe it or not—I have found clues in an unexpected sector, namely, in Hollywood, where life has a reputation of being luxurious and where homes have a reputation of being planned by decorators, not their owners.

Sylvia Sidney was the one who gave me the first inkling that movie stars, even as you and I, like to be domestically inventive—and, moreover, can be, with "a needle and thread and a little imagination" (to use her own words).

Now, I must confess that I never thought of the dramatic Sylvia as being particularly domestic. Not until that day when I found her on the floor of her home, surrounded by a sea of chintz!

"I," she announced calmly, snapping off a final thread, "am putting a summer frock on my house. See that dark, upholstered chair over there? It looked cozy in January, but now—ugh! So just watch me while I do the *presto-chango* act." And on went a bright, fresh slip cover. . . .

By the time she had put them on the couch and other chairs, the inside of the house was pretty much in tune with the world outside—flowery and gay and lovely. Gone was the last sign of dark, winter warmth. The chintz felt cool to the touch. It *looked* cool, like a garden in full bloom. And I thought again what a blessed bit of magic slip covers are!

You can get them priced to fit every pocketbook. Some are tailored, some are flounced. If your wallpaper or rug has an all-over pattern, it's a good plan to use plain slip covers, especially those that look like crisp moire. On one of her chairs, however, Sylvia has made effective use of chintz covering with the same figure as her wallpaper!

● Mary Pickford has another clever idea. The side curtains on the windows of her upstairs sitting room are fashioned of the identical chintz that covers a settee and two chairs. It gives a smart air of continuity to the sitting room. And it is balanced by two love-seats of *unfigured* material. She has a green fernery between the windows to add a restful note—which is just like Mary, isn't it?

But let me tell you what that dashing young French girl, Claudette Colbert, does. She needs a "toned-down" background—and knows it. So the slip covers on her living room chairs are *soft yellow trimmed with gray.* They are of corduroy and they strike the color note of the entire room.

To go back to Sylvia's house, with its early American quaintness . . . Those ruffled organdy curtains she has in most of the rooms are a joy. After the long siege of heavy drapes and stuffy valances, they are as light and cheery as a June morning. And here is a secret: You can duplicate that cunning dressing-table of hers for very, very small cost!

All it takes is a little ingenuity. For next to nothing you can pick up a small table; also, a mirror to use for the top. Then drape it with the organdy to match your curtains as Sylvia did. The best way is to put the organdy on regular, small curtain rods, which are attached to the table. You can easily hide the joinings with bright bows of ribbon if you wish.

And those lamps—aren't they cute? The glass bases happen to be antiques. But I saw some in a department store that are pretty good substitutes for them. The organdy shades you could make yourself, of course. If you haven't time or you like your present shade too well to change it, then here is another idea. You know how dusty silk lamp shades get in summer with the house wide open as it always is? Well, the way to get around *that* is to acquire some of those brand-new and inexpen-

# FOR SUMMER!

sive (yes, and logical) transparent covers for lampshades! Why didn't someone think of them before?

●Fireplaces, when you are staggering under a heat wave, have a deadly look. I mentioned them to Billie Burke—who has dozens of dainty household tricks up that charming sleeve of hers.

"Personally," she told me, "I wish there was a way you could take fireplaces off, as you do storm doors, when it turns warm. But, of course, on coolish mornings they do come in handy, so you don't want them blocked too much. I use a light-colored French screen in front of mine and put low tables on either side with the largest bowls of flowers I can find. That helps!"

Without much trouble you can make your own screen, too. The wooden or wallboard frame for it can be bought for around $1.50. Then get a strip of wallpaper, preferably with a medallion pattern because it works out better, and paste it on so that the screen resembles Miss Burke's. Brass nails studding it at the edge are extremely good if you care to add them.

Claudette Colbert has a sunny living room (below). The slip covers are soft yellow

How to forget the fireplace? Billie Burke's hearth has a painted screen . . .

Why not go halfway to meet summer—and picnic in your own backyard, in the Karen Morley manner? A long wooden table, with wooden benches, is conducive to "the simple life"!

●Adrienne Ames makes excellent use of one of those new card tables that do double duty as a fire screen. Hers is a lovely cream color and it hides the hearth with what the Chinese would call a "velly good front!"

The fireplace has a companion in crime—it's a crime for *anything* to look hot in summer!—in the steam radiator. I used to glower at mine until I wore a ridge between my eyebrows. But no more. Not since Adrienne gave me that super-elegant tip If the radiator is low in front of a window, it can be camouflaged wonderfully with wallboard. Paint it to match the woodwork; place it around the eye-offender and cushion it amply on top. Behold! You have an inviting window seat.

But if the radiator is high, you might "box" it with chintz to blend with your curtains. To disguise it further, make a little book shelf of the wall board to perch on top.

And don't forget the ivy on the mantel or in wall-brackets! It was Mae West who suggested that. Once she asked the world to "come up and see her sometime" and it wouldn't be a bad idea if the world did—to learn Mae's clever method of using ivy and tall mirrors! She does it better than anyone else in Hollywood, I think. There is nothing like sprays of green ivy and lovely-looking, inviting glasses [*Continued on page* 81]

# WHAT TO SERVE AT THE WEDDING PARTY

By Ginger Rogers

. . . who is so newly married that she still ranks as a bride—and who tells not only what to serve, but how and where to serve it

I SUPPOSE every girl has a hundred qualms about what to serve at her wedding party. I know I did, before my own—not only about what was best to serve, but where to serve it, and how. . . .

Finally, in sheer desperation, I went into conference with myself. "Now see here, Ginger," I said firmly, "be sensible about this. You're being married at five-thirty in the afternoon. You want a reception afterwards at a hotel. An informal one. The thing to do is find out the food arrangements in such cases."

And this is what I found out:

The simplest way is to have everything served from one long table. If you are having the reception at home, pull out the regular table to its full length. Where there is no "sit-down" bridal table, the wedding cake is usually put in the center of the long table.

That's the way mine was. It was a three-tiered cake that the Samson Sisters, caterers extraordinary in Hollywood, made for me, and they decorated it elaborately with hearts and the initials of Lew Ayres and myself. It seems that the bride's and groom's initials are supposed to be entwined wherever possible. They even put the "A." and "R." on some of the canapés and wedding mints!

● For a super-delicious wedding cake that serves about thirty people, the Samson Sisters have given me one of their prize recipes. Here it is:

**Wedding Cake**

1½ cups shortening
4½ cups sugar
1 teaspoon lemon extract
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 cups milk
6 cups flour
6 teaspoons baking powder
Whites of 15 eggs

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, beating in well. Add flavoring and beat until smooth. Sift flour and baking powder together three times. Add the flour, then milk, a little at a time. Beat whites of eggs until very light and add to batter, folding in very lightly *without* beating.

Bake in greased and floured baking tins of graduated size, according to the number of tiers desired for finished cake. (For example: Two 12-inch layer tins, one 8-inch, one 4-inch.) Do not fill any tin more than halfway.

When layers are cool, fill between layers with rum filling. This is the recipe:

**Rum Filling**

1 egg
⅛ lb. butter
⅛ lb. shortening
1¼ cups confectioners' sugar
1 teaspoon rum flavoring (or any flavoring desired)

[*Continued on page 76*]

"EVERY DAY I LOVE YOU MORE"

## Thrilling Words—
## but nobody says them to the girl who has Cosmetic Skin . . .

IT'S WONDERFUL to *win* love—even more wonderful to *hold* it! So don't let unattractive Cosmetic Skin steal away your good looks. It is when stale make-up is left to *choke the pores* that the warning signals of this modern complexion trouble appear—tiny blemishes, dullness, blackheads, perhaps.

### Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores, removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Use all the cosmetics you wish! But to *protect* your skin—keep it lovely—follow this simple rule: Use this gentle soap before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night. Remember, 9 out of 10 lovely Hollywood stars use Lux Toilet Soap!

**RUBY KEELER**

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS "GO INTO YOUR DANCE"

LUX
TOILET SOAP
LIKE SO MANY GIRLS I USE ROUGE AND POWDER, BUT THANKS TO LUX TOILET SOAP I'LL NEVER HAVE COSMETIC SKIN

# Do Movies Influence the Paris Designers?

[*Continued from page* 34]

the ultimate fashion dictator of the world. But don't the movies recall the charms of bygone epochs, the forgotten elements of a many-faceted femininity—inspiring modern adaptation?

WHO could be more suitable to consult first than Captain Molyneux, the cream of the cream in couture, creator of Princess Marina's wedding clothes and the frocks for the Paris stage version of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*—frocks that are the talk of Paris?

"Certainly, one is often inspired by the theatre," he said. "Then one would be still more inspired by the cinema, wouldn't he? My mind is always open to any idea. Working with the costumes for this play, for example, helped me toward these new skirts."

Next, to get a woman's point of view, I went to see Jeanne Lanvin.

"To answer your question," she told me, "we must first consider exactly what *is* fashion. I would define it as the collaboration between the couturier and the woman for whom she is designing.

"Logically, then, the real influence of motion pictures on the Parisian couturier is the motion picture star. And this is gigantic, in that it furnishes us with new types of beauty constantly.

"Yes, films have given a new muse to the art called fashion. She is the Hollywood beauty, most superb interpreter of the mode of today."

Jean Charles Worth, of the Rue de la Paix, said to me:

"If 'the movies,' as you call them, influence stylists, I would give the credit to the stars and the way they wear their clothes."

"Then, think of *Miss Ba* and look at all those full skirts. How would you explain that?"

"It's in the air. *Miss Ba* appeared at a time when a general feeling for femininity was beginning to express itself."

LUCIEN LELONG, the Grand Couturier, feels much the same way. "We all take inspiration from the same sources," he told me. "We, the couturiers, can no longer live without the cinema, any more than the cinema can live without us. We corroborate each other's instinct."

M. Lelong sees a new type of woman on the modern scene—"alive, alert, informed, romantic, beautifully groomed." And, he adds, "This new woman is now effectively on the screen. How can she help influencing us?"

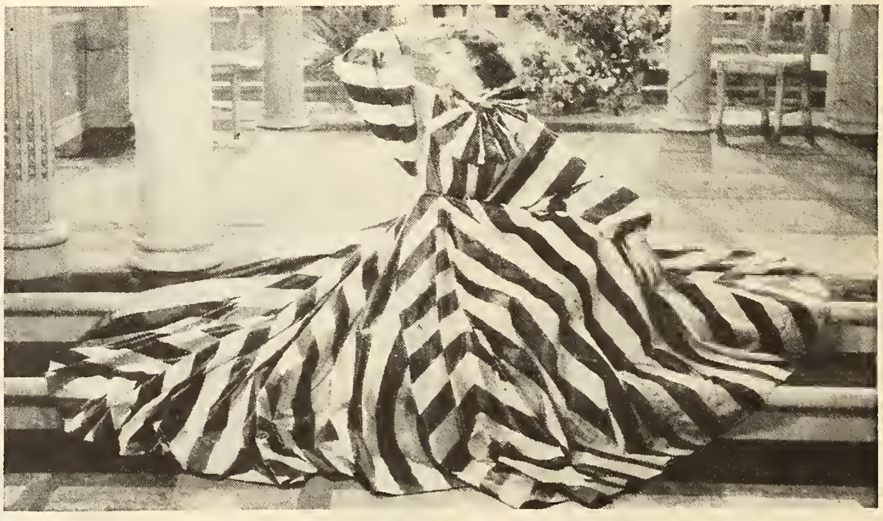
Marcel Rochas, exciting new lord of fashion creation, told me:

"In *Little Women,* Katharine Hepburn was so charming in those old-fashioned clothes that her charm naturally drew our eye to them as well. So pleasing were they, and so apropos, at a time when everyone was feeling the need for something 'new,' that these types of clothes offered the solution.

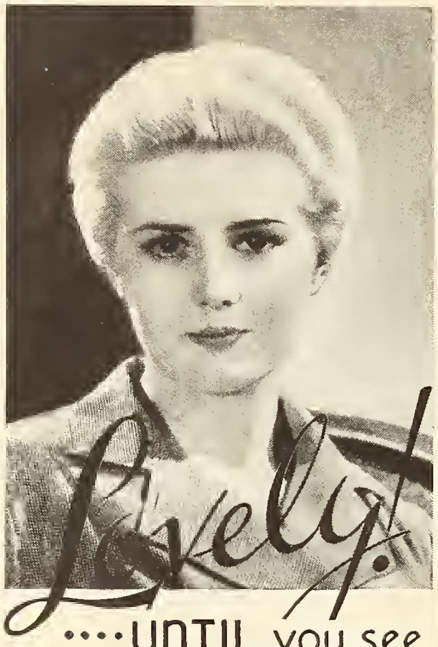
"Let me add here that the movies have greatly influenced me in developing a new type of mannequin, so exquisite are the stars, and the manner in which they carry their clothes. I have types resembling such favorites as Marlene Dietrich, Kay Francis, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow and Sylvia Sidney.

Jean Patou finds this feeling for femininity is in the air, too, and finds it best expressed in the Parisian Haute Couture, and beautifully pictured by the stars.

The same thing that you feel when you see your favorite movie star and decide to adopt her style is influencing the Parisian dictators of fashion. So be true to your feminine hunches and "go" Hepburn or Dietrich, if it suits you. You won't be out of style.



Paris designers admit that Katharine Hepburn in Little Women had a wide influence on styles. In Break of Hearts, she will help to popularize the new, full skirts—which Hollywood, as well as Paris, is sponsoring. This hostess gown in two shades of green was designed by Bernard Newman



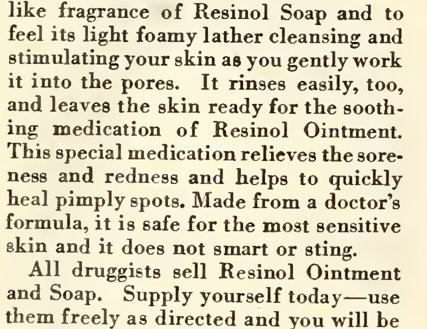
....UNTIL you see the surface skin blemishes she has tried to cover up

**DO YOU have those occasional little pimples that come sometimes from a temporary internal disorder, or perhaps from clogged, sluggish pores? You probably do—almost every woman suffers this embarrassment now and then.**

**Don't try to cover up these surface defects with cosmetics, which won't really conceal—*get rid of them instead.* You can clear them up so easily and quickly by giving nature a little external aid with Resinol Ointment and Soap, to hasten the healing process.**

**It is refreshing to breathe the tonic-like fragrance of Resinol Soap and to feel its light foamy lather cleansing and stimulating your skin as you gently work it into the pores. It rinses easily, too, and leaves the skin ready for the soothing medication of Resinol Ointment. This special medication relieves the soreness and redness and helps to quickly heal pimply spots. Made from a doctor's formula, it is safe for the most sensitive skin and it does not smart or sting.**

**All druggists sell Resinol Ointment and Soap. Supply yourself today—use them freely as directed and you will be delighted with the improvement in your skin. For free sample of each, write Resinol, Dept. 9-B, Baltimore, Md.**



Use Resinol also for quick relief from Chapping Chafing Itching Blisters Burns Rashes

Resinol
*Ointment and Soap*

*Mrs. Kendall Lee Glaenzer* *member of the immortal Lee family of Virginia . . . noted for her beauty and talent—her reputation as a hostess in Paris and New York. Adores music. Has many friends among modern composers. Loves the outdoors and has a shooting box in the Adirondacks. Her sister is married to Rockwell Kent, famous artist.*

# ALL HERS...

## The appointments of luxurious living—yet the beautiful Mrs. Glaenzer pays only 25¢ for her tooth paste

Certainly no mere price could be a factor in this charming woman's choice of Listerine Tooth Paste. She likes it and uses it for what it does. The quick, thorough way it cleans; the brilliant lustre it imparts to teeth.

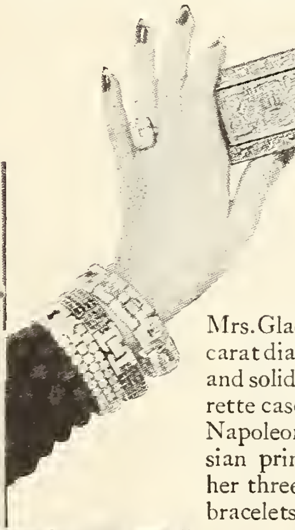
"It gives my mouth a new-born feeling," said Mrs. Glaenzer in her lovely New York apartment, "and gives me a sense of well-being."

Literally thousands of men and women who can afford to pay any price for a tooth paste, have switched to Listerine Tooth Paste and stick to it. More than two million women and a million men are using this beauty and health aid made by the makers of famed Listerine.

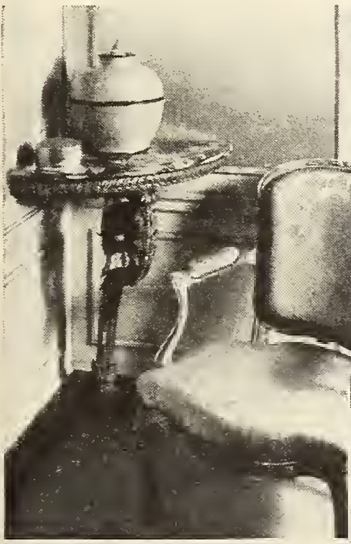
If you have not tried it, do so now. See how much cleaner your teeth look. See how much brighter they become. Note how wonderfully clean and refreshed your mouth feels after its use. Remember that here is a product in every way worthy of the notable Listerine name; at a common sense price. In two sizes: Regular Large, 25¢ and Double Size, 40¢.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
*St. Louis, Mo.*

*Listerine*
**TOOTH PASTE**



Mrs. Glaenzer's 10-carat diamond ring and solid gold cigarette case given by Napoleon to a Russian princess, and her three diamond bracelets.



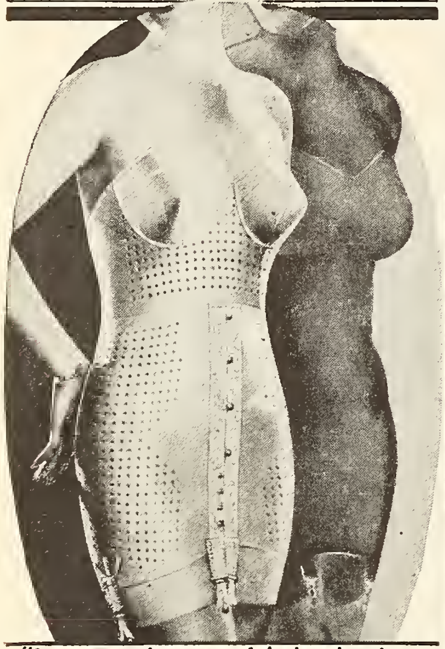
Corner console of the Louis XVI Period in Mrs. Glaenzer's apartment. Also Chinese crackle glaze porcelain jar from the Ming dynasty.

Rare Louis XV French commode. Behind it a rich Ming Period Chinese painting on silk, together with porcelain vase of the Chien Lung Period.

Rivaling Mrs. Glaenzer's ermine and silver fox evening wrap in grace and beauty, is her mink cape, constructed of beautifully matched skins, collected over a period of twenty years by a famed furrier.

TEST... the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
... at our expense!

"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder". "They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial . . . "and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".



"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds".

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR
. . . it costs you nothing!

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

■ Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement . . . stimulating the body once more into enetgetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Address ____________
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☐ Check Here for Free Folder on MEN'S REDUCING BELT

# Joan Crawford Answers Her Critics

[Continued from page 27]

she automatically becomes so stilted in her performance, so unhappy in character creation, that she cannot be real.

"NOT only was *Rain* a disappointing picture, but it started an international controversy about the mouth make-up I used in it. It was taken for granted that I was starting a fad. All that I was doing was trying to characterize a rôle effectively. *Sadie Thompson* was a woman whose mouth would be broad and loose, so I smeared my lips.

"My next picture was *Letty Lynton*. *Letty Lynton* was a *Sadie Thompson* in handsome clothes. Inside, they were both alike; only their backgrounds and their advantages differed. So *Letty Lynton*, too, had a smeary mouth. When my next picture came along, I abandoned that type of mouth make-up and returned to normalcy because the character required it. Not because I was criticized, not because each day I received stacks of letters asking me what I was doing to myself, not because the press uniformly attacked and criticized me for it!

"THIS, in itself, is fairly unimportant. What is far more vital is the accusation that I am jealous of and unfriendly toward other stars.

"I have never in my career been jealous of any person. I have never let myself in for that particular emotional handicap. If I want something and work hard enough, I can get it—as anyone can. Naturally, we are all ambitious. Naturally, we all want the best stories, the best supporting casts and the best directors available. In the picture business, as in any other business, there is competition—there *must* be competition. But competition isn't another word for jealousy.

"I have never been a person who can gush over another person with slight acquaintance. But I don't see how that makes me jealous of that person. Jean Harlow, for example. I have met Miss Harlow once quite casually at a very large gathering. I have seen her at a distance no more than three times since. I presume the routine for me would have been to slap her on the back and yelp 'Hi pal!' every time I did chance to meet her on a studio street. That sort of thing isn't natural to me and I refuse to put on a pose.

"Certainly, I'm not jealous of Miss Harlow or unfriendly toward her because Franchot Tone happened to be her leading man in her latest picture. I want him to have a career. It would be stupid for me and stultifying for him to ask that he be my leading man exclusively. All I want is that he should have excellent parts—parts that give him a chance to show his talent. And it doesn't matter whose leading man he is!

"PERHAPS it is a fault in a person to be interested in the talents of others. Certainly I have been not only misjudged, but wilfully misunderstood whenever I have taken it upon myself to point out latent ability, and to ask that it be given its proper opportunity.

"That happened in the case of Clark Gable. He was unknown when he first played with me. Anyone would recognize potential dramatic power when it is there. My enthusiasm for him released a torrent of speculation, and as much eyebrow-lifting as Hollywood has been guilty of in many a day. I do not intend, because of this incident, to curb my enthusiasm for newcomers. I shall continue, if necessary, to take the risk of gossip!

"'Joan Crawford has gone high-hat and temperamental.' That is an old, old story. The first time I heard it, I think, was soon after my divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. I have been hearing it, off and on, ever since. And I think it is time to squelch it.

"I have met hundreds of people casually in the course of my work, as everyone else has. We don't become bosom friends or maintain contact year in and year out with mere acquaintances. My close friends of yesterday are my friends today.

"PERSONALLY, I don't consider myself temperamental. I have always worked in perfect harmony with directors and co-players—including those with whom I have not felt closely attuned. What may have been mistaken for temperament is that paralyzing fear I have when I begin a new picture. I die a thousand deaths the first two days of shooting. My hands and my feet are ice-cold and my throat is constricted. Perhaps I am more detached and more anxious about my lines and my scenes than I would be if I weren't in constant terror.

"Currently, there is a rumor that my circle of friends excludes women. I know three or four men whose fine friendship I am fortunate to claim—and they are frequent guests in my home. However, I entertain Helen Hayes, Billie Burke, Jean Dixon, Jean Muir, Ruth Chatterton and other women just as often—but columnists seem to prefer to include only the names of the men and invariably forget the names of their dinner partners. Even as small a thing as this gives a distorted view of a person.

"I should not have cared to go through the last few years without criticism. To me, criticism is a whip that forces us to look deeply within ourselves for the justice or injustice of an accusation. And I have yet to know any person who doesn't profit by self-knowledge.

"*I* have profited—and to that degree I am grateful for all criticism I have ever received, both just and unjust."

# ENCHANTING

## Radiant Charm for YOU!

For *all* women who would retain the thrill of youth and grow attractive looking.

Blondes use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash as a rinse to restore the sunny golden hues and natural lustre of real blonde hair. Brunettes impart fascinating highlights, a glorious sheen to your dark hair or lighten it any golden tint of "blondeness" you desire. You can get exactly the effect you want as soon as you want it of course. But, best of all, Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is so simple to use that you can apply it secretly in your own home and watch your hair slowly assume its new lustrous beauty over a period of weeks or months. Even your most intimate friends will admire your charming brightness—and never suspect the cause!

**SMOOTH ARMS AND LEGS ADD TO THE CHARM OF YOUR APPEARANCE**

Brunettes especially, and blondes, too, are you risking making your arms and legs coarse and *unnatural* looking, by shaving or using depilatories? Don't remove the "superfluous" hair nature intended you should have. Make your arms and legs smooth and alluring with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Your druggist has Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in the new gold and brown package. Start using it some time today.

**TRY A BOTTLE—FREE!**

*(See coupon below)*

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE—to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. The finest health treatment you can give your hair. Marchand's Castile Shampoo makes your hair fresher and more charmingly alive. Send for bottle today

**MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH WILL NOT INTERFERE WITH PERMANENT WAVING**

**ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE COUPON BELOW**

CHARLES MARCHAND CO. · 251 West 19th Street · NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the sunny, golden effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

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## MARCHAND'S
## GOLDEN HAIR WASH

CORN GONE

WITHOUT BINDING, BULK OR BOTHER!

**New Toe-Fitting Shape**—Tailored to the toe, relieving pressure and pain. This professionally designed shield *from the Red Cross Laboratories* excels old-style plasters.

**Slip-proof Tabs**—hold plaster flat against toe, without bulging.

**Perfect Protection**—Shaped to prevent shoe pressure and crowded toes.

**Glossy, Waterproof Surface**—*Drybak*, an exclusive process, doesn't stick to stocking and isn't affected by water.

*Individual Medicated Centers*—Safer and unexcelled for removing hard corns.

*Send 10c for a trial package—write Dept. 623.*

*For professional foot treatment see a Chiropodist*

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RED CROSS
DRYBAK
CORN PLASTER
(*Also Drybak Bunion and Callus Plasters*)

# Dare to Be Glamorous!

[*Continued from page* 24]

"Every girl has the *instinct* to adorn herself, to italicize her beauty. The dark-eyed Hawaiian who thrusts a scarlet hibiscus in her silky hair—the Hopi Indian with silver and turquoise jewelry glinting in the sunlight—each one automatically seizes upon the things that dramatize her own native type. But when we become advanced and modern, we also become repressed.

"One of the many nice things about Hollywood is that the climate is semi-tropical. Palm fronds, blazing cacti, and dazzling sunlight set a gorgeous stage for a fashion parade. Other sections have their mountain lakes, their snowy peaks and green hills, and long, cool vistas of sea and sky. Whatever your background, make it part of you.

"You can never achieve beauty, chic, or charm by imitation. You must be individual. When you were born a girl, you were given the inalienable right to be feminine and therein lies your power to be glamorous. Clothes can, almost without fail, transform a woman into anything she wishes to be—hoyden, grande dame, sophisticate, or child.

"By that I don't mean that you must not dress according to your type. However, within the limits of that type, there are many different you's. And different types of gowns can bring them out.

"LET'S begin with evening gowns, shall we? They are always alluring. Any girl is romantic and mysterious under softly shaded lights or wrapped in moon-glow. For dancing, I have this rose-red chiffon gown with the softly molded bodice and full, almost circular, skirt. High-heeled sandals of narrow rose-red crêpe thongs, edged with gold kid, twinkle from the folds of the skirt. Several jeweled bracelets, a ring or two, and there you are!

"As I am a tawny blonde, red is one of my colors. This black satin gown with the full pleated skirt flaunts red velvet shoulder straps like two danger signals. Who wants to look safe, anyway? With this dress I wear a wrap of pale silver lamè, lavishly furred with white polar wolf. Long-haired furs are enchantingly becoming.

"I DO not believe that the line of a gown should be too broken, or too complex. That would spoil the loveliness of the material and detract from the color. Among the nicest of my dresses is this dusty-pink crêpe with the detachable cape of clipped ostrich in the same shade. It is really very simple, but it doesn't appear to be. Frequently, amusing effects can be achieved by lifting details from one type of frock and putting them on dresses of an altogether different type. For instance, my white crêpe dinner gown with the matching jacket is plain and unassuming. But when I add a handkerchief printed in riotous colors, tied about my throat cowboy fashion, the dress is sensational.

"I like dinner gowns, hostess gowns, and all the luscious feminine things one can wear during the cocktail hour. Something very gracious has come back into our lives with the revival of formal negligées and tea gowns.

"My most elegant one is this almost Shakespearean robe of heavy white blister satin, with its short full train, huge sleeves caught tightly at the wrists, and its high, draped neckline. The color note is introduced by the extremely heavy silk cords of chartreuse that form the girdle, passing through a tortoise-shell buckle in front and letting their tasseled ends hang almost to the floor.

"WHEN you leave the formal, intimate gowns, you needn't leave the charm of color with them. This season three colors are better than one, and this gives you ample opportunity to create costumes with chic and flare. I have a beige wool suit with hunter's-green chevron stripes running through it. With this I wear a small hat of matching material with a jaunty pheasant feather. The coat fastens down the front with tremendous cord frogs. The blouse is, oddly enough, black matelasse satin.

"The pastel washable silk dress for summer will be with us always, I hope. It allows such great variation of style that it can't grow monotonous. I bought one to match my Malibu Beach house, which is white trimmed with marine blue nautical gadgets. The dress is white silk crêpe, very plain, with a huge sailor collar of marine blue studded with little, white felt stars. The hat, exactly like a child's sailor, is white, faced with marine blue.

"IT IS really the little-girl part of your mind that makes you want to 'dress up,' to play that you are a siren, an ingénue, or what you will. It is only by doing stunts with your clothes and your make-up that you will secure the maximum smartness. Experiment a bit with color, line, and type. If you make a few mistakes, at least you will have learned what you must not do. If you don't feel comfortable in your gowns, you are not well-dressed. Once a dress is on, you should be able to forget it.

"I never regard really good clothes as extravagant. They hold their shape long after a cheap dress is baggy and funny-looking in the wrong places.

"I don't pretend to be a fashion expert, but I do know that shops and modistes are constantly offering all of us an infinite variety of costumes. Most of these are ordinary, some are downright homely, and some have that breath-taking quality known as beauty. Don't be afraid to choose the glamorous ones. You may be the only girl in your crowd to combine a plum-colored wrap with a dusty-pink evening gown, but don't be timid about doing it if those shades dramatize you. Dare to be glamorous!"

# "What a Beautiful Make-Up ..I Wonder What Her Secret Is?"

They ask this about
ANITA LOUISE

ANITA LOUISE
*in Warner Bros.*
"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"
*A Max Reinhardt Production*

*Photographed in the Hollywood home of Anita Louise*

## *Would You like to have your beauty attract such interest too?*

YES, you can really become more attractive, more alluring, more interesting...if you adopt this make-up secret of Hollywood's famous stars.

It is a new kind of make-up...face powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony...originated by Max Factor, Filmland's genius of make-up.

You will marvel at the amazing difference. Each shade of face powder, of rouge, of lipstick is a color harmony tone designed to accentuate the individual, colorful charm of blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette. Created to beautify living screen star types, you may be sure the color tones are remarkably natural, gloriously beautiful...even beyond compare.

You may expect a revelation in new beauty the very first time you make up. Your skin, touched with the magic of this satin-smooth, clinging powder, will appear more lovely in texture and warmth of color...your cheeks, given a soft glow of rouge color, will be delicately beautiful...your lips, accented in lifelike color harmony, will acquire an alluring appeal. Your complete make-up...perfect in color harmony, will remain perfect for hours.

Discover now how beautiful you can actually appear. Share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the stars of the screen, and now available to you at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores.

### FACE POWDER

*To delicately emphasize the enchanting loveliness of blonde colorings, like those of Anita Louise, Max Factor's Rachelle Face Powder is the perfect color harmony shade. Exquisitely fine and soft in texture, it imparts a satin-smoothness to your skin that you know will look beautiful under any close-up test.*

### ROUGE

*Rouge coloring must be in harmony, too, so as to enhance the color attraction of each type. So, for blondes like Anita Louise, Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge is correct. Creamy-smooth, like finest skin-texture, it is extremely easy to blend, giving the skin a soft, natural color.*

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*To add alluring appeal to the lips, the color tone of your lipstick must be lifelike. And, for blonde types like Anita Louise, Max Factor's Vermilion Lipstick completes the make-up. Moisture-proof, permanent in color, smooth . . . it imparts lovely lip make-up that lasts for hours and hours.*

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MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR...HOLLYWOOD
JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "*The New Art of Society Make-Up*"... FREE.
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|---|---|---|
| Very Light ☐ | Blue ☐ | BLONDE |
| Fair ☐ | Gray ☐ | Light ☐ Dark ☐ |
| Creamy ☐ | Green ☐ | BROWNETTE |
| Medium ☐ | Hazel ☐ | Light ☐ Dark ☐ |
| Ruddy ☐ | Brown ☐ | BRUNETTE |
| Sallow ☐ | Black ☐ | Light ☐ Dark ☐ |
| Freckled ☐ | *LASHES* (Color) | REDHEAD |
| Olive ☐ | Light ☐ | Light ☐ Dark ☐ |
| *SKIN* Dry ☐ | Dark ☐ | *If Hair is Gray, check type above and here.* ☐ |
| Oily ☐ Normal ☐ | *AGE* | |

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# And You Can Be Glamorous!

[*Continued from page 25*]

women associate glamor, consciously or unconsciously, with the evening hours—the dining and dancing and theatre-going hours. But the smart woman, and the smartly dressed woman, seeks a bit of daytime dash and chic. And it is not difficult—or expensive—to acquire.

"Nearly every woman has—or will have—a tailored suit. Nothing is smarter for daytime wear. But there are little ways in which she can make it smarter.

"One secret of glamor is to attract attention subtly to your face. And one way to accomplish this, either with a tailored suit or street frock, is with a fur scarf. Here is something that is equally effective for street wear, for motoring, for cocktail and unexpected dinner dates. Fur has a lavishness all its own that is always glamorous.

"YOU don't need silver fox, in the movie star manner, for your neckpiece. Platinum or gray fox, especially with navy blue, can be just as interesting as silver fox; and the same thing applies to red fox with a dark brown ensemble.

"Fur at the throat adds a touch of glamor to a costume. Another glamorour note is a nicely selected rhinestone brooch at the throat of a suit. It adds richness and relieves the severity of the tailored motif.

"Diamonds—or rhinestones—are not usually associated with worsteds or tweeds or others of the rougher fabrics. All the more reason for using them!

"And there is another new trick to add chic to suits. You will see it on the screen. On the street, wear dark suede gloves with your tailored suit—and for a more dressy occasion wear a bracelet of synthetic stones *over* one glove. It adds that unexpected touch.

"Small bits of jewelry—and I don't mean expensive jewelry—can work wonders with a costume that leans toward severity, as a tailored suit does. And another happy note is an unexpected boutonniere—say, a red carnation, a daffodil, or even a tulip.

"Did you ever hear what the late Lilyan Tashman said about glamor? 'One wrong note with a right note makes the chic woman.' That was the opinion of a woman who was not the most beautiful in Hollywood, but who maintained, year after year, the reputation of being the best-dressed, the most glamorous.

"That little note of graceful inconsistency, that piquant bit of contrast—I can't overstress how important they are if you are in search of glamor. Nor can I overstress the importance of self-analysis, of being able to visualize in advance which glamor hints will accent your own particular personality, and which ones won't.

"HOLLYWOOD fashion designers, while they devote great attention to cut and to line, must concentrate their glamor-creating immediately around the face—creating effects that will make facial close-ups intriguing. For this reason, clothes glamor is very closely associated with hair-dressing. Everyone knows what effects Adrian has gained with Garbo, not only with the gowns he has designed for her, but with the coiffures he has suggested for her—coiffures in keeping with them. Every smart designer, and every woman with a desire to be glamorous, is experimenting with new coiffure effects."

Royer, himself, is directly responsible for the revival of the Psyche knot—that effect achieved with braids coiled into a figure-eight roll low on the neck. He is also an exponent of the coronet-braid coiffure.

"However," he explains, "women with round faces or heavy jowls should avoid anything that would tend to accent their facial roundness, to make them moon-faced. The coronet is not attractive to them. Women with long or oval faces can carry it off with chic. The Psyche knot is particularly good for women with high or broad cheekbones, because it subtly draws attention lower.

"If you are a disciple of severe hairdresses, I would like to point out the effectiveness, with many of them, of button earrings. The new button jewelry is very smart.

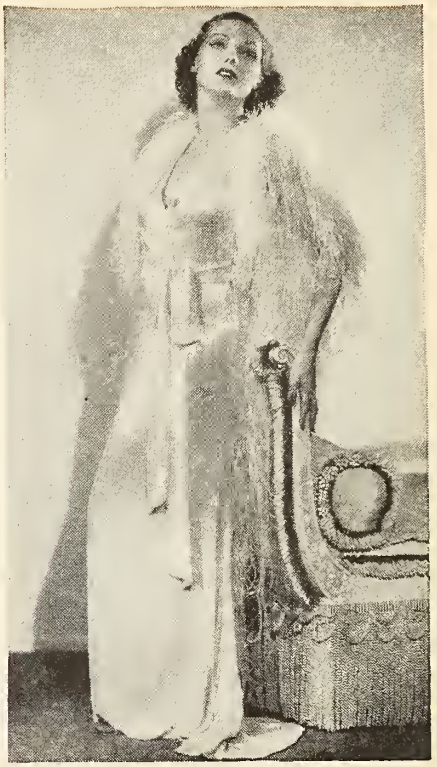
"NO costume, no woman is smarter than her hair or her hat. The smartest costume can be ruined by the wrong hat, because the most interest is focussed on her face and her eyes—and her hat is the closest thing to her eyes.

"Every woman should study the contour of her face and her hairline in selecting a hat. Trick little bonnets are very trying for round faces, for example. Thin faces look wan under off-the-face hats. The woman with a symmetrical face should beware of hats flat over the forehead. This last type should seek irregularity of line.

"But no woman should be afraid to cover half her face with her hat. She should remember that, for purposes of glamor, one eye is as good as two. In fact, the clever girl can do far more romantic damage with just one eye revealed. You may be pretty, but—you can create the illusion of being prettier with that suggestion of piquancy.

"No woman, seeking glamor, should ever call particular attention to her feet or her ankles. The woman who wears colored pumps with a white gown is drawing attention away from the place where she most wants it—on her face. When a woman overelaborates on any part of her costume, she becomes tawdry, not glamorous.

"There is a very thin dividing line between tawdriness and glamor. A delicate scent, a hint of jewelry, a provocative dress line can be glamorous. But a woman who uses high scent, who covers herself with jewelry, who wears a dress too daring in its line is not chic. She is tawdry.



**Who can deny that Adrienne Ames has glamor in this negligée in "Secret Lives," designed by Royer? It is of bugle-beaded satin, with ostrich epaulets**

"One or two small daring and interesting effects are sufficient. Don't use all your individualistic ideas at once. Don't, in other words, step over the bounds of good taste.

"IT IS not always necessary to go in for a great expenditure of money to achieve glamor. Rich fabrics, expensive coiffures and furs would make any woman individual. But careful study can produce similar effects with small expenditures. Every woman must think for herself, not rely on the judgment of friends, or even style-setters or stylists. No woman is fashionable unless what she is wearing is attractive on *her*.

"But, along with clothes glamor, a woman needs confidence to carry it off. This, perhaps, is the most important point of all. It is one thing to have an idea for achieving individuality, and another thing to execute it. The smartly dressed woman has the courage of her convictions. She assumes self-confidence. She has no affectations, no nervous little habits—such as handkerchief-twisting or hair-pushing. And, most of all, she doesn't look—and doesn't let herself feel—dressed up.

"Poise and carriage and confidence are the companions of glamor. Study photos of stars. Notice how they hold their hands, how they carry themselves, what they do with a natural grace.

"If you want to obtain chic, you cannot be self-conscious. And everybody, to become glamorous, has to fight self-consciousness. If you find yourself fighting it, don't think that you are unusual—and don't be discouraged. The smartest-dressed women today have all fought—and won—the same battle."

## Who Are the Beauties of Today?

[*Continued from page* 30]

"I have been in several short features for different film companies—modeling clothes and things like that. Then I was in a news picture with Mrs. Roosevelt that we made for the President's Birthday Ball. I liked that," she said naively. "Some of the companies have made tests of me, and I've had some offers—but I don't want to go into pictures. I'd rather learn how to draw."

She left the room to dig up a photograph for me.

"You see how unusual she is, don't you?" asked Mr. Christy. "She has something more than just a beautiful face and body. She has sincerity. Intelligence. Ambition. And a decided talent. I think she will make good as an artist. Her sketches are remarkable for a beginner.

"SPEAKING of good-looking youngsters," he continued, "one of the most stunning young girls I know is Doris Duke Cromwell. When you analyze her features separately, everything appears to be in defiance of characteristics that go to make up a lovely girl. She is taller than the average girl—and thinner. Her chin is prominent and her mouth is wide. But her coloring is exquisite. Her hair and eyes are beautiful. Her nose is good. And the moment you look at her, you realize that she is unusually attractive. She has more common sense than the average girl of today, and she has character. Her manners are beautiful. That, in itself, is so rare in the younger generation, that it startles me whenever I see her.

"Have you ever seen Whitney Bourne?" he asked. I nodded. "Well, I think she's a very beautiful girl," he said. "Her face is one of the most unusual in either New York or the movies. There's a sort of brilliancy about her that is out of the ordinary. She has the kind of beauty that makes people turn around and stare.

"Barbara Hutton is another pretty girl, one with delicate, doll-like features. Her type of beauty is less unusual than the others, less startling. She does not dramatize herself; in fact, she shrinks from attracting attention. Despite all the headlines, she still is a stranger to the public. Her shyness is not the coy kind; it is the kind that goes with self-consciousness, supersensitiveness It is a rare characteristic in a beautiful woman. Offhand, I can't think of another example of it.

"A third well-known lady in New York society who is a striking-looking person, in an entirely individual manner, is Mrs. Harrison Williams. She's supposed to be the best-dressed woman in the world, but I think there's a harmony in her appearance that goes deeper than mere clothes. When you see her, you get the effect of a handsome ensemble—like a picture that pleases the eye at once without an analysis of detail."

On the high walls, there were several portraits, unusually beautiful, all of the same model. The face was lovely with its purity of line and delicately cut features. She was tall and blonde. I kept finding my eyes attracted to the portraits. Mr. Christy, noticing, said, "She is one of the beauties of today on any Christy list."

"What is her name?" I asked.

He smiled. "Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy."

They have been married for eighteen years, and during those years she has served as an inspiration for many of his finest artistic efforts.

HE took me over to a huge canvas on an easel—a lovely composition of a woman in evening dress, holding a small dog under her right arm. He started the portrait just that morning and had worked on it straight through the day. At sixty, Howard Chandler Christy has the same indefatigable enthusiasm for art that he had when he was twenty.

On my way out, he showed me the hotel dining room whose walls glow with life-size figures from his brush—a room that has created a furor in New York because of its beauty. He turned to me and said with a laugh:

"When I brought Will Rogers in to show him this room, he looked all around very carefully without saying a word. Finally, he scratched his head and grunted: 'Well, Howard,' he said, 'you don't have to go out to Hollywood. You've got it all right here.'"

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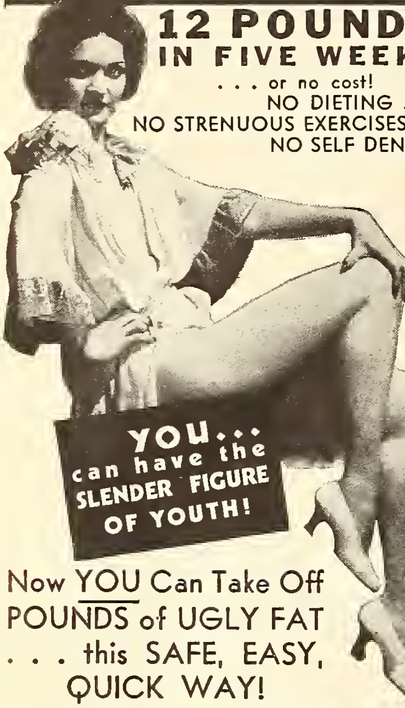
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Dear Sirs:

I am very glad to tell you that Dilex-Redusols have reduced my weight 18 pounds in the past 5 weeks. Before taking Dilex-Redusols I weighed 205 pounds. I now have a fine appetite, eat 3 good meals a day, feel energetic and ambitious, and yet have reduced my weight to 187 pounds. This has been done without diet or tiring exercises . . . simply by taking Dilex-Redusols.

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☐ Enclosed find $3.00, please forward, postpaid, one box of 90 Dilex-Redusol Capsules in plain wrapper.
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If I do not lose at least 12 pounds after taking the first box of Dilex-Redusols as directed, you will refund my $3.

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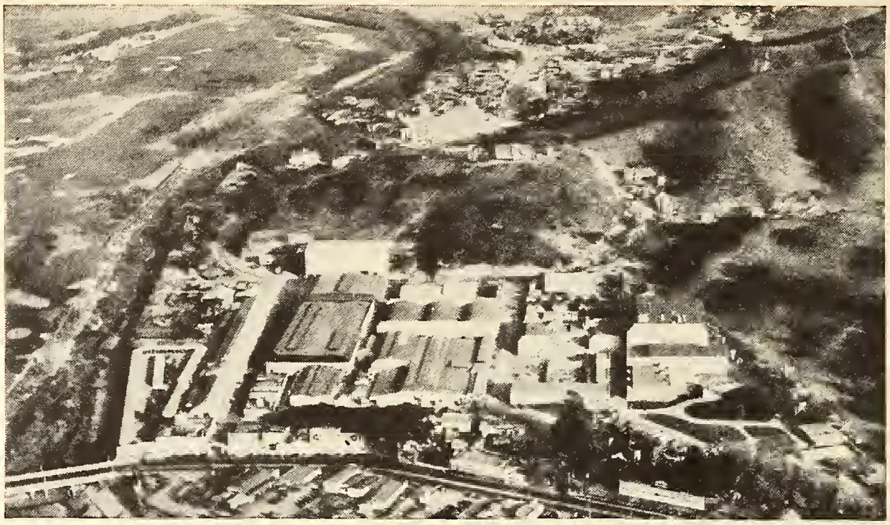

This airplane view gives you some idea of the extensiveness of Universal Studios—past whose gates all members of the Movieland Tour will go. In the foreground are mammoth sound stages; in the distance, outdoor "sets"

## We'll Show You Hollywood!

[*Continued from page* 41]

(often called the greatest picture ever made), *The King of Jazz, Dracula, Frankenstein, Waterloo Bridge, Back Street, Only Yesterday* (which brought Margaret Sullavan to the screen), *The Invisible Man, Little Man, What Now?, Imitation of Life.* It is the one studio that has the facilities, right on its own lot, to make any kind of picture—from an outdoor serial melodrama to an indoor musical spectacle.

AND as we take you around the studio, you stand a 100-to-1 chance of seeing, in close-up, such present-day Universal stars as Margaret Sullavan (who is expected back from abroad by then), smiling Chester Morris, Boris Karloff *without* any horror make-up, Heather Angel, Sally Eilers, Gloria Stuart, Binnie Barnes, Henry Hull, Douglass Montgomery, June Clayworth, Henry Armetta, Baby Jane Quigley, Buck Jones and dozens of other players.

Moreover, thanks to the cooperation of John LeRoy Johnston, Universal's ace publicist, we shall be able to give you the most unusual privilege of all—the opportunity to see a picture in production. You will actually be on the sidelines, watching a director planning a scene, learning at first hand the details of picture-making, seeing how the stars look in movie make-up.

You will lunch alongside stars in Universal's own restaurant. . . .

WE HAVE planned many more memorable moments for you. Besides the high spots of Hollywood, itself, you will see Catalina Island, off the Coast, where yachting stars have a habit of going on week-end vacations. And you will see Beverly Hills, where most of the stars live.

Special cars will take the Movieland Tour party past the homes of Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd, Charles Chaplin, Norma Shearer, William Powell, and a half-hundred others—homes you have always wanted to see. And, as a climax, you will be guests in a star's own home; you will meet a famous Hollywood hostess face to face.

Returning to Chicago, you will pass through new territory, seeing Salt Lake City, stopping over at Colorado Springs and Pike's Peak, motoring to the summit of Cheyenne Mountain, attending a dinner dance at the Antlers Hotel, crossing the prairies.

You will be back in Chicago on August 18—with a new zest for life, with tales of adventure in a dozen states to tell, with memories of an insider's view of Hollywood.

DOES the thought of such a vacation as this appeal to you? The time for you to complete your plans to be aboard the Movieland Special the night of August 4 is growing shorter.

Write today for the booklet we have prepared, detailing the whole itinerary, illustrating how inexpensive the tour will be (you will be surprised at its low cost!), and advising you what to wear. Just drop a note—now—to J. C. Godfrey, Jr., Business Manager, Motion Picture Movieland Tour, 360 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. By return mail, Mr. Godfrey, manager of our Chicago office, will supply you with full details—and then you can begin planning in earnest.

It costs you nothing but a three-cent stamp to find out all about the vacation opportunity of a lifetime. Write to Mr. Godfrey for complete details. If you live at a considerable distance east or south (or even west) of Chicago, he will be glad to help you plan that additional portion of your trip.

Don't let the Movieland Special leave without you!

## The Six Most Romantic Men

[*Continued from page* 33]

are some women who can resist the big he-man type. Others don't care for that boyish appeal. But show me the girl who won't fall for the poise and finesse that Paul has!

His most attractive feature is his mouth. Or it might be those eyes that really get you—even though black-and-white photography can't do justice to them. In real life, they remind you of blue sapphires. He is well-built and built to wear smart clothes. He has a strong, well-constructed face.

He has a degree from Cambridge University and a rain check on the bank of Monte Carlo. Have you got the Cavanagh angle? If you haven't, come up and see him sometime in my new picture.

THE first picture I ever made in Hollywood, *Night After Night,* was with a gentleman by the name of George Raft. He is just about the world's most likable menace. The kind of menace that catches—and holds—women's fancies.

The big Raft drawing power lies in his eyes. They can be as menacing as a cobra's. Or they can be soft and caressing. And when he turns on that steely stare, a girl just naturally melts into his arms. Usually, she stays melted . . .

George's smile, which you seldom see, is fascinating. His voice, which some people claim is a monotone, suits his personality and has a haunting quality that never tires you. And his dancing—when you dance with George Raft, you don't have to dream any more!

FOR really dynamic appeal that you can spot a mile away, you don't have to look any farther than James Cagney. He is one of those "elemental" men with the kind of personality that has the pull of Niagara. Even though Jimmy is not a large man, he gives the suggestion of strength—the sort that could make a big fellow look foolish. Just as Napoleon had power and force and commanded respect, so does Cagney.

Everything about him gives a warning to women—but who ever took a warning? You are afraid that he might suddenly go caveman-ish, and you are scared to death that he won't!

A GOOD many singers have rhythm, but Bing Crosby has romance—which is more important. He has more romantic appeal in one note than a hundred ordinary crooners have in a carload of songs. And it's dynamite.

When he starts echoing in the valley, the moon comes up over the mountain and the women start crying "Please." Add to this a flair for comedy and a cute boyishness and you have Crosby. As Warfield said, "If you don't want him, I want him. If you don't take him, I'll take him."

We have a few more romantic men in Hollywood. When I have more time, I'll tell you all about them.

Hollywood Tour

VISIT HOLLYWOOD as the guest of Movie Classic Magazine! Not just a "sight-seeing" tour—we'll visit the studios, see pictures actually being made, meet the stars personally, see their homes, drop in at their favorite play spots. It's the opportunity of a lifetime to see Hollywood in a way no ordinary traveler could ever hope for!

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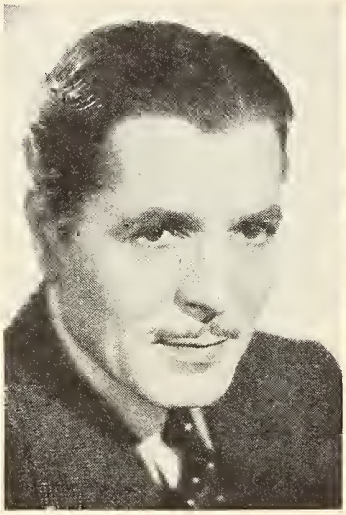
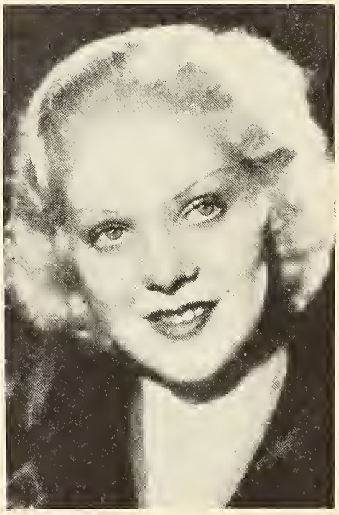
# The Answers —and the Winners!

## MOVIE CLASSIC awards the prizes in its "Do You Know Your Stars?" Contest



Most entrants guessed Warner Baxter correctly . .



. . But many failed to recognize Alice Faye

In April, MOVIE CLASSIC published the two photographs above, with the features of the two stars "masked." We asked "Do You Know Your Stars?", inviting readers to guess the identity of the disguised actor and actress, and offering several cash prizes to give the game more zest.

To enter the contest, all that any reader had to do was to submit a critical comment of fifty words or less about each of the two stars. The judges, working overtime on the hundreds of entries, have selected these as the winners.—*Editor.*

### $10.00 First Prize Answer

A PICTURE including the name of Warner Baxter in its cast guarantees an evening of enjoyment, for his charming personality brings gaiety, sympathy and romance to the screen. He portrays the understanding husband, the gentle lover, and the gay friend with equal sincerity, and personifies the ideal of American women.

Alice Faye, that bubbling, sparkling little personality, has the joy of living and youth in her laughing voice and dancing feet. She is the embodiment of charm, with her grace of figure, innocence and youthful glamor, a young American girl whom every mother would be proud to call her daughter.

RUTH K. FREDERICKS,
85 Bronx River Road,
Yonkers,
New York.

### $5.00 Second Prize

WARNER BAXTER . . . the grandest trouper of them all. Sensational matinée idols rise and fall, but Warner Baxter goes on year after year giving us delightful entertainment and uniformly splendid performances. He gives to all of his rôles a beautiful sincerity and a bit of whimsical humor.

Alice Faye . . . one of our most promising young actresses. Alice came to Hollywood in a blaze of divorce court publicity, but she stayed on her merit as a talented actress and songstress. That speaks volumes in her behalf.

ANNE ALLEN,
910 North El Paso St.,
El Paso, Texas.

### $1.00 Prize Answers

WARNER BAXTER: Magnetic and mature. Manly and dependable. Always immaculate. Romantic because of his aura of having lived and enjoyed the process. Pleasingly forceful voice, full of character. Equally successful as a man of the world or the outdoor type. Appealing to both young and mature women.

Alice Faye: Not altogether beautiful but possesses a beautiful figure. Typical of the modern songstress. Should soften her make-up and acquire an entirely new characterization, away from the showgirl type.

MRS. BETTY HENRY,
Box 857,
Hilo, Hawaii, T.H.

WARNER BAXTER can always be relied upon to give a finished and satisfactory performance, regardless of the support given him or the picture selected for him to appear in. Mr. Baxter is one of the few remaining stars of the old school to retain the esteem and, I may add, the affection of a critical public.

Alice Faye is a talented singer and an actress whose ability is fast being recognized as outstanding. She has traveled far since her first appearance two years ago. Should she continue to score, her success may cause the platinum Lorelei to look about and reinforce her pedestal.

LILLIAN COLLINS,
11 Cross St.,
Akron, Ohio.

WARNER BAXTER is to me a man's man, dynamic, virile and free from the stigma of bedroom episodes which so disgust the average person with certain male picture celebrities. His smile and unaffected mannerisms never fail to please.

Alice Faye is to me a real man's woman, sweet, athletic, and equally at home in evening gown or on the range. She possesses an appealing personality. an intriguing smile, and natural (not cultivated) screen mannerisms.

GILSON WILLETS,
546 Nineteenth Ave.,
San Francisco, Calif.

IN MY opinion, Warner Baxter is "the top" in ideal actors. Not only does he give thrills and chills to his feminine audience, but he also earns the admiration of the more critical, slightly suspicious male populace for his regular "he-man" portrayals.

Although women may say with a sniff, "She looks like just another blonde!" Alice Faye is every college boy's, business man's and grandpa's candidate for the best all-around actress of the screen; and her platform supports platinum hair, blue eyes, luscious curves, and that certain type of voice.

PEGGY MCNEILL,
3000 Belmont Blvd.,
Nashville, Tenn.

WARNER BAXTER: Ah! There is a man with the IT that charms women! The strength of character written upon his face, the determined set of his jaw, his infectious smile, bespeak the power to manage the feminine sex, not by crooning, but by real "he-man" tactics!

Alice Faye: The type that "gentlemen prefer"—warm, slender, graceful, fascinating. Temptation in organdy! She was created to keep men's hearts bursting the buttons off their vests!

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The Brä-Mio (illustrated) is a new Jantzen creation that reflects the latest Continental trend—a one-piece skirtless halter-neck suit with smartly tailored brassiere lines. The fabric is the luxurious new Jantzen Kava-Knit. $4.95. . . . . Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; London, England; Sydney, Australia.

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**Anne Darling** *featured in Universal Pictures wears the new Jantzen Brä-Mio.*

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# The Story Behind Jean Parker's Eyes

[*Continued from page 37*]

his face and understanding in his heart."

His death left a gap in her life that she is still trying to fill.

Her mother was prostrated. Jean's father took the two children.

As he moved about a great deal, Jean was first in one school and then another. Finally, the young girl realized that such methods were retarding her in school. So, in order to finish an important term, the girl would walk for an hour and a half each way to the same school.

When it rained, she would take off her shoes and stockings and wade to school. This was in Sunny California. When I asked if she were not afraid she would catch cold, the now-famous young lady said,

"I was so poor I couldn't afford to catch cold—so it never entered my head."

She was so miserable during this period that she ran away from home, and lived with a young woman teacher.

JEAN does not talk of this time. She is as shy about it as one of the deers in the famous film, *Sequoia*, in which she was recently starred. But the iron of suffering entered too deeply into her soul for her ever to be glib about it.

She was again in Pasadena. Jean, as usual, helped with the family expenses by doing housework over the neighborhood and playing a ukulele in a "kid's orchestra."

One day she broke a string in the ukulele. It might not have been a serious matter to those who abominate such instruments for the destruction of peace. To Jean it was a great tragedy.

Rather than confess to the orchestra conductor that she did not have the money to buy a new string, she pretended she was sick.

There is a teacher at the Muir Tech High School in Pasadena. Her name is Olive Phillips. She took Jean to concerts and plays, and otherwise enlarged the boundaries of her life. She paved the way for Jean to join the school dancing class, and helped her forget the poverty that ironically enough followed her like a faithful dog.

Jean did not now mind the drudgery after school. She was learning to dance and to draw. For the first time since her stepfather lived, she touched the edges of happiness again.

She became so adept at dancing that she got an "evening position," teaching children their first steps. She lived over this incident later when she portrayed a young dancing teacher in *Have a Heart.*

THE threads of the story all tie in. Because of her lovely figure and graceful dancing, she was chosen by the school officials to grace, with seven other girls, the Olympic Games float.

As said before, a photographer took her picture and went meandering on his way.

The photograph of the eight girls found its way to the office of Ida Koverman, executive secretary to Louis B. Mayer, ruler of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

Just why such things happen, no one can ever satisfactorily explain. Ida Koverman, the busiest woman in the film industry, *happened* to feel like having an idle moment. She leisurely scanned a stack of photographs from a news agency.

She stopped suddenly, startled, and gazed at the picture of the eight girls. An astronomer, finding a new star in the heavens, could not have been more surprised.

For, as all worlds are relative, Ida Koverman was also discovering a star never seen before.

She laid the picture aside, to think about it for twenty-four hours.

The one girl's eyes haunted the busy and brainy woman.

JEAN, that same evening, was behind the counter of a drug store in Pasadena, selling candy. It was a summer job, to tide her over until the beginning of the next year—her senior year in high school.

A young woman entered the store. It might have been of no importance—except that she dazzled the young girl behind the counter.

It was a famous actress, one of the cinematic great.

The next day Ida Koverman sent a scout to find out who the eighth girl on the float was.

While Miss Koverman waited, the famous actress came into her office. "I saw a wonderful girl in Pasadena last night. She sold me a box of candy. She has eyes like Bernhardt. I wish you could see her."

Miss Koverman was interested. She picked up the picture.

"Did she look like this one?" She pointed out the girl on the float.

"Why, it's the same girl," answered the actress.

The rest reads like a page from a book of fairy tales.

Jean was brought to the studio and given a camera and voice test—and a long-term contract.

She used her first check to buy presents for her mother and sister, and a new bicycle for herself.

Her first part was a "bit" as a young princess in *Rasputin and the Empress.* Her latest was that of the title rôle in *Princess O'Hara.* All this in about two years.

She graduated from high school by studying with a tutor on the set between scenes.

It is still the age of miracles in Hollywood.

## Ex-Tooter—Next Star!

[*Continued from page 39*]

winning ten (10) letters for his ability in football, baseball, basketball and track.

At the ripe age of sixteen, he enrolled in Carroll College at Waukesha, Wisconsin, which school had one of the finest dramatic courses in the country. Fred paid it no attention—he was tooting a sax in various late spots in the college town. His father grieved.

After two years of college, education palled and Fred went to Chicago to study the want ads. And when he finally found a job, it was with a dance band.

HAVING inherited a liking for travel from his parents, he next decided to take advantage of a chance to drive his aunt's car across country to Los Angeles. After weeks of searching for work he landed a berth in the orchestra of Warners' Hollywood Theatre.

He wanted to enlarge his horizon beyond the rim of an orchestra pit. So he took some vocal lessons and became a featured soloist with the orchestra. Meanwhile, he was also one of the thousands of hopefuls registered with the Central Casting Bureau for screen "extra" work. As he remembers now, he earned a total of two $7.50 checks.

That was why, in 1929, he accepted the offer of the California Collegians, a cooperative traveling jazz band, to become their featured soloist and saxophone player.

Eventually, the Collegians descended upon New York, where, five years later, the movies found him. They couldn't miss him. He was featured in the town's biggest hit, *Roberta!*

A Paramount talent scout spotted him, gave him a test. He clicked, and they shipped him right back where he started from—dear old Hollywood. The papers were signed in April, 1934.

"And then, for six months," he grins, "I didn't get even a small 'bit'. I kept hanging around with nothing to do. I almost went nuts!"

FRED is six feet, three inches tall, weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds, and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. He looks Irish, but insists that one of his parents was Scotch and the other German. Perhaps that is why he will talk about anything on earth except himself. The Scotch half of him won't give.

That the studio believes Fred was more than a flash in the pan in *The Gilded Lily* is proved by the fact that his next rôle is one originally written for George Raft. The name of the picture is *Federal Dick*. And when Claudette Colbert gets back from Columbia, the studio for which she made *It Happened One Night* and now is making *If You Could Only Cook,* Fred is scheduled to be her leading man again. . . .

He's a lad you will hear from *on* the screen in many a fine rôle, living down that reputation he earned as one of America's cleverest, tallest, smilingest saxophone players. . . .

"I wonder!"

"I wonder if it would end all regular pain for me, and end it for all time?"

To the woman who is asking herself that question, the makers of Midol make an emphatic answer: It will *not.*

But they make another statement just as emphatic, and just as true: Midol always relieves periodic suffering to some degree, and will for *you.*

Understand, this remarkable medicine *may* bring you complete relief. It has done this for many. And some of these women had always had the severest time. But others report only an easier time. Even so, isn't the measure of relief you are sure to receive well worth while? Midol means great comfort in any case—compared with unchecked suffering at this time of the month!

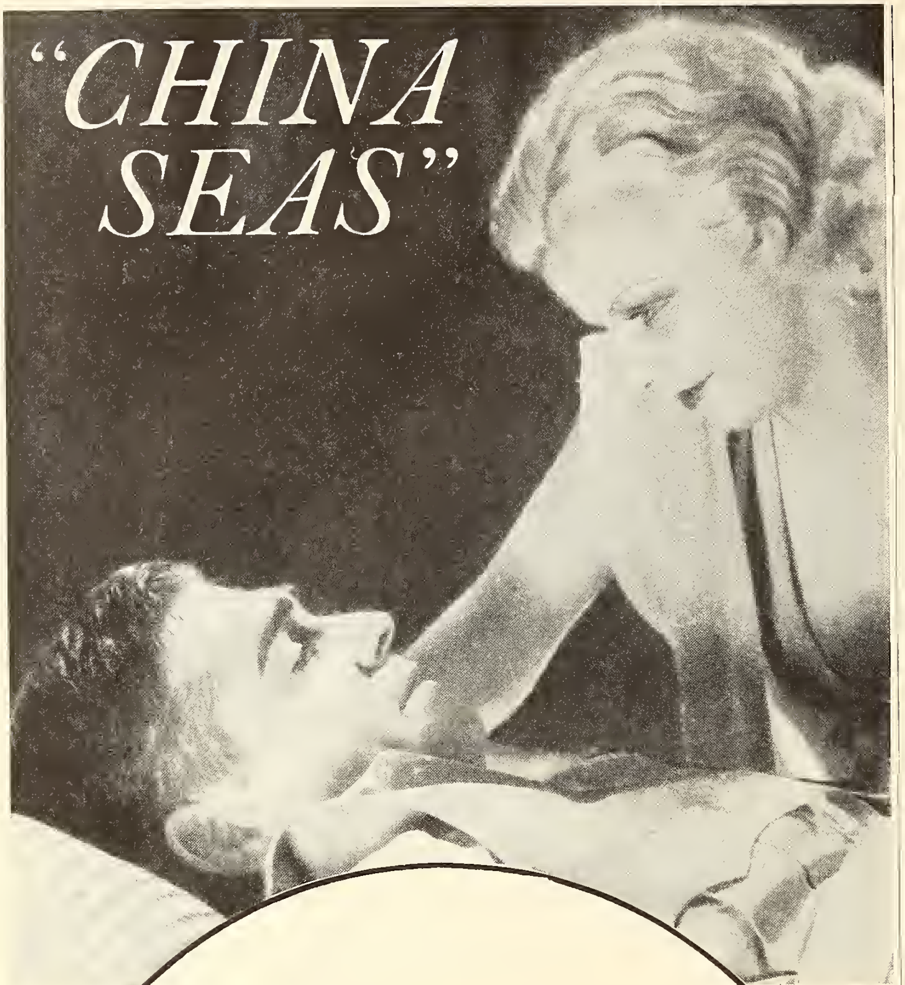
"Yes, but won't it form some habit?" Only the habit of avoiding suffering which is needless! There is no "habit forming" drug of any kind in Midol. It is not a narcotic.

So, don't let the speed with which this remarkable medicine takes hold cause you any apprehension. Don't keep it for "emergencies" or wait for the pain to reach its height before you take it. Let it keep you comfortable throughout the period. Learn to rely on it completely. Just follow the simple directions found inside the box.

And speaking of boxes, you'll appreciate the slim aluminum case in which you get Midol. It's so thin and light — and dainty — you can give it a permanent place in your purse and always be prepared. It's a tremendous relief — mental and physical — to be able to approach this time without misgivings, and to pass serenely through it.

Your druggist has these tablets. You'll probably see them on the counter. If not, just ask for Midol. Fifty cents is the most you'll pay — for comfort that is worth almost anything.

And when Midol has given you back days once given over to suffering, will you do this? Tell anyone you know to be suffering, of your discovery — that Midol does bring definite and decided relief from "regular" pain!



Let's go adventuring in the China Seas with that famous pair of screen lovers, Clark Gable and Jean Harlow, where the exotic country of junks and typhoons and pirates furnishes a colorful background for a romance which will stir your pulses. Love and adventure set a headlong pace in their new picture, CHINA SEAS—and Wallace Beery is in the cast too! You won't want to miss this thrill-packed tale which appears complete in June ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES, along with many other tales featuring your favorite movie stars in stories of their latest screen hits.

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Romantic Movie Stories
Complete in This Issue
JEAN HARLOW
CLARK GABLE
in "CHINA SEAS"

## Here Comes the Bride!

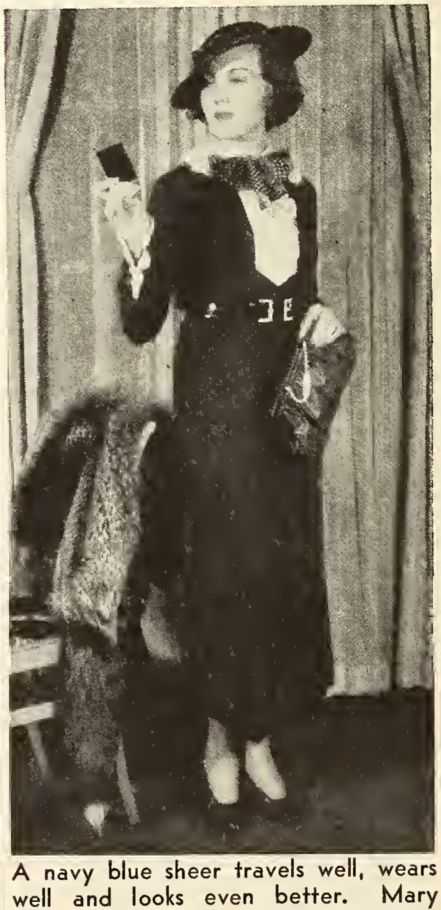
[*Continued from page 46*]

unusual, get a checked sport suit like Mary's. *Then* knit yourself a blouse sweater such as she has, lapels for the coat, and a hat to match!

Mary's chiffon dinner-into-the-evening dress is a poem—a little flower poem. Bright begonia shades against white with a distinctly 1935-ish air. The sash made of scarf squares does it. Also, the newly lowered neckline in front. For dining, Mary slips on the jacket with its gay, ruffled sleeves; and, afterwards, off it comes to reveal formal décolletage.

Place your bet on tailored navy sheers, too. They are as good as gold. The simpler they are, the better. Mary's has an almost childlike simplicity, but don't let that fool you! It combines three brand-new fashion tricks—*unpressed pleats in the skirt, giving it that newer-than-new fullness; hand-embroidered batiste guimpe with trimming on the sleeves to match; blue Polka-dotted tie that finds itself repeated in the slide-away hat.* And don't overlook the bag. It has an identification tag right on the handle for your name and address.

Frankly, I think that Mary Brian's trousseau suggestions are about the finest I have ever seen. Because every outfit is *complete*. Because there is no splurge, no straining after elaborate effects. And because it is a remarkable combination of fashion and good sense!



A navy blue sheer travels well, wears well and looks even better. Mary Brian's features a white embroidered batiste guimpe and sleeve edgings

## Now You'll Be Color-Conscious!

[*Continued from page* 38]

stops. The officers know only too well what the rumble means. Napoleon has come!

"I am certain that within less than two years, all pictures will be made in color," Mr. Mamoulian told me later. "With color at a director's command, he is able to use it to heighten not only the naturalness, the beauty, but also the moods of his scenes. The psychology of color, I term it. Let me give you an example from the scene we just saw.

"Colors have always been symbolic. White, for instance, means purity; green, restfulness; red, danger and disaster. To utilize this, no doubt for the first time on the screen, I held my camera from the vivid red coats of the English officers until the last. They were on their way to die fighting the dreaded Napoleon. Subconsciously, you got that feeling of imminent danger and death from my concentration on red."

WILLY POGANY, noted artist and film art director, chortled with glee when I mentioned color films to him.

"Sure, I knew they would come. That is why I came to Hollywood. It will be the day of the artist, the man who knows all about colors and can work out color moods to fit each picture.

"Do I think that the coming of color will put our present stars in the background, developing entirely new ones? I do not. There will be changes in make-up and in the lighting of present-day stars—but why should color do them harm? Look, for instance, at Joan Crawford. She would be even more glamorous in color. Jean Harlow's platinum hair would also be doubly delightful, as would the dark beauty of Claudette Colbert and Kay Francis, and the red curls of Janet Gaynor. In fact, I do not think of a single star who would be hurt by color."

Robert Edmond Jones, famous stage designer and director, was the color adviser on *Becky Sharp*. Miriam Hopkins calls him "the Emperor Jones of the world of color"—because of what he has done to delineate the characters of the film through the use of color. And he says, "We have all been amazed at the effects we have secured in our picture. Color is here to stay."

*Becky*, for example, is a high-spirited, adventurous person—and the colors she wears emphasize and re-emphasize that fact. They are dashing, bold colors, colors that illuminate her whole personality. She is a decided contrast with *Amelia Osborne* (played by Frances Dee), who is more subdued, less worldly, and whose costumes are in soft, delicate, pastel shades.

Miriam Hopkins says, "Color has certainly helped to beautify all of the feminine members of the cast of *Becky Sharp*. I speak for myself mostly, but it has given me something that I never felt I possessed on the black-and-white screen. I frankly do not see why any of the reigning stars of today should fear the coming of color. I think those who have any apprehension will change their minds when they see our picture."

"BUT what," you ask, "is color in films going to do for *me*?" The answer is: "Plenty!"

Until now you have seen only animated charcoal sketches of the screen great. But now you will see the color of their eyes and their hair, the tints of their complexions, the shades of rouge and lipstick and mascara they favor. You will see, in actual color, how famous beauties achieve the acme of attractiveness. Now, more than ever, you will take make-up lessons from stars.

"With color, the old heavy screen make-up will vanish," says Mamoulian. "On our players in *Becky Sharp*, we had to do a great deal of experimenting before we began. On Miss Hopkins, for instance, we found that a make-up closely approximating her street make-up was the most effective. Some wonder if the all-seeing eye of the color camera will not be able to detect artificial make-up and that only the girl with naturally beautiful coloring will do. I say 'No,' for I have seen something of the skill of Hollywood make-up men."

And the stars' clothes. The glorious colors in the gowns designed for them by Bernard Newman, Travis Banton, Adrian, Orry-Kelly, Royer, René Hubert and other Hollywood stylists will come to you in their natural state. You will get the sheen of the fabrics and all the details of color combinations which they employ as an artist uses his paints. From the screen now, more than ever before, you will take lessons in clothes glamor—lessons not only in style, but in the colors that will enhance your charm, your personality.

The movies have taken you to far, romantic places and given you gray photographic impressions of them. You will see them lighted up with natural color. You will see the "rainbow riot" of blossoms and foliage, the hues of oceans and lakes, the blue of the night and the gold of the day—all as God made them, not in black and white.

Hollywood, famous for the home interiors it has designed for films, will now become even more famous in this respect. You will see the tints of woods, the colors of curtains and drapes and carpets and upholstery. You will learn secrets of color harmony that you will be able to adapt to your own home.

And, after color—what will the next development be? "Third dimension" films—pictures with depth, as well as length and breadth. Louis Lumiere, the 73-year-old French scientist who invented the movie camera in 1885, recently gave a demonstration of such a film in Paris!

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# It's Always June with the Jolsons

[*Continued from page* 31]

had lost my heart. Funny, isn't it? But something clicked and there was never a second's doubt."

Al being called to the set to make a scene for *Go into Your Dance,* Ruby shyly continued the story.

"I was terribly thrilled to meet Al, for I had always admired him. But I never expected to see him again.

"Then, each day for several days I received a big box of flowers, but there was never any name—only a card with *'Guess who?'* written across it.

"Well, one afternoon just as I came off the stage from my act, the doorman told me that Mr. Al Jolson wanted to see me. Without stopping to think, I blurted right out and asked him—"

DASHING back to where Ruby and I were sitting, Al had overheard the last few words and with a grin, he added, "And—*he said he had!*"

Prancing restlessly back and forth before us, Al went on, "I gave Ruby a whirlwind courtship and on September 21, 1928, just three months after we met, we were married by a Justice in New York. We sailed to Europe for our honeymoon."

"But our honeymoon didn't stop in Europe," Al went on. "It continues every day and we're more in love and happier all the time, aren't we, Baby?"

"Absolutely." Ruby's voice was firm. "Oh, no, I'll never let a career come between us," she said, when Al was again called to the set.

"It is all very incidental in my life. I know it won't last—while our happiness will. First of all, I'm Mrs. Al Jolson, and that's the best rôle in all the world. Personal ambition has never played a big part in my life.

"As a girl, I worked for the money; I never tried to outdo the others, never yearned to be the star.

"I wasn't especially anxious to get into pictures; the exciting environment of the studios bewildered me. But when I did break in and people seemed to like me, I was pleased—and I always try my best. My talent is dancing and I can sing a little, but I'll never be a great actress because it is too difficult for me to express emotions before the camera.

"AL insisted on my playing with him in *Go into Your Dance,* and it's great fun. Now, our hours are the same. We go to the studio together, get tired together, and go home perfectly contented to stay there."

Pressed as to whether she had any pet theories regarding the maintaining of a happy marriage, Ruby shook her head. "Not one," she said, "unless it is that I never interfere. I've never tried to teach Al tap-dancing and he has never tried to make me a mammy-singer.

"We have different temperaments, but we are wonderfully alike in our tastes. We golf together whenever possible; we're football fans, we attend the races, we go to the fights, and we both love to travel. We have a home now, and that adds to our mutual interests. And when my screen career is over, we are going to adopt a baby, probably two, for Al wants a son to carry on the name and I'm anxious for a little girl.

"Al is very unselfish, very generous and always thoughtful. And I don't take his thoughtfulness for granted, as something every wife should expect from her husband; I cherish each instance of it.

"You see, it's all very simple. We are in love, we work and we play together and we never bore each other. Life with Al is always an exciting adventure."

LATER, Al and I stood watching Ruby make a dance number.

"She's very wise, very levelheaded," he said, nodding toward the slim white figure. "The glittering surface of all this hasn't hypnotized her; she gives it no false values. In fact, her big ambition is to be an expert golfer!

"I'm not a regular actor," Al said. "I'm an entertainer and I love it, but I've been in the game so long that I'd be willing to leave it tomorrow—only Ruby's doing so well that I hate to say a word until she wants to bow out of her own accord. Whatever makes her happy is O.K. with me.

"We have fallen in love with the California climate and plan to make this our permanent home, and if the market doesn't kick up again, I'll buy an eight-acre place I have my eye on out in San Fernando Valley. We agree so perfectly on most subjects that it's funny. We can't even stir up an argument.

"Oh, of course, once in a while we have a little tiff just like every other married couple. Usually, it's my fault. I'm overly sensitive and get hurt over some trivial thing and then hang on to it, ridiculously. Ruby will go silent and I'll turn my back, but neither of us can keep it up and in a few minutes we are both trying to be the first to make up. We have a rule never to go to sleep with a 'mad' on, and never, never without the goodnight kiss.

"I never let Ruby worry over business; that's my job. I run the house and pay all our expenses, and her money is her own to do with as she pleases."

Chatting with Al, I found many interesting points in his character. He has quick sympathies, is generous to a fault, loyal to friendships and has a finely balanced sense of right and wrong—all distilled through the hard years of soul tumult and loneliness before he made the top.

Ruby, totally untheatrical despite the fact that she started on the stage when she was still in her early teens, is appealing, wistful, sweetly unaffected and not even on speaking terms with today's sophistication. Little wonder then, that by her side Al has recaptured all his early dreams!

As I left them, Al called out, "Just remember that romance *began* at the altar for the Jolsons!"

## Fashion Foreword

[*Continued from page 42*]

over them that has picked out the brightest of the colors for its own.

For dinner, navy blue chiffons with shirred organdy collars, black marquisette with white piqué collars and cuffs, and black cable net dresses with moire revers, are among favorites.

Wouldn't you like to hear about the new colors? They are the most entrancing things you have spied in many a season.

*Dove Wing* is a soft gray, and makes stunning linen sports frocks. And black accessories with gray are something to get excited about!

*Florentine blue* is deep and brilliant, and finds high favor in all types of clothes. *Applemint* is decidedly a sumper green, and you should see it combined with Florentine blue!

*Robin's-egg* blue is of a deep turquoise tone. And the name *Blossom-pink* tells you how utterly charming that tone can be!

AND NOW it's evening, and all the world goes out to dine and dance. At smart New York parties pink lace is first in the fashion picture, with pale blue and white the next choice. Black lace is very important combined with green. Marlene Dietrich started the new vogue for black lace gloves to be worn with such gowns, and they are in all the shops now.

A Paris idea, romantically carried out in New York and Hollywood, is the new harem skirt. It looks just as it sounds, and is very soft and sinuous-looking, particularly in one gown I saw of black chiffon printed to look like lace. The whole trend at present points to a decided Far-East influence.

There are yards of ruffles on all evening things, particularly on chiffons, nets, and organdy things. If you have good shoulders, then off-the-shoulder gowns will give you the right spirit of romance for June moonlight and roses.

All over the land there is a rustle of taffeta! Black taffeta suits, black taffeta hats and gloves, and dotted taffetas are particularly smart for afternoon and dinner. For evening there is something intriguing about the swish of the material.

You can do all sorts of charming things with your hair at evening, but very seldom do you see it without some adornment. If you are very young, then the tiny little ribbon bows at both sides of the forehead are very quaint and entrancing. Clusters of flowers, real preferred, give beauty to your coiffure. Another youthful fashion is a narrow satin ribbon tied around the head, with a little bow on the top.

Fingernails are "streamlined," with the color carried clear to the end of the nails, and can give you just that little added touch of smartness.

Above all, carry with you that suggestion of romance and mysteriousness that goes with June . . . gardenias . . . and deep, soft summer nights.

Women *Are* Quitting

*Old Time Make-Up Shades...*
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**WRONG MAKE-UP** *gives a "hard", "cheap" look.*

**RIGHT MAKE-UP** *provides a natural seductiveness — free of all artificiality.*

**These Pictures Show the Difference Between Right and Wrong Make-Up**

THERE IS NOW a *new* and utterly different way in make-up . . . the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colorist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a religion. A *totally* NEW idea in color that often changes a woman's whole appearance.

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*Ends That "Cheap", "Hard" Look*

This new creation forever banishes the "cheap", "hard" effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely *natural* and unartificial color.

As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question today among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

*What It's Called*

It is called ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form. You use either on *both* the lips and the cheeks. And one application lasts all day long.

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Do as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt Angelus Rouge Incarnat. The little red box costs only a few cents. The lipstick, the same as most American made lipsticks. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.

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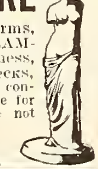

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# What To Serve at the Wedding Party

[*Continued from page 56*]

Cream shortening with egg until well beaten, then add half of the sugar and beat thoroughly. Continue adding rest of sugar gradually. (The more beating, the lighter the filling.) Chopped, roasted nuts may be sprinkled over filling between layers.

Ice the cake with fondant icing. Ornaments should be of Royal icing. Delicately flavored fondant icing is recommended for wedding cakes because it makes them more tasty than ordinary icing.

THE little doll-bride on top of my cake had numerous tiny daisies on her dress, all cut by hand. Daisies were strung along the side of the table and on top they were woven into rings. Each ring had lighted candles tied with white satin ribbon where it joined, and in the center of each ring a member of the wedding party was represented by a figurine.

Further down the table were large platters of canapès—canapès of every description—eighteen kinds of them. The variety you can achieve with canapès is half the fun of making them. And they are not hard to make, once you get the knack of it. Some were of chipped beef, horseradish and cream cheese frozen in plain gelatine in a round mold. Others were of smoked salmon, and caviar.

One of the nicest, I think, was the variety made with lobster. Incidentally, these canapés are a treat at *any* party! You take—1 can of lobster, 3 tablespoons mayonnaise, 3 stuffed olives, 1 cold boiled egg, juice of one lemon.

Flake the lobster, and add the olives, chopped fine. Mix with mayonnaise, adding more if needed to make a soft paste. Add the lemon juice. Spread on rounds of bread that have been fried to a golden brown in butter, garnish with yolk and white of egg riced, and dust with paprika. When finished, pipe a little mayonnaise on each canapé.

Those new lobster *hors d'oeuvres* are grand, too. A small piece of the crustacean, wrapped in bacon and broiled with a colorful toothpick through it, makes a tasty tidbit.

Besides the canapés, we had finger sandwiches spread with chicken and anchovy paste. There were rolled sandwiches, also. To make these, you slice the bread very thin and it has to be very fresh so that it will roll without breaking.

They were served first with the cocktails and highballs. Then the champagne was brought in and I cut the cake—but only the first piece! Someone else did the rest of it because it takes an expert to do that.

OF COURSE, a real buffet supper could have been served, too, with the cake still the main attraction in the center. For a buffet supper, piles of plates, stacks of napkins, and rows of spoons and forks are placed on the table at intervals. And each pile and stack and row must be uniform.

The menu I would choose for this would be:

Assorted Hors d'Oeuvres
Lobster Thermidor
Lettuce Sandwiches
Curried Chicken on Toast
Hot Thimble Biscuits
Coffee Tea
Assorted Ices in fancy molds

Whatever the choice is, there ought to be two or three hot dishes and at least two cold ones.

IF A girl plans a morning wedding in June, the ideal thing, it seems to me, would be to eat out-of-doors! You could have one long gay table or a number of small ones grouped under the trees on the lawn. The usual white table-covers or your bridge-luncheon covers would do, but if you want something especially effective, get cream rayon satin ($1.29 a yard or less) and use it under a creamy Chinese lace cover (small ones, $2.95; large, $6.50). This is particularly good for the bride's table and the parents' table.

The place cards at each of these tables are white and can be embossed in silver to match the monograms on the wedding-cake boxes. But it is even better to get plain white cards and cut a strap through them—like a double buttonhole—and then insert small white flowers under the strap.

An interesting breakfast, or sit-down supper, would be:

Bouillon (clear tomato)
Lobster Newburgh
Chicken Croquettes Peas
Celery Salad
Ices
Coffee

AT A wedding where only the family and a few intimate friends are to be present, it is fun to sit at a table all together afterwards. And the seating arrangement goes like this:

| *Bride* | *Groom* |
|---|---|
| Best man | Maid of honor |
| Bridesmaid | Usher |
| Usher | Bridesmaid |
| Flower girl | Relatives |
| Relatives and friends | Groom's father |
|  | Bride's mother |
| *Father of bride* | *Mother of groom* |

You know, there is an old saying: Start a newly married couple off with a happy party and good food and you have put them on the road to success. I think that's right!

## Farewell to Diets!

[*Continued from page* 15]

and bananas, after which all the guests retire to the drawing room, where coffee, liqueurs, plates of pastry and compotes of candies await us.

Now do you see why Mrs. Ricardo Cortez sang, "You're the top, you're a Derby winner—You're the top, you're a Brisson dinner"?

ELISSA LANDI'S riding breakfasts are very British, and very different. Every morning she can spare from work, Elissa is early up and away cantering over the hills and down the canyons. If you happen to ride with her, you needn't worry when the crisp air makes you ravenous. Elissa will take care of that.

On a terrace you find a rustic table all set and awaiting you. Although the furniture is rough and outdoorish, nothing else is. On the finest of hand-embroidered white linen cloths are square porcelain plates, gleaming silver and sparkling crystal winking in the morning sunlight. Fruit and rolls are massed in bowls of crystal and silver. While you are waiting for the *pièce de resistance*—scrambled eggs and kidneys—you join Elissa in a glass of beer.

If you want to jump over to Mischa Auer's apartment for luncheon, I'll tell you what you will get. He will cook up the grandest Russian veal cutlet you ever ate. He grinds the meat, and does it up with toasted bread crumbs and a sauce made of golden brown fried onions and a half pint of sour cream. This sour cream the Russians use always sounds terrible, but is really delicious.

Consider, for instance, *blinys*. You may not like the sound of them, but wait until you eat them with Anna Sten some night. I'll tell you what they are. Between two pancakes you put caviar, herrings, or other fish, and over the whole you pour sour cream and melted butter. That is what Michael Visaroff served at a party for Anna. She ate them to the tune of Russian guitars and gypsy songs, and it was all very Muscovite. You could almost hear the sleigh bells tinkling over the steppes and a wolf howling far off.

No story on Hollywood's parties would be complete without a dip into the night life of the cinema capital. Let's slip over to Toby Wing's and see if there is an orgy going on. There is. Toby and at least five too-handsome youths are gathered in the kitchen, just finishing a batch of fudge. Not ordinary fudge, mind you, but candy fit for one of the cutest Baby Stars. The trick is, she says, to whip the cream before you add it. And don't be stingy with big chunks of nut meats. If you want to be very ritzy about the whole business, you can put marshmallow cream, thick with candied cherries, between two layers of fudge. Toby cuts the candy into generous squares and places it on a dish her grandmother painted years ago.

And says: "Farewell to diets!"

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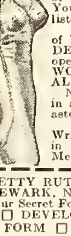
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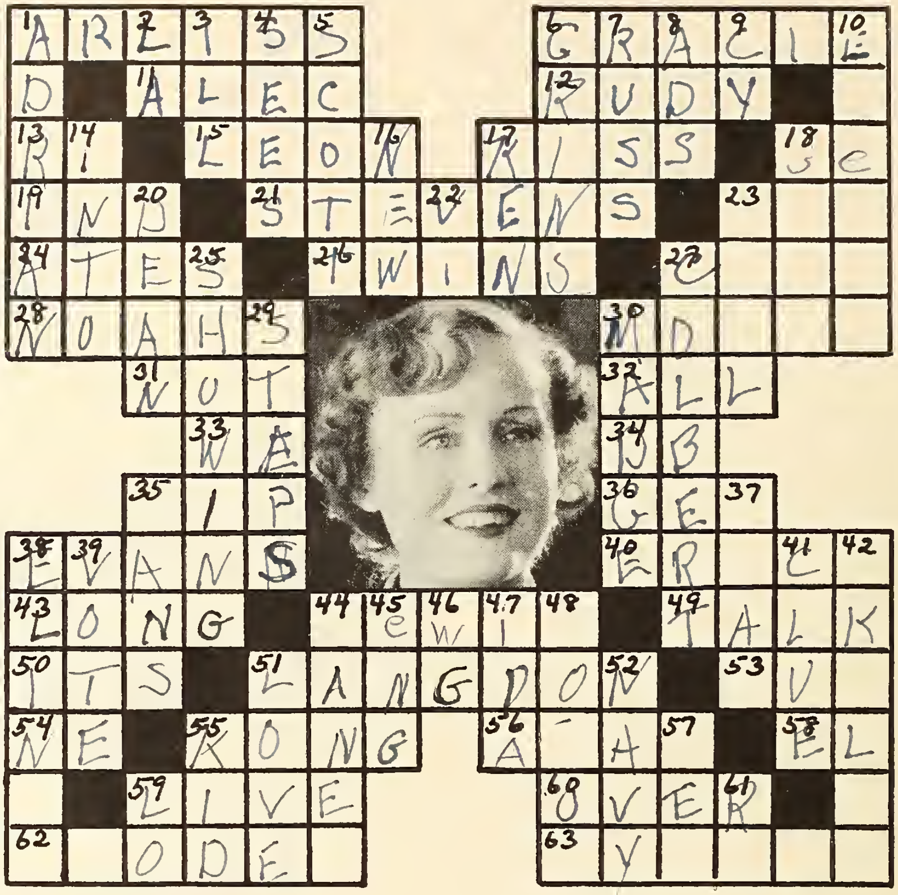
# For Moviegoers to Puzzle Over



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## HORIZONTAL

1. He was *The Iron Duke*
6. She and George Burns recently adopted a baby
11. Late Mr. Francis
12. Star of *Sweet Music*
13. Nelson Eddy's birthplace (abbr.)
15. First name of comedian with the rubber legs
17. ——— *And Make Up*
18. Initials of comedian married to June Collyer
19. Locale of *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* (abbr.)
21. Buster Collier's bride
23. Gloria Stuart's birthplace (abbr.)
24. He stutters
26. Youngest Crosby children
27. Masculine lead in *Wings in the Dark*
28. Whose brother is Wallace Beery?
30. Comedienne who wed Martin Malone
31. *We're ——— Dressing*
32. *Forsaking ——— Others*
33. Mamoulian directed ——— *Live Again*
34. Initials of Miss Burgess
35. What a pickpocket is called in gangster films
36. Peter Lorre comes from this country (abbr.)
38. Star shown in puzzle
40. Whose role was that of waiter in *Gay Divorcee*?
43. Wallace Beery was ——— *John Silver* in *Treasure Island*
44. Author of *Babbitt*
49. What players do in modern films
50. Gloria Stuart had lead in *Maybe ——— Love*
51. This comedian has a new son.
53. Lila Lee, ——— Apfel, is a recent bride
54. Initials of Jeanette's leading man in *Naughty Marietta*
55. *King* ———
56. Father of the new Mowbray heir
58. Miss Lightner's initials
59. *The Right to* ———
60. *Let's Talk It* ———
62. Professional corespondent in *Gay Divorcee*
63. Charlie Chaplin's brother

## VERTICAL

1. You saw her in *Rumba*
2. Rod ——— Rocque
3. *Now ——— Tell*
4. Buck Jones stars in *When a Man ——— Red*
5. He had lead in *Wagon Wheels*
6. Jack Oakie's smiles
7. Late star of *Wake Up and Dream*
8. Neil Hamilton once posed for collar ———
9. Alice White is parting from ——— Bartlett
10. Star of *Evensong*
14. *Go ——— Your Dance* is Jolson's latest
16. *It Happened in ——— York*
17. Star of *In Old Santa Fe*
18. Her last name is Haden
20. Mr. Jagger of *Car 99*
22. Short for Miss Dana of silent films
23. Star of *All the King's Horses*
25. Theatres are now ——— *The March of Time*
27. Star of *The Gilded Lily*
29. Bill Robinson tap dances on them
30. First name of star pictured
35. Whose bride is Lorena Layson?
37. ——— James wrote *The White Parade*
38. Claire Trevor was ——— *Norton*
39. Anne Shirley is much too young to cast one at polls
41. What *Philo Vance* follows to solve a mystery
42. Late stage and screen actor known as Hal
44. Director Hall is whose husband?
45. Carol Coombe's nationality (abbr.)
46. Mr. Gargan's initials
47. Daughter of Stanley Lupino
48. Joe Morrison's screen offerings
51. Remember Bessie ———?
52. *Jack Ahoy* shows part of British ———
55. *The Personality* ———
57. Sour-faced comedian
59. Mr. Olivier's initials
61. Star of *The Night Is Young* (init.)

## Solution to Last Month's Puzzle

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
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## Seeing Things

[*Continued from page* 16]

mellowly inebriated and quick with the quips. But he has a new partner—pert Ginger Rogers. And if she keeps this up, she'll soon have no equals as a screen comedienne. As a persistent young modern with her mind set on marriage, she does her bit to turn mild hysteria into convulsions . . . The story not only keeps you guessing—but howling.

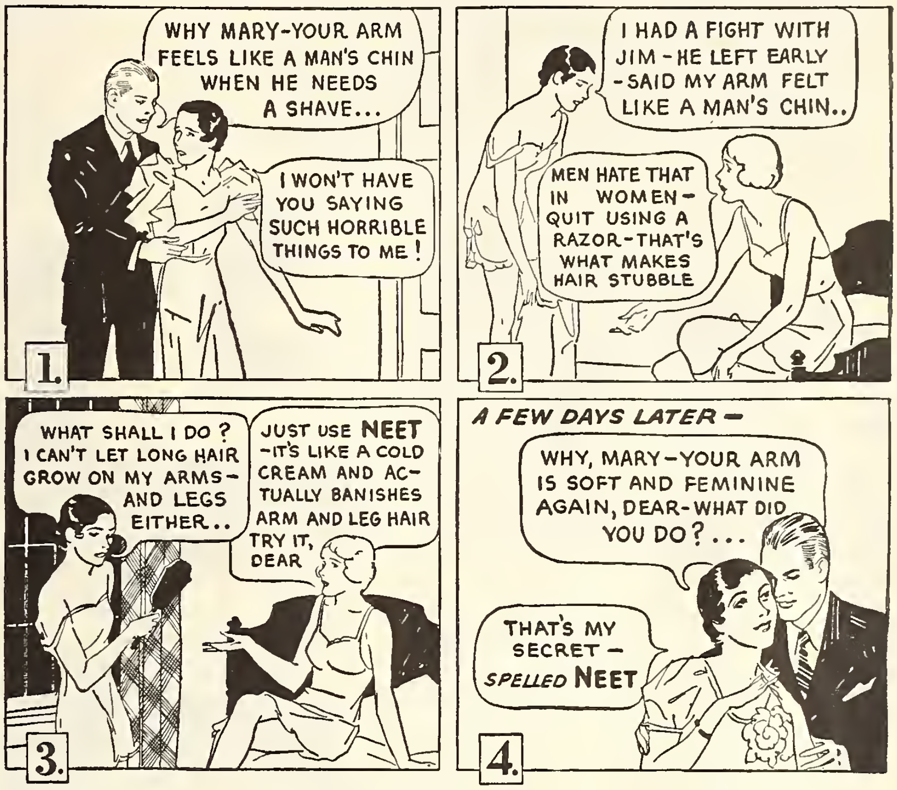
● ● **It's a Small World** *(Fox)* is weak on story, long on individual performances and sprightly dialogue. Spencer Tracy and Wendy Barrie have a collision in the bayou country of the Kingfish's empire (Louisiana) and have to stay there until the lawsuit is settled —which gives Spencer time to decide he is in love with the girl, against the wishes of both of them . . . Spencer, with no effort at all, is completely real. But the big surprise is the newcomer who is his leading lady. The camera does well by her, and she does well by the camera.

● ● **Princess O'Hara** *(Universal)* is the newest picture with a script by Damon Runyon, who knows his audiences. They like heroines who are wistful but spirited Cinderellas, heroes who are hard-boiled but have hearts of gold, and plots that have action and shy humor . . . The Cinderella in this instance is Jean Parker, daughter of a taxi driver, who takes over his job when he is killed; the hero is Chester Morris, who is a harmless racketeer and owner of a race horse that gets him in plenty of trouble . . . It's one for the family.

● ● ● ● **Black Fury** *(Warners)* isn't for sentimentalists, for sweet young things with squeamish tastes. It's for the realists—who will be talking about it, and about Paul Muni's performance, for years . . . As a coal miner who goes berserk when his girl runs away with a mine policeman, he forces you to live what he is living, to suffer what he is suffering, to share his every emotion—whether tender or terrible . . . As the girl, Karen Morley—who used to be cast in fashion-plate rôles—again distinguishes herself as a peasant.

● ● ● ● **Laddie** *(RKO-Radio)* is for the sentimentalists—who will thank the movies for keeping both the spirit and the story of Gene Stratton-Porter's best-loved book . . . You know, the one about the boy of the poor Indiana farm family who falls in love with the daughter of the aristocrats next door—and wins her, with the help of *Little Sister* . . . Much the same sort of story has been told on the screen many a time and oft, but not with an actor of the calibre of John *(Little Minister)* as the young rustic or with a beauty like Gloria Stuart as the young aristocrat. But the performance of the picture is given by seven-year-old Virginia Weidler, who plays *Little Sister* with such charm that she looks like the next child star.

MARY FINDS WHY WOMEN ARE QUITTING THE RAZOR


by Wells
WHY MARY-YOUR ARM FEELS LIKE A MAN'S CHIN WHEN HE NEEDS A SHAVE...
I WON'T HAVE YOU SAYING SUCH HORRIBLE THINGS TO ME!
1.
I HAD A FIGHT WITH JIM - HE LEFT EARLY - SAID MY ARM FELT LIKE A MAN'S CHIN..
MEN HATE THAT IN WOMEN - QUIT USING A RAZOR - THAT'S WHAT MAKES HAIR STUBBLE
2.
WHAT SHALL I DO? I CAN'T LET LONG HAIR GROW ON MY ARMS - AND LEGS EITHER..
JUST USE NEET - IT'S LIKE A COLD CREAM AND ACTUALLY BANISHES ARM AND LEG HAIR TRY IT, DEAR
3.
A FEW DAYS LATER -
WHY, MARY - YOUR ARM IS SOFT AND FEMININE AGAIN, DEAR - WHAT DID YOU DO?...
THAT'S MY SECRET - SPELLED NEET
4.

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Modern science has at last found a way to actually GET RID of arm and leg hair. A way that forever banishes the bristly regrowth that follows the razor. Ends the stubble that makes women lose their charm and allure; and that men shrink from when they feel it on a woman's arm.

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Women by tens of thousands are using it. Ending the arm and leg hair problem; quitting the razor with its man-like and unfeminine stubble. You can get a tube for a few cents at any drug or toilet goods counter. Just ask for NEET. It's really marvelous.

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—said Thackeray. This great author knew the power of women—better than most women do. Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. You have such powers. You can develop and use them to win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood" a daring book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology.

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*Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.*

**FREE** Send $1.00 for my Slimcream treatment NOW, and I will send you entirely free, my world-famous, regular $1.00 beauty treatment, with a gold mine of priceless beauty secrets. This offer is limited, so SEND TODAY. Add 25c for foreign countries.

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Hollywood
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June HOLLYWOOD
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It is for HOLLYWOOD, now in its twenty-fourth year of publication, that the stars personally write. In the June issue, you will read two of the frankest, most self-revealing stories of the year, of any year:

**"I'VE BEEN MY OWN WORST ENEMY" by JOAN CRAWFORD**

**"I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A SHOW-OFF" by FRANCHOT TONE**

## "Lessons in Loveliness"

[*Continued from page* 53]

*Daytime protection depends on your powder-base.* I want to italicize and emphasize that point.

What to use as a powder-base depends upon your type of skin. If it is dry or sensitive, use a thin protection cream that will not come through shiny or greasy. If you have an average skin or an oily skin, use a good acne-and-make-up lotion that is beneficial, as well as beautifying.

DO YOUR suntanning slowly and if you are impatient for a suntan effect, then by all means have it—but have it the safe way, with suntan make-up.

If you have the type of skin that doesn't tan—or if you don't care to toughen your skin by suntanning, but *do* like a suntan effect—then simply change from the fair shades of make-up to a good suntan shade of powder and with it use lipstick and rouge of an orangey tone. It produces a fascinating effect.

If you do get suntanned, then, of course, you *must* use a very deep rachel or suntan shade of powder—and for you, too, I advise lipstick and rouge of an orangey tone.

If your skin is the type that gradually gets creamier and creamier before it is finally a deep suntan, then the thing to do about your face powder is to blend it from day to day or from week to week . . . All you do is to mix well a lighter and a deeper shade. Try it.

YOUR eyes are your most expressive feature. So don't forget that when the sun makes your skin several shades darker, it makes your eyes look smaller, duller—if you let it . . .

The more suntanned you are, the less rouge you need. But your lipstick must be brighter, more vivid, and your eyes need plenty of good make-up—natural-looking make-up . . .

More about this in the next issue.

### Are You Sure You Know the Secrets of Make-Up?

There are sure ways to be attractive—and unsure ways. Do you know the sure ways, or are you only guessing?

If you *are* only guessing, you may unwittingly be doing damage to your greatest asset—your face.

For the help of any woman who wants to be self-confident about her appearance at all times, Nell Vinick has prepared a leaflet illustrating the important rules for applying make-up. It covers

Make-up for eyes
Application of rouge
Application of lipstick

The leaflet offers nothing for sale. It offers nothing but sound advice.

And it is yours for the asking. Just write to Nell Vinick, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City—enclosing a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

## Dress Your House for Summer!

[*Continued from page* 55]

to "cool" a room and give it that tranquil air you want to find when you come in out of the blazing sun.

MAE has done an exceptionally good thing with that wall space between windows that a person never knows what to do with. She has put a narrow, long mirror there that serves a threefold purpose . . . It is highly decorative; it makes the room seem twice as long; and when you look into its cooling depths, you forget the temperature outside!

Her dining room is not large, but what a gem it is! Half of one wall is covered with a mirror and there are little antique ivory brackets on either side holding the ivy. *And*—the most exciting idea yet—*she has washable satin slip covers on the chairs.* It is like having a gentle ocean breeze stir against you just to sit down in one and feel the softness of the satin.

The covers are comparatively simple to make, which makes the idea of them all the more attractive. The upper part is sewn together and slipped on, pillowcase fashion. Then it is tied with tape at the bottom to hold it firmly in place. The lower part is adjusted and tied much as a card-table cover would be. The one exception is that seams are run down over the four legs so that it will fit more neatly.

Washable satin may be purchased as low as $1.35 a yard and if white is not suitable to your dining room, try a bud-green and hang green and yellow net curtains in your windows. Or a pale powder-blue might be more effective.

THERE are a dozen ways you can give your dining room a refreshing summer atmosphere. If it happens to be done in early American style such as Sylvia Sidney's, a unique trick is this: Get those jolly peasant table covers with a woven border and fringed edges and *use them as curtains!* You have nothing to do but slip them on the curtain rings. And the matching doilies and napkins used on the table will give the room a symmetry that will keep your friends marveling!

Summer time is picnic time. The family pleads to go here and there to eat out-of-doors. It is work to cart things back and forth, so—*why not make a picnic ground in your own backyard?* That is what Karen Morley has done. She has a regular long wooden table with wooden benches on either side such as you find in public parks. The children or friend hubby will get a tremendous kick out of making it. Perched under a gaily striped umbrella, it will make mealtime a festive affair. And you won't have it toppling over on you as makeshift tables do.

Bring the spirit of the "good old summertime" straight into your home!

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION

This is to certify that the average circulation per issue of MOVIE CLASSIC for the six months' period July 1st to and including December 31st, 1934, was as follows: Copies sold, 247,042; Copies distributed free, 1,115; TOTAL, 248,157.

Signed, W. H. Fawcett,
(Publisher)

Subscribed to and sworn before me on this 23rd day of February, 1935.
(Notary Seal) E. V. Mausel.

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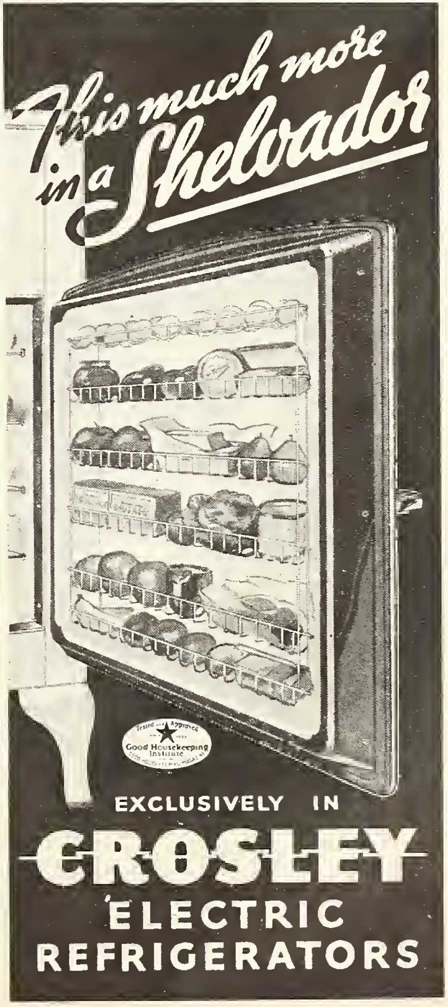

# Just As You Say . . .

## MOVIE CLASSIC'S readers have the last word—and win prizes with their letters

**Irene Dunne was one of the stars favored by the letter-writers this month —because of her singing in *Roberta***

### *$15 Prize Letter*

**The New Superlatives**—Most spellbinding moment of an unusually fine movie month: Irene Dunne singing *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* in *Roberta*. Biggest laugh of the month: Will Rogers and Jane Darwell harmonizing lustily on *There's a Tavern in the Town*.

Most beautiful love scene: Joe Morrison crooning *I'll Sing You to Sleep with a Love Song* to the beautiful Dixie Lee, as she drifts off to slumberland on top of the piano. Most rhythmic sequence: Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers knocking off the rehearsal dance in *Roberta*. Most beautiful shot: The final Technicolor close-up of Shirley Temple in *The Little Colonel*.

Those scenes are all unforgetable, and as long as I get such treats as those I have no complaints, only cheers for the movies!—*Kay de Hart, 1568 Cotton St., Reading Pa.*

### *$10 Prize Letter*

**Rebellion in the Ranks**—Apparently, the Academy judges were off the Art Standard this year, feeling their 1933 medal selections concession enough to the Finer Things for a while.

*It Happened One Night* the best picture of the year? Um. Better than *Queen Christina; Catherine the Great; Power; The Barretts of Wimpole Street; Imitation of Life; The Count of Monte Cristo?* And Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in *It Happened One Night* contributors of the best performances? Better than Garbo's beautiful *Queen Christina;* Elizabeth Bergner's poignant *Catherine the Great;* Paul Lukas' sensitive, tragic *Rupert* in *The Fountain;* John Barrymore's brilliantly rowdy performance in *20th Century;* Louise Beavers' heart-breakingly real *Aunt Delilah* in *Imitation of Life;* Conrad Veidt in *Power;* Francis Lederer in *The Pursuit of Happiness;* Donat's *Count of Monte Cristo?* I wonder.

Well, anyway, the winners *were* amusing at the time. Also boxoffice. (Good old boxoffice!)—*D. H. Chapman, 1000 S. Grandview St., Los Angeles, Calif.*

### *$5 Prize Letter*

**Salute to Real Drama**—Let's unite in a salute to the new dramatized newsreel—*The March of Time!* This new feature bids fair to change the newsreel from a movie "short" to an institution. *The March of Time,* by skillfully reenacting real-life drama with the original characters, transmits the feeling of participation to the movie fan, who senses—often for the first time—the terrific implications and undercurrents of world news events. It is a significant and audacious step, done expertly by these pioneers in revitalizing an old, familiar medium.—*Stanley S. Jacobs, 515 South Fifth St., Columbia, Mo.*

### *$1 Prize Letters*

**In Praise of Color**—The triumph of Technicolor was beautifully illustrated by that never-to-be-forgotten "Pink Party" scene in *The Little Colonel,* starring Shirley Temple. When the incongruity of observing an actor's lips move without hearing what he was saying was abolished by the advent of sound pictures, we supposed that cinematic entertainment had reached its peak. With the first appearance of natural color on the screen, however, we realized that this new art was destined to bring many hours of delightful new enjoyment to the theatre-going public.—*Lona Jack, 601 E. Rudisill Blvd., Fort Wayne, Ind.*

**Paging Mr. Van Dyke!**—Thanks to Director W. S. Van Dyke, we have entered into a new era of light, gay comedy. *The Thin Man* started it all; then came others. Gone is the old pie-throwing slapstick comedy! Here to stay is a sparkling, tingling humor, as refreshing as a cocktail!!—*Dorothea Steffan, 1816 Verdery St., Augusta, Ga.*

**Battling for Bette**—Along come Academy Awards and no Bette Davis on the list! Are the judges near-sighted, or with the present reign of censorship fearful of so much as countenancing her "bad-girl" rôle in *Of Human Bondage?* Surely, they can't be so blindly prejudiced as to fail to realize that Bette's *Mildred* was not only the most individual performance of the year. It has made screen history. The girl brought Maugham's immortal character to a fuller life than the author himself. That is the final analysis of artistry. I call on all who are in agreement with me. Let us publicly apologize for the slight made of Bette Davis. —*James Fitzgerald, 639 Kentucky St., Vallejo, Calif.*

**Not to Be Pitied Now**—Years ago I recall a city visitor pitying me for being a farmer's wife and out of touch with the stage, the opera, and other dramatic delights of the Big Places. But NOW —what a different story! The fine plays, the best actors, the great singers, they come to us at the crossroads and give us all the magic, the music, the innumerable joys of what was once the city-dwellers' special and exclusive amusement—and education. When people condemn pictures, I wonder if they ever knew the dullness, the dreariness, the out-of-step feelings we farmers had before pictures sprang up in the lonely spots?—*Mrs. Mary L. McMenamin, R.F.D. 1, Box 494, Sebastopol, Calif.*

**Keen Observation**—I may be mistaken, but one result of the recent vigorous campaign to clean up the movies seems to me to be an apparent (and successful) effort on the part of our anxious-to-please producers to concentrate on highly amusing situations and dialogue. What a break for us! . . . After all, there are only four types of pictures which we really want to see—two for the satisfaction of our souls and intellects: the "homey" type and those based on history and the classics; and two for amusement and the appeasing of our artistic sense—light comedy and spectacular musicals.—*Lucybelle Lortz, 819 Milton Ave., Louisville, Ky.*

**MOVIE CLASSIC wants its readers to write their opinions of stars, productions, and movie conditions in general so that all readers may benefit by them. Each month MOVIE CLASSIC will offer these cash prizes for the best letters: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each. The editors will be the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write your letter now—to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Letter Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York City.**

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*Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"*

## CAN'T CHAFE . .

To prevent all chafing and all irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. That means lasting comfort and freedom every minute Kotex is worn. But, mind you, sides *only* are cushioned. . . the center surface is left free to absorb.

## CAN'T FAIL . . .

There is a special center layer in the heart of the pad. It has channels that guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad—thus avoids accidents. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use . . . makes Kotex keep adjusting itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 *times* more absorbent than cotton.

## CAN'T SHOW . .

Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always. No "give away" lines or wrinkles . . . and that makes for added assurance that results in peace of mind and poise.

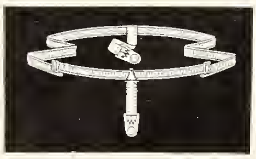
I'VE always felt that the real facts on this intimate subject were withheld from women. So here I present information every woman should know.

I realize that most sanitary napkins look pretty much alike. Yet they aren't alike either in the way they're made or in the results they give. For only genuine Kotex offers the 3 exclusive advantages I explain on this page—the 3 features that bring you women the comfort and safety you seek. And with Kotex now costing so little and giving so much, there's really no economy in buying any other kind.

### *5 times as absorbent*

The Kotex absorbent, cellucotton (not cotton), is 5 times as absorbent as cotton. It is the identical absorbent used in the majority of our leading hospitals.

### NEW ADJUSTABLE BELT REQUIRES NO PINS!

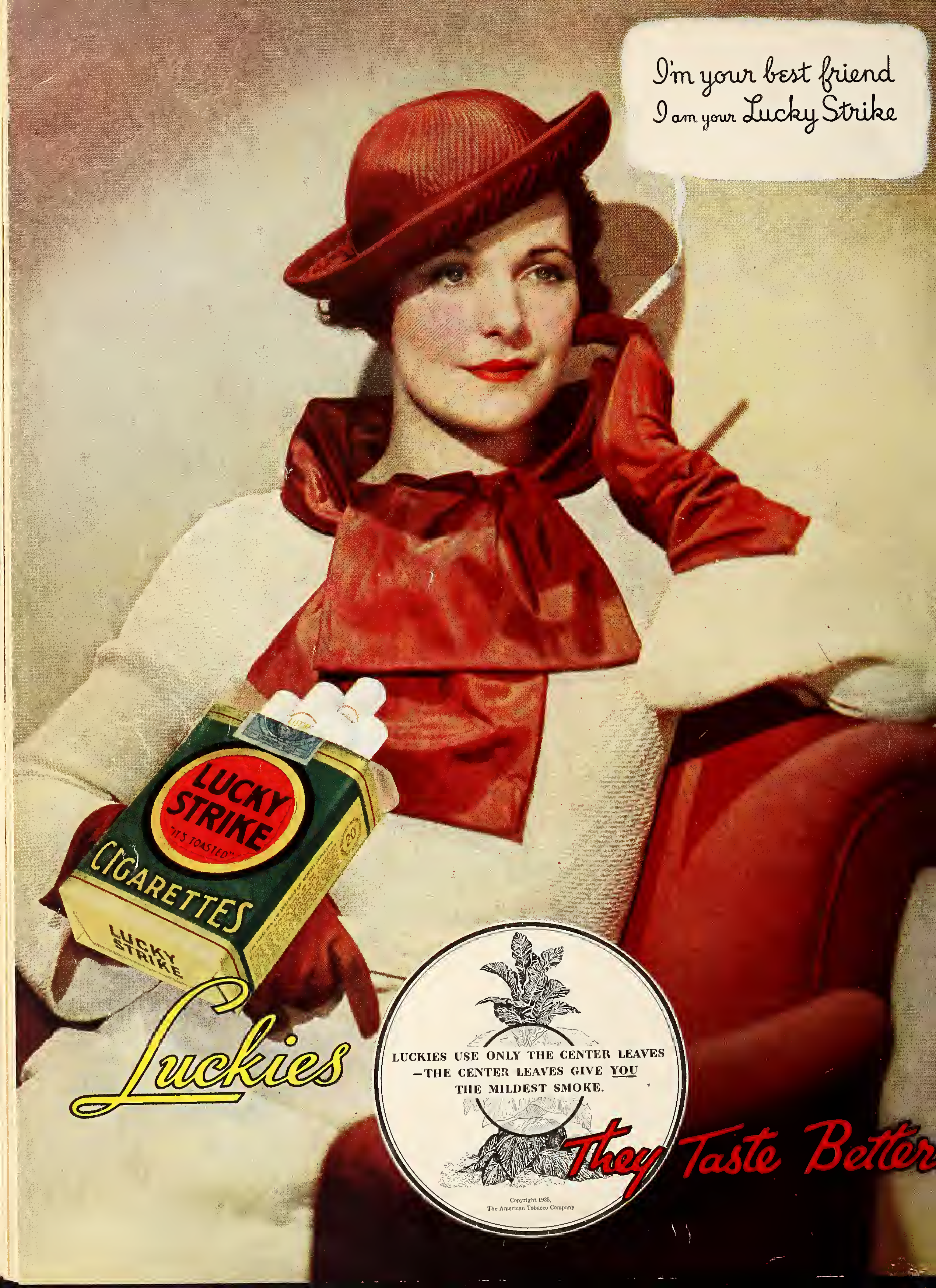


No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort . . . and the low price.

Women who require extra protection find Super Kotex ideal. It costs no more than Regular. For emergency, Kotex is in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

**WONDERSOFT KOTEX**

Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery . . . QUEST, *for Personal Daintiness.*
Available wherever Kotex is sold. Sponsored by the makers of Kotex


I'm your best friend
I am your Lucky Strike
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20
Luckies
They Taste Better

LUCKIES USE ONLY THE CENTER LEAVES —THE CENTER LEAVES GIVE YOU THE MILDEST SMOKE.

Copyright 1935,
The American Tobacco Company

# MOVIE CLASSIC

NRA CODE

JULY

10 CENTS

JUN 14 1935 PERIODICAL DIVISION

SCREEN
FASHIONS
BEAUTY
CHARM

ALICE FAYE
Photographed
in
Natural Colors

LORETTA YOUNG'S ROMANTIC SECRETS

WHAT DANCING CAN DO FOR YOU *by* FRED ASTAIRE

WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
DOUBLE DISTILLED PEPPERMINT
DOUBLE DISTILLED PEPPERMINT
FIVE STICKS
WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
MADE IN U.S.A.

The handiest daily Beauty Exercise is **DOUBLE MINT** gum. Enjoy it whenever and wherever you want to. The result is immediate—more life and loveliness to your eyes and lips.

P-801

**"BARBAROUS!"** *Says* **GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BEAUTY EDITOR**

**"INTELLIGENT!"** *Says* **YOUR OWN DENTIST**

**IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"**

"IT'S worse than a blunder, it's a social crime," exclaimed the Director of the new Good Housekeeping Beauty Clinic. "That girl," she went on, "is headed for social suicide."

But dentists looked at it differently.

"An excellent picture," was their general comment. "It's a graphic illustration of a point we dentists are always seeking to drive home. If all of us gave our teeth and gums more exercise on coarse, raw foods, many of our dental ills would disappear."

Time and again dental science has crusaded against our modern menus. Coarse foods are banned from our tables for the soft and savory dishes that rob our gums of work and health. Gums grow lazy...sensitive...tender! It's no wonder that "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

**DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"!**

For unheeded, neglected—"pink tooth brush" may mean serious trouble—even gingivitis, pyorrhea or Vincent's disease.

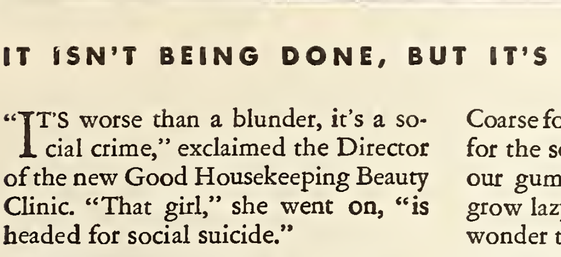
Follow your dentist's advice. Brush your teeth regularly with Ipana Tooth Paste. Then, each time, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. For Ipana and massage help restore your gums to healthy firmness. Do this regularly and the chances are you'll never be bothered with "pink tooth brush."

**WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?**

Use the coupon below, if you like. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy a full-size tube of Ipana and get a full month of scientific dental care and a quick start toward firmer gums and brighter teeth.

• • •

**IPANA**
**TOOTH PASTE**



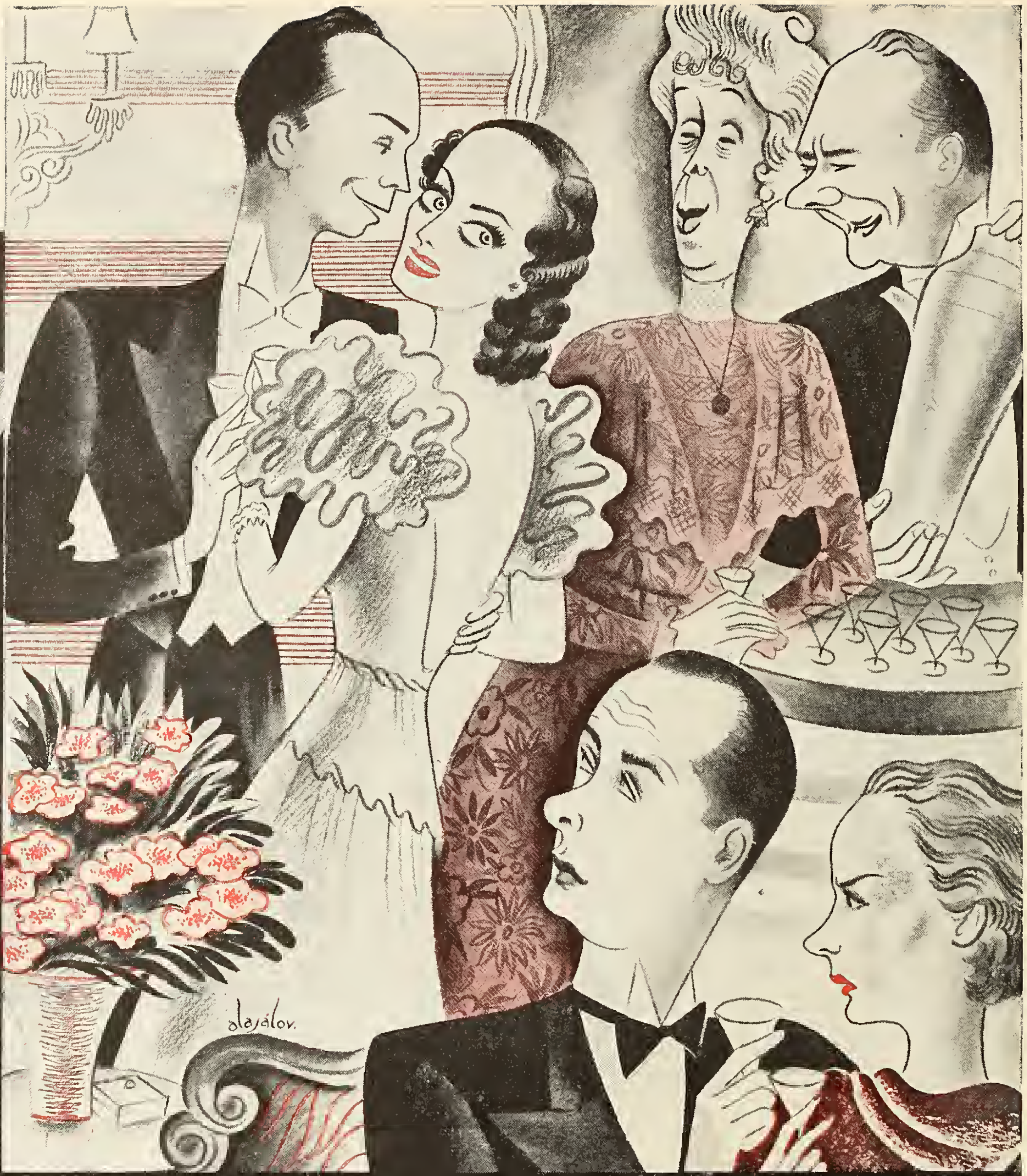
**IPANA and Massage mean Sparkling Teeth and Healthy Gums**

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. M-75
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
NRA CODE
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name_______________

Street_______________

City_______________ State_______



"Turn about is fair play" is what Joan Crawford means to convey to Robert Montgomery whose solemn pledge of "No More Ladies" proves to be worth about as much as a politician's promise . . . Bob seems to get the idea . . . The air is packed with dynamite, but Grandma Edna May Oliver, now on her fourth Double Martini, is serenely undisturbed by the whole business . . .

*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents the season's gayest romance adapted from New York's laughing stage hit!*

**JOAN CRAWFORD · ROBERT MONTGOMERY**

**NO MORE LADIES**

*with*

**CHARLIE RUGGLES · FRANCHOT TONE · EDNA MAY OLIVER**

Directed by Edward H. Griffith

JUN -6 1935

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Western Editor

JULY, 1935

VOL. 8 No. 5

# MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK

Garbo revives the mode of 1870 in *Anna Karenina*. Will the fashion world follow her dramatic lead?

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH OF ALICE FAYE BY EDWIN BOWER HESSER

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

# Four Faces East

ALL four of the faces in the photograph above may be unfamiliar to you now. But they won't be strangers to you long.

The man in the chair at the left is Charles MacArthur—playwright, scenarist, producer and husband of Helen Hayes of the stage and screen. He used to live in Hollywood.

The man standing is Ben Hecht—novelist, playwright, scenarist and producer-partner of MacArthur, with whom he wrote such hits as *The Front Page* and *20th Century*. He also used to live in Hollywood.

The woman is Julie Haydon, actress, late of Hollywood, where, because of a superficial resemblance to Ann Harding, she was hailed as her potential successor, but given few opportunities to show what she could do in her own right.

The man sitting on the table is Noel Coward, English playwright (he wrote *Cavalcade, Private Lives, Design for Living, Bitter Sweet*), composer and actor. He has turned down innumerable offers to go to Hollywood to work.

The four of them recently joined forces to make a picture. It turned out to be an excellent—even a remarkable—picture. Perhaps no other film of the year will have more far-reaching effects.

For if the movies *do* decide to move East, this is the picture that will help to influence that decision.

● THE name of the film is *The Scoundrel.* It stars Noel Coward in his movie début and will, so say the critics, make him a screen sensation. It features Julie Haydon in a rôle bigger than all of her previous rôles together—one that really reveals her emotional depth. It is the product of the joint Hecht-MacArthur typewriter.

It was made in the East, in a studio within the limits of Greater New York. And—this is the important point—it was made for approximately $168,000 . . . a half or even a third of the budget of the average Hollywood picture.

If it turns out to be just as popular as the usual Hollywood picture, think of the proportionate profit! The movie-makers are thinking about it—very seriously.

● THE movies have talked of moving East before . . . and they haven't moved. But this time they may mean it.

A good friend of mine is aide-de-camp to a certain producer. And I happen to know that this chap has been to certain states, looking for studio sites. I know of a writer, under long-term contract to a major studio, who recently bought a home in a certain Eastern state.

I know of stars, who have been planning Hollywood homes for years, and now are holding all plans in abeyance, anticipating an Eastern movement. Besides the producers who have openly advocated a move East, there have been other producers who have privately told intimates that within a year the great trek will start.

The transportation cost would run into millions of dollars. But the savings that would be made, once the transfer was completed, would counterbalance that expense in a surprisingly short period of time.

And last, but not least, there is the Hecht-MacArthur-Coward-Haydon picture to prove that good pictures *can* be made in the East—on small budgets.

● IF and when the movies do move, the name of Hollywood won't be left behind. It's too valuable a synonym for fine films to be forfeited now!

James E. Reid

# "Quit picking on us and jump on the men"

**Three ladies, hopping mad,
take us to task
for sparing careless men**

*Advertising Dept.,* *July 6, 1934*
*Lambert Pharmacal Co.,*
*St. Louis, Mo.*

*Gentlemen:*

*Your ad, which I am enclosing, certainly burns me up!*

*Will you kindly explain just why, although there are mostly boys in the picture, the moral is for girls? Do you think girls have a monopoly on halitosis? Let me assure you that they certainly have not. Just ask a few girls of your acquaintance, and find out. Learn how many girls dread to see certain chaps come over to ask them to dance, because it is such an ordeal to face the boy's breath. Believe me, there are plenty of ruined romances due to halitosis on the part of the man.*

*Now let me see you direct an occasional ad against the men—but I just bet you won't!*

*Very sincerely yours,*
*Miss F. E. Y.*
*Staten Island, N. Y.*

---

*Lambert Pharmacal Co.,* *October 20, 1934*
*St. Louis, Mo.*

*Gentlemen:*

*I am writing to tell you that your last ad, taking women to task for having halitosis (bad breath) has annoyed me and several of my women friends. My work happens to bring me in contact with the public and I know from experience that for every woman who has bad breath there are at least nine men. If you wish to do a real service to everybody, direct a few of your ads to men. They're the real offenders.*

*Mrs. A. F. P.*
*Chicago, Ill.*

---

*Advertising Manager,* *Jan. 11, 1935*
*Lambert Pharmacal Co.,*
*St. Louis, Mo.*

*Dear Sir:*

*You'd think from reading your ads that nobody but women had halitosis, and that men went around smelling as sweet as May blossoms.*

*If you knew what you were talking about you'd know that most men have got halitosis about half of the time. But they're too self-satisfied, vain, stupid, and conceited to do anything about it. They think that just because they're men they can get away with anything and we women have to stand around and pretend we like it.*

*I don't know what value you place on your women customers but you're going to lose a lot of them if you don't give the men their just deserts in one ad at least.*

*Mrs. M. F. S.*
*Tuckahoe, N. Y.*

---

## Men are the worst

MEN ARE INDEED the worst offenders in spite of the fact that we have directed at least 2 million dollars worth of advertising to them on the subject of halitosis. It is true, however, that most of our advertisements are directed to women. We feel that women are the biggest factors in influencing men.

We are glad to print the above letters. Perhaps men will read them and resolve to go forth, fastidiously speaking, and sin no more!

Halitosis (bad breath) is unforgivable in either social or business life—unforgivable because inexcusable. It can be so quickly and pleasantly corrected by the use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant. Listerine halts fermentation, a major cause of mouth odors; then gets rid of the odors themselves. Use it morning and night and between times before social and business engagements. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

# Listerine takes your breath away

READ **FREE** OFFER BELOW

Now
AN IMPROVED
MASCARA

*New Emollient Winx Widely Welcomed. Gives Your Eyes Alluring Beauty*

MY final achievement in cake mascara, my *new* emollient Winx is a nationwide sensation. It brings women everywhere the finest lash beautifier my experience can produce—one with a new, soothing effect that solves old-time problems.

It has three virtues, this new emollient Winx, which I can prove:

(1) It has a greater spreading capacity, overcoming the artificial look of an ordinary mascara.

(2) Its soothing, emollient oils keep lashes soft and silky with no danger of brittleness.

(3) It cannot smart or sting or cause discomfort. It is tear-proof, smudge-proof, absolutely harmless.

I'm so confident that I've won leadership in eye make-up that I can afford this offer—your money back, without question, if you don't agree that I can beautify your eyes.

Give your lashes a long, silky effect with my Winx Cake Mascara. Shape your brows with a Winx pencil. Shadow your lids with Winx Eye Shadow. The result will delight you, giving your face new charm.

Buy any or all of my Winx eye beautifiers. Make a trial. If you are not pleased, *for any reason,* return the box to me and I'll refund your full price, no questions asked.

Louise Ross

Mail coupon for my free book—"Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

WINX
DARKENS
LASHES
PERFECTLY

FREE

Mail to LOUISE ROSS,
243 W. 17th St., New York City M.P.-7-35
Name ..........
Street ..........
City .......... State ..........
If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

# They're the Topics . . .

New notes on personalities who are always good news!

## *Three to Thank for Color*

NOW that everybody is talking about *Becky Sharp* and natural-color films and their possibilities, it can hardly be amiss to point out the great part that women have played in bringing full color to the screen.

The first and most obvious fact is that it took a colorful woman star, with courage, to face the huge color camera in its first feature-length test. Namely, Miriam Hopkins. But she might never have been able to do her pioneering if it had not been for two other women—behind the scenes.

One is Natalie Kalmus, wife of Herbert Kalmus, the inventor of Technicolor. At his side through all his experiments, through all his discouragements, she never let him relax his interest or his determination, never let him abandon his dreams. If his inventive ingenuity has conquered the million problems that faced him, give a thought to the one person whose belief in him was constant, unfailing.

The other woman-behind-the-scenes is Caroline B. Wharton, scenario reader of Pioneer Pictures. Mrs. Wharton, wife of a prominent New York lawyer, conceived the idea of doing a Mexican picture in the newly perfected Technicolor. *La Cucuracha* was the result. This short film, which she wrote and produced, became one of the outstanding successes of 1934 and won the Academy award. Seeing the unlimited possibilities of the new color process, she kept analyzing stories for their suitability as all-color productions. And it was largely at her urging that Pioneer Pictures lived up to its name and brought forth *Becky Sharp.*

## *Program Notes*

BUDDY ROGERS, once "the darling of the debs," has passed his latest movie test and is set for another try at pictures . . . Anne Shirley received a new contract and a new automobile as presents from RKO on her birthday . . . Shirley Temple's name has been included in a new encyclopedia . . . Marlene Dietrich's response to Hollywood's welcome when she returned from her lengthy Manhattan holiday was that the film industry was spotless, compared with Broadway . . .

George Brent has organized the California Escadrille to enlist the interest of air-minded cadets . . . The former Mrs. Brent, Ruth Chatterton, who is scheduled to do a picture for Columbia, has gone to Spain first to see a few bull fights. She is a good friend of the Ernest Hemingways, who live there . . . Charles Laughton is scheduled for the title rôle of *Cyrano de Bergerac*—not to mention the title rôle of *I, Claudius* . . . *The Green Pastures,* the blackface Biblical fantasy, has finally been sold to the movies—at a rumored price of $200,000 . . .

*Wide World*

**You've heard of Colleen Moore's $450,000 Dollhouse? These are just a few of the luxurious furnishings of the miniature palace, which she is now exhibiting—to raise millions for crippled children**

Leslie Howard, still playing on the New York stage in *The Petrified Forest,* received so many requests for interviews from schools and colleges that his press agent thought of the brilliant idea of inviting all the requestors to the theatre at once and made it a group affair—with the interviewers, in the orchestra, raising their hands to be allowed to ask questions.

## *Garbo Does the Mazurka*

THE last picture in which a character played by Greta Garbo was supposed to dance was *Mata Hari.* You remember the exotic Oriental dance near the beginning of that film. It was performed by a "double"—a young dancer relatively unknown at that time, who called herself June Knight. But in *Anna Karenina,* her new picture, Garbo will do her own dancing. Positively. The dance will be the mazurka, popular in the 1870's. And through the steps with her will go Fredric March, Reginald Owen and Phoebe Foster, not to mention an army of "extras." They all have been taking lessons.

## *The Dancers' Day IS Here!*

FRED ASTAIRE started something when he made dancing one of the screen arts. Grinning Bill Robinson, the coal-black clog dancer, looks like a permanent [*Continued on page* 10]

with a song in her heart

she brings you a Melodramatic Musical Romance!

Glorious

Grace Moore

in her new picture

**LOVE ME FOREVER**

Dream . . . live . . . love . . . in the spell of her magic voice . . . as divine Grace Moore forsakes "One Night of Love" for her newest and greatest entertainment!

LEO CARRILLO • ROBERT ALLEN

Screen play by Jo Swerling and Sidney Buchman

Directed by Victor Schertzinger

A Columbia Picture

BRIGHT
EYE-DEAS
by Jane Heath

EYE THE SUN!

LUCKY the girl who can eye the sun—unafraid . . . of his frank remarks about her beauty! But it isn't so difficult. Apply make-up discreetly. (You know how outspoken friend Sol can be about too much powder, rouge, lipstick!) Then curl your eyelashes with KURLASH. Without heat, cosmetics, or practice, this marvelous little implement gives you a natural beauty point that is *more* flattering in strong sunlight. Your lashes will look longer, darker—sun-silhouetted in lovely shadows. KURLASH $1—and you're a sun-proof beauty right away!

Water Witchery

And let me tell you that even in the full glare of beach or tennis court, a wee bit of colorful eye shadow, SHADETTE, will be almost invisible but most flattering! While LASHTINT, the perfumed liquid mascara, will darken your lashes in an amazingly natural way. Water-proof—so you can wear them swimming! Each only $1!

Sun Shine

Another clever trick! Rub a little KURLENE into your lashes before you face the sun. It will set silken rainbows dancing in them . . . while just a film of it over your upper lids will give you a lovely "dewy" look and guard against sun-wrinkles and dryness. Awfully good for lashes! $1 in nearby stores!

Kurlash

*Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department F-7. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, Toronto 3.*

# They're the Topics . . .

[*Continued from page 8*]

Hollywood fixture after *The Little Colonel* and *Hooray for Love*. Eleanor Powell, who literally danced away with top honors in *George White's Scandals of 1935,* is being promoted as "the female Fred Astaire" in *Broadway Melody of 1935*. And Clifton Webb, who was practically Astaire's only rival on Broadway, is invading Hollywood to dance in the new Joan Crawford picture. This latter association is amusing, for the reason that in the devastating Broadway revue, *As Thousands Cheer*, Webb impersonated Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a skit in which Marilyn Miller mimicked Joan Crawford.

### *They Mean Business Now*

REMEMBER when you used to think movie folk were glamorous, but a little impractical? Now, they are even going practical in their hobbies! Charles Farrell and Ralph Bellamy, always interested in sports, have organized a tennis club, with courts and instruction for rent. Ken Maynard runs a "Little Mexico" shop. Reginald Denny is manufacturing toy airplanes. Pretty Patricia O'Brien, wife of Pat, became interested in fabrics by learning how to weave cloth as a hobby, and now has opened a dress shop. Thelma Todd has turned "mine hostess" in her spare time at a neat little restaurant of her own.

### *Irene in Person*

IRENE DUNNE is the one and only star we have ever seen play hostess at a party given by a film company in her honor. Without any self-consciousness, without waiting in boredom for some publicity man to introduce her, she went from group to group, talking animatedly with each one. (Her animation is a surprise after seeing her quiet dignity on the screen.)

In her pause at our group, she came out with a confession. She had gone zoo-conscious on this visit to New York. Staying at a hotel near the Central Park Zoo, she found herself impelled there every morning and really felt as if she could talk about anything from a camel to a hippo.

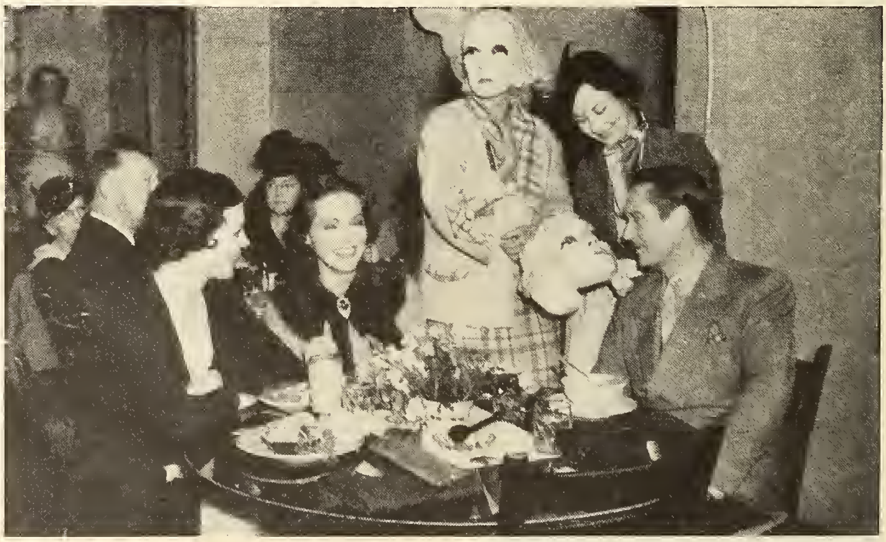
Someone asked her if she was going to have a zoo at her new house in California. She replied that she didn't know if she would even have a house . . . if the movies decided to move East. The next suggestion, of course, was a house on wheels.

### *Another Moore Coming Up*

A POSSIBILITY whom the movies aren't likely to overlook long is Mary Moore, at 21 the youngest prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera. American-born, trained entirely in America, she made her début in March to storms of applause—culminating an ambition she acquired as a child of eight when she was taken backstage at the Metropolitan. Slender, pretty, vivacious, she looks like a candidate for operatic stardom in the movies.

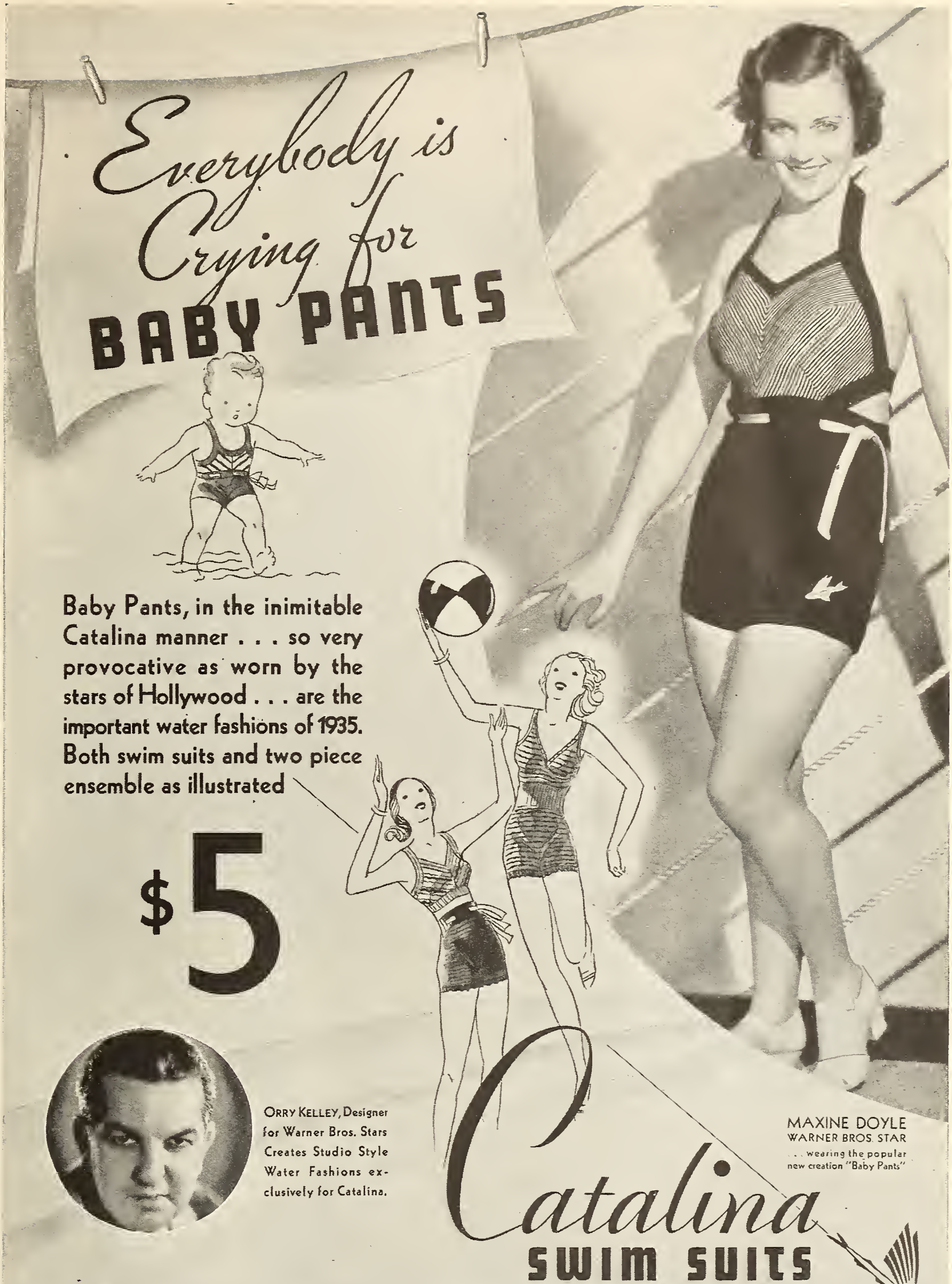
### *Peace Promoter*

BECAUSE of the war clouds in Europe, there has been a widespread demand, all over the world, for the reissue of *The House of Rothschild*—the picture that was unaccountably forgotten when the Academy award for the "best" of 1934 was made. . . . .



*Wide World*

**What! Is Garbo appearing in public again? And has Jean Harlow lost her figure? Say not so! The Countess of Warwick, Adrienne Ames and Edmund Lowe, lunching at the Hollywood League, are just getting a glimpse of the newest amusing Hollywood achievement—rubber masks of stars**


Everybody is Crying for
BABY PANTS
Catalina
SWIM SUITS
LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH

Baby Pants, in the inimitable Catalina manner . . . so very provocative as worn by the stars of Hollywood . . . are the important water fashions of 1935. Both swim suits and two piece ensemble as illustrated

$5

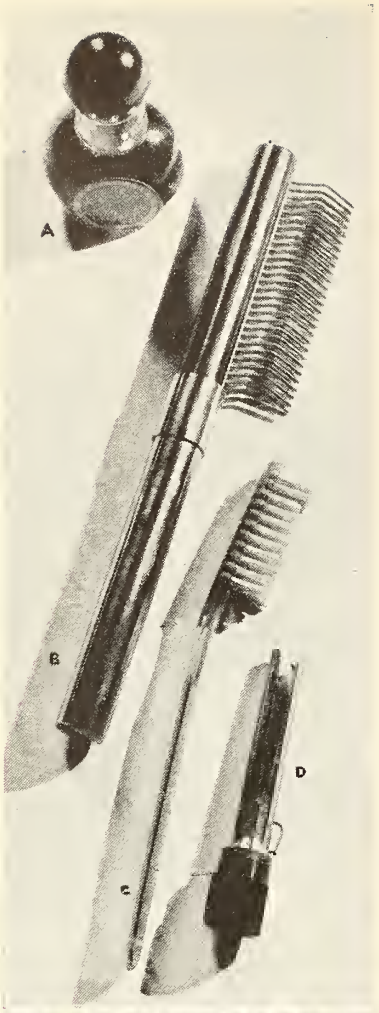
ORRY KELLEY, Designer for Warner Bros. Stars Creates Studio Style Water Fashions exclusively for Catalina.

MAXINE DOYLE
WARNER BROS. STAR
. . . wearing the popular new creation "Baby Pants"

443 South San Pedro Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

325 S. Market Street, Chicago, Illinois

# New Shopping Finds!



Betty Grable shows you how

**MOVIE CLASSIC'S Shopping Scouts have been keeping their eyes open again this month . . . looking for new gadgets, clever novelties, useful conveniences to make life more zestful. They tell you about a score of them. More next month!**

****What excuse has a girl these days for not being delicately lovely—with the greatest beauty aids in the history of womankind spread before her? One we couldn't miss this month (all the stores seem to be sponsoring it, what with summer and perspiration in the offing) is Nonspi in a convenient new bottle. There isn't a chance of wasting any of this excellent deodorant. The new bottle has a sprinkler top, and you just rotate it over the underarm area, distributing evenly—with no danger of spilling. It sells for $1. (Illustration A.)

****Did you ever see an electric comb working? Well, we have. And it looks like something that should do wonders with tired summer hair. The name is Evans Electric Comb . . . and you don't have to plug it in the wall to reap its benefits. In its round handle there is a tiny long-lasting battery, which supplies the gentle current of electricity that flows through the curved teeth and stimulates the hair roots to renewed activity, bringing new sheen and life. We're carrying our E. E. C. along on our vacation to take the curse out of getting our hair wet while swimming. Its price is $3.25. (Illustration B.)

****Some like to browse in book stores —and so do we. But browsing in the corner drugstore is another of our hobbies. That's where we lighted on a new toothbrush—by Pro-phy-lac-tic—the bristles of which are *sealed* in. The ends of the bristles have been ground smooth so that the round ball ends can be used to massage the tenderest of gums without piercing or scratching them; and there is a tufted tip that is especially effective in getting behind those pesky rear molars. It's a way to brighten your smile for 50c. (Illustration C.)

****And at last we have lighted on just the thing for in-between-hairdressing visits. It's a clever little gadget called Lechler's Ringlet Quick . . . and a neat remedy for ringlets that insist on dropping down on the neckline. You dampen the hair, hold the knob of the curler, release a spring, and slip in the hair to be curled. Wind tightly, slip a bobby pin into the ringlet, and draw out the curler. There you are . . . as many curls as you want on just one curler . . . and for only 50c. (Illustration D.)

****Practically everybody must be hostess-tray-conscious by now . . . but have you seen the newest Toastmaster idea? It's as attractive as Betty Grable, movie starlet, who posed with one for us. A Breakfast Tray with Toastmaster in the starring spot, ready to pop up piping hot toast, browned to perfection, and flanked with compartments for everything to tempt your breakfast appetite . . . whether you are a convalescent or the healthiest person this side of Hollywood. The price is $15.

****Who would expect to find shopping tips in a restaurant? Well, it only proves that it pays to be on speaking terms with a waiter. We commented on a tasty lunch, and one told us a secret. The name is Mapleine, and it is liquid magic. A few drops on tempting "main dishes"—such as roasts and potatoes—make them more flavorful; and a few more drops can add enticement to cakes, ice creams, all desserts. The cost is about 30c a bottle.

****And something the Kitchen Klinics are pointing out these days is the new Health Vegetable Cooker . . . which steams the carrots and peas, the corn and the potatoes, without boiling away a bit of their goodness or wasting a single vitamin. Made of pure aluminum, it has three compartments for cooking three different varieties of vegetables at one time without the flavors mixing. From $1.95 up.

****In our favorite beauty shop we found something brand-new and grand-new . . . an emollient mascara that gives new glamor to the eyelashes. The name is Winx, and it contains soothing oils to keep the lashes naturally soft and silky with no danger of brittleness, and cannot smart or sting. It is tear-proof, smudge-proof, and a bargain at 50c.

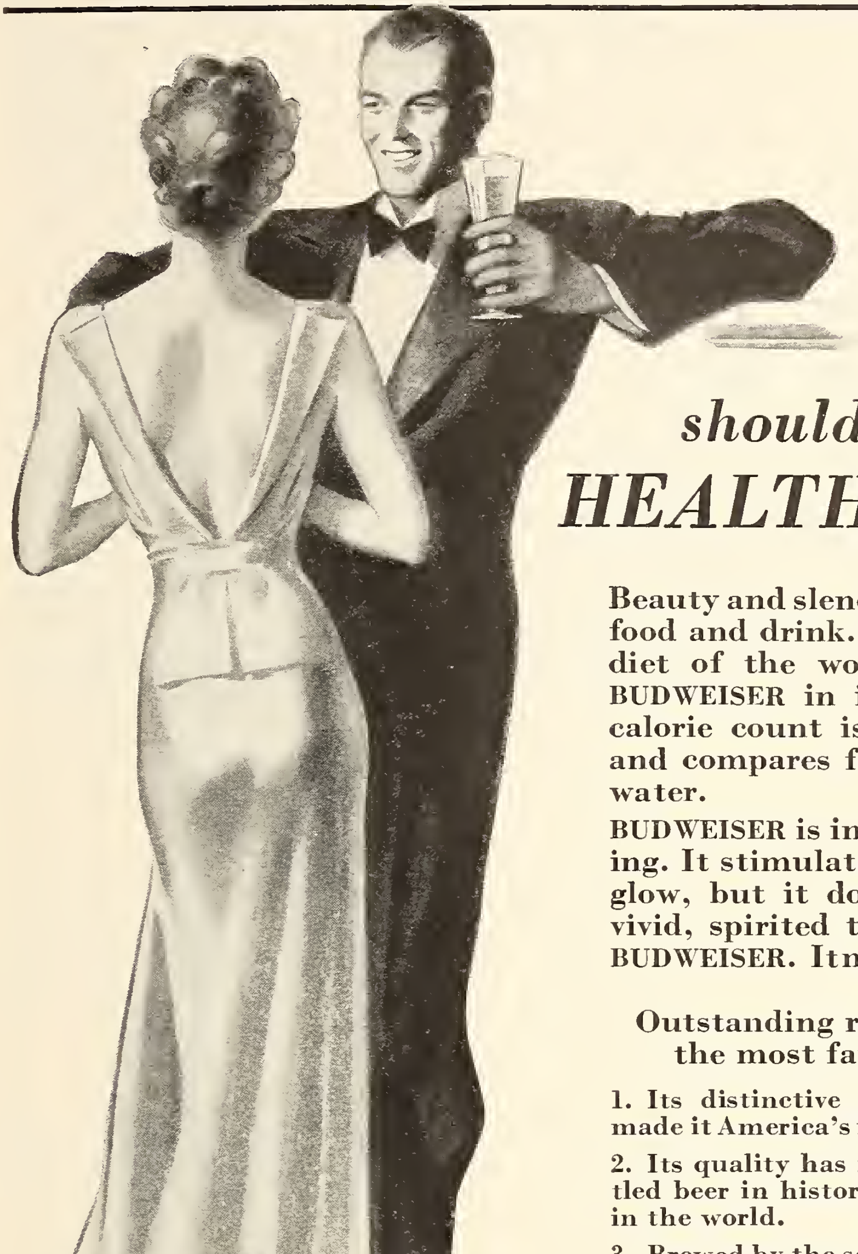
****There was a fashion show in New York not long ago of Le Gant Foundations (which can also be pronounced L-E Gant Foundations), with Mrs. Alice Dowd, fashion expert of Warner Brothers, explaining the features of each. They are made of satin Lastex, with all-in-ones ranging from $7.50 to $18.50 and step-ins ranging from $5 to $15.

****The annual war on moths is upon us again, and, next to a cedar chest, testing laboratories haven't found a better home storage place than an "Odora" chest. There is everything from a blanket chest (about 50c) to a young closet with a wooden door for around $2.75. A big feature of the "Odora" chests is a full-length cedar-odor retainer.

****Have you seen the new washable tablecloths that have all the appearance of fine linens? They are called Lintex, and a special process is used to make them waterproof. The size is 54x54 . . . the price, $1.75. Imagine no more ironing of huge dining cloths, and not being cross when your honor guest spills the gravy!

****The slickest lawn tool that we have come across in ages is that new rake of ours. It's called a Dandelion Rake, is made by Union, and is curved so that it lops off dandelions, crab grass and other home-owners' headaches without doing damage to near-by spears of grass worth saving. And it cost us only 95c.

## WHY AMERICA PREFERS BUDWEISER...



# Slender women

## *should value it for HEALTH and BEAUTY*

Beauty and slenderness owe much to proper food and drink. BUDWEISER belongs in the diet of the woman who chooses wisely. BUDWEISER in itself is not fattening. Its calorie count is lower than that of milk and compares favorably with that of soda water.

BUDWEISER is invigorating and strengthening. It stimulates with a pleasant, friendly glow, but it does not dissipate. It has a vivid, spirited taste that is found only in BUDWEISER. It makes good food taste better.

### Outstanding reasons why BUDWEISER is the most famous beer in the world

1. Its distinctive taste and delightful tang have made it America's first choice for three generations.
2. Its quality has made it the biggest-selling bottled beer in history and built the largest brewery in the world.
3. Brewed by the same formula since 1876—always uniform—everywhere.
4. Not artificially carbonated—BUDWEISER is *twice* fermented for *natural* carbonation and sparkle.
5. Brewed from the cream of the barley crop and the choicest selection of domestic and imported Bohemian hops.
6. One brewery that makes its own Malt—Anheuser-Busch never buys it from outside sources.
7. Pioneers in pasteurization of bottled beer—every bottle sterilized.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS

Order BUDWEISER by the case for your home.

# Budweiser

**KING OF BOTTLED BEER**

© 1935, ANHEUSER-BUSCH

**Everyone looks at your *Eyes* first**

*Make them attractive with Maybelline*

**EYE BEAUTY AIDS**

Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau
Maybelline
*The Approved Mascara*

BLACK, BROWN AND BLUE

● You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive, and it is so easy to make them so *instantly* with the harmless, pure Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

First a light touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids to intensify the color and sparkle of your eyes, then form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to your lashes to make them appear long, dark, and luxuriant, and presto—your eyes are beautiful and most alluring!

Maybelline
EYEBROW PENCIL

BLACK AND BROWN

Maybelline
EYE SHADOW

BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN

Care for your lashes by keeping them soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream—to be applied nightly before retiring, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

Maybelline

COLORLESS

Maybelline
EYEBROW BRUSH

BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

# HOLLYWOOD'S Heart Problems —*and Yours*

### If you found heartache in love, what would you do? Virginia Bruce solved that problem in the only sure way

By MARGARET DIXE

*For every emotional problem that Hollywood dramatizes on the screen, there is a counterpart in Hollywood life. For every emotional problem in your own life, there is a counterpart in Hollywood. And* Movie Classic *—again starting something new, something worth starting—intends to tell you about some of them.*

*Margaret Dixe is the nom de plume of a woman well-known in Hollywood —a woman whose sympathetic understanding has made her the confidante of stars. She does not intend to violate any of those confidences now. But she does want to tell you of emotional problems that the famous have faced . . . and their solutions may be your solutions.*

*What question would you, personally, like one of her articles to answer? She invites you to write to her—to tell her.—Editor.*

THERE is one heartache that, to me, goes deeper than all the rest. I mean the tragedy of the woman who has parted from the man she loves—and finds herself still loving him.

So many of them have come to me about it. Desperate women, on the verge of ruining their lives. Usually, they do one of two things: they allow themselves to go to pieces completely; or they "try to forget" in an orgy of living. Neither way helps, of course, —but they find that out only later.

No, there is only one real solution. And here in Hollywood it has been worked out by a blonde, slim girl with startling courage. Virginia Bruce . . .

You see, I happen to have known her since the days when she was just Virginia Briggs—a sweet, shy girl from an everyday American family. Then the meteor that is John Gilbert blazed by. They fell in love. She became the fourth wife of the man known as the most impetuous lover on the screen.

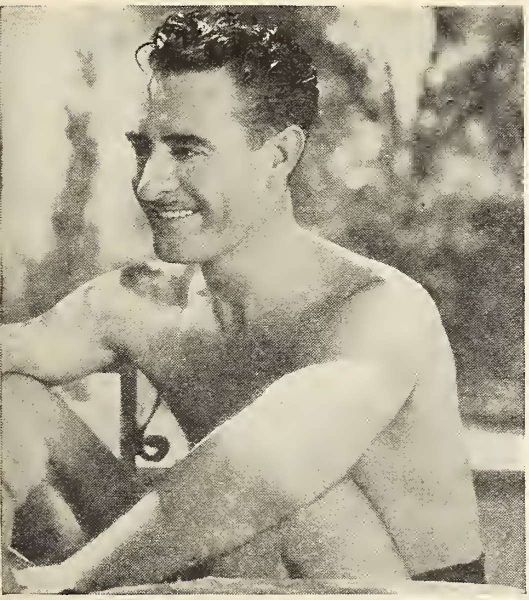
If John Gilbert had been a bank clerk or a struggling lawyer . . . things might have been different. If she could have kept house and cooked his meals and otherwise have led the simple, uncomplicated life of a housewife whose management would help to buoy up his confidence in the future . . . things might have been different. But John Gilbert had already won great fame and great wealth. And the wife of a millionaire has no means of expressing her love in small sacrifices and labor.

● YOU and I may dream of the glitter and glory of Hollywood, but Virginia would have traded it in an instant for the security of her love.

**Virginia Bruce was Mrs. John Gilbert when about my marriage? You can't be sorry**

"I promised myself that I would never let anything hurt me deeply again," says Virginia Bruce. "And I haven't. You can train yourself that way, you know—just as you can get in the habit of taking every little trifle to heart"

Picture yourself in her place—trying to bring happiness to a man who was at tag ends with the world. Gilbert, the most sensational star of silent films, had tasted a very bitter sort of defeat when talkies arrived—and nothing is so hard on a wife as a man deprived of the work he loves. It makes him surly, his temper at the hair-trigger point. *But faith and devotion—and love—can work miracles.* Even now, John will tell you that it was Virginia who brought him through the worst years of his life.



this photo was taken. Today she says, "Sorry about the most wonderful thing in your life!"

And with what wisdom! Instead of letting him bury his hurt so that it would fester and rankle deep within him, she led him to discuss it. Night after night they went over scenes together, talked about every phase of studio life. These confidences between husband and wife clear the atmosphere like nothing else on earth. When John finally did return to the screen for *Queen Christina,* there was little sign of that hurt left . . .

And then another problem confronted Virginia. You know that odd little pang in your heart when an old sweetheart of your husband's puts in an appearance? You wonder what he's thinking, what you had better do . . . Imagine having that sweetheart the beautiful, glamorous Garbo—even if it was only make-believe and only on the set. *But*—Virginia forgot to be jealous. I don't believe it ever so much as occurred to her! If other wives could only forget too! . . . For there is no other way on earth that you can kill a husband's love so quickly as by petty, nagging jealousy.

● *THE ONLY real way to bind a man to you is by gentleness and by having the faith in him that puts him on his honor.*

To this day, Virginia remains one of [*Continued on page* 80]

**Madame X investigates:**

**the truth about laxatives —as told to Madame X, the Ex-Lax reporter**

THIS is Madame X, the inquiring reporter on assignment for Ex-Lax, the world famous chocolated laxative.

The Ex-Lax Company said to me: "Pack a bag...hop a train...go here, there and everywhere. Get the real folks of this country to tell you what THEY think about Ex-Lax. We want the plain facts. Go into any town, walk along any street, ring any doorbell. Get the story." Here are a few jottings from my notebook.

"*EFFECTIVE*"..."*I used everything but nothing relieved me until I took Ex-Lax.*" Frank H. Port, 118-48 — 154th Street, Jamaica, Long Island.

"*GENTLE*"..."*It is, therefore, very important when I take a laxative that it be one that is not harsh, yet it must be effective.*" Mrs. Anne E. Stadt, 7401 4th Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

"*EASY TO TAKE*"..."*I prefer Ex-Lax to all laxatives because it's easy to take and I like the taste.*" Pilot William Warner, Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn, New York.

"*NON-HABIT-FORMING*"..."*I don't think one should take laxatives all the time, but only when one needs it. With Ex-Lax I get the desired result and don't believe it forms a habit.*" Miss Bessie M. Bean, 5687 Hub Street, Los Angeles, California.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. Insist on the genuine, spelled E-X-L-A-X.

**When Nature forgets—remember**

**EX-LAX**

**THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE**

# *Preview Flashes* FROM

## YOU'LL HOLD YOUR SIDES AS WILL HOLDS HIS WIFE

### from crashing the stage!

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! "Doubting Thomas" is just what the family ordered. It's the laugh round-up.

You really see *two* plays for the price of one. Because all the hilarity centers about an amateur production, with Will and his son facing the same woman trouble . . . A & C . . . Art and Culture. But do you think Will lets the Bugaboo of Art bust up his happy home? Do you think he lets the Halo about Culture break his son's heart? Not if you know your Will, you don't!

● WATCH FOR THE OPENING DATE.

**"Well, Thomas, why aren't you just pelting your wife with flowers?"**

**"What! Say listen, if I didn't lose my mind watching that show, I couldn't go nutty if I tried."**

**"Goodness, what happened?"**

**"Your husband fell downstairs, dear . . . THAT'S ALL."**

**"Shall I call a doctor?"**

**"Come, come my child, be brave. THE SHOW MUST GO ON!"**

## WILL ROGERS

in

## 'Doubting Thomas'

A B. G. DeSYLVA PRODUCTION

with

**BILLIE BURKE · ALLISON SKIPWORTH**

**STERLING HOLLOWAY**

**GAIL PATRICK · FRANCES GRANT**

*Directed by David Butler*

# 2 ROARING HITS!

BY JERRY HALLIDAY

"I have a very good name with the women . . a bad name perhaps, with the fathers!"

## He rides like the wind and loves like the whirlwind!

Carramba, but this is one grandioso picture! And as for Warner Baxter . . . ah, be still, fluttering heart. What a man! What a lover! He's even more tempestuous than as "The Cisco Kid." So prepare for fireworks when Baxter, a gallant gaucho with the swiftest horse, the smoothest line, the stunningest senoritas on the pampas, meets a gay m'amselle from the Boulevards of Paree! And to add to the excitement, there's a feud, a thrilling horse race, a glamorous cabaret scene in romantic Buenos Aires.

If your blood tingles to the tinkle of guitars . . . if your heart thrills to the throbbing rhythms of the rhumba, to the passionate songs of the gauchos, to the sinuous tempo of the tango, then rush to see this picture — *and take the "love interest" with you!*

## *Warner* BAXTER · *Ketti* GALLIAN
## 'UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON'

A B. G. DeSYLVA PRODUCTION

*with* **TITO GUIZAR**

Radio's Troubadour of Love

**VELOZ** and **YOLANDA**

Internationally renowned Artists of the Dance

*Directed by James Tinling*

"Your fragrance is like a garden. Your mouth a red carnation. And your lips, oh, your lips, to kiss, to kiss again."

ACCLAIMED BY SOCIETY ON TWO CONTINENTS, VELOZ and YOLANDA bring their superb talent to the screen in a breath-taking creation, the exotic COBRA TANGO.

### HOLLYWOOD NOTES

Leave it to the fans of Hollywood to think up a new one. This time they're playing a game called the Triple "S" Test . . . studio, star, story. And here's how it works. Fans rate a picture on these three counts *before* they see it. Then they check their judgment *after* the performance. And it's simply *amazing* how high Fox Films rank!

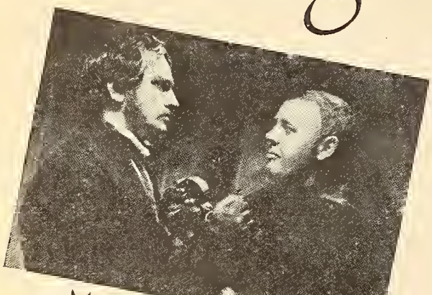
But then, that's to be expected. For Fox Studios have the ace directors, the leading writers, the biggest headline names.

So take a tip from Hollywood . . . when you look for entertainment, look for the name . . .

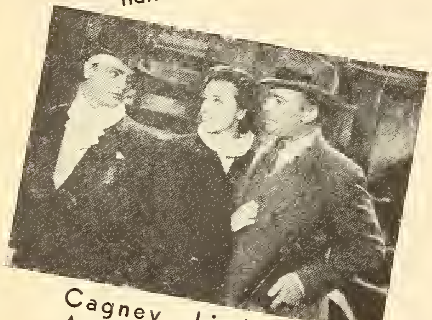
**FOX**

# Seeing Things

## MOVIE CLASSIC reviews the new pictures from a feminine viewpoint


March and Laughton in *Les Miserables*

McLaglen and Grahame in *The Informer*


Cagney, Lindsay, Armstrong in *G-Men*

Billie Burke, Will Rogers in *Doubting Thomas*

Mae West, Paul Cavanagh in *Goin' to Town*

MOVIE CLASSIC'S reviewers, for your guidance, rate the new pictures as follows:

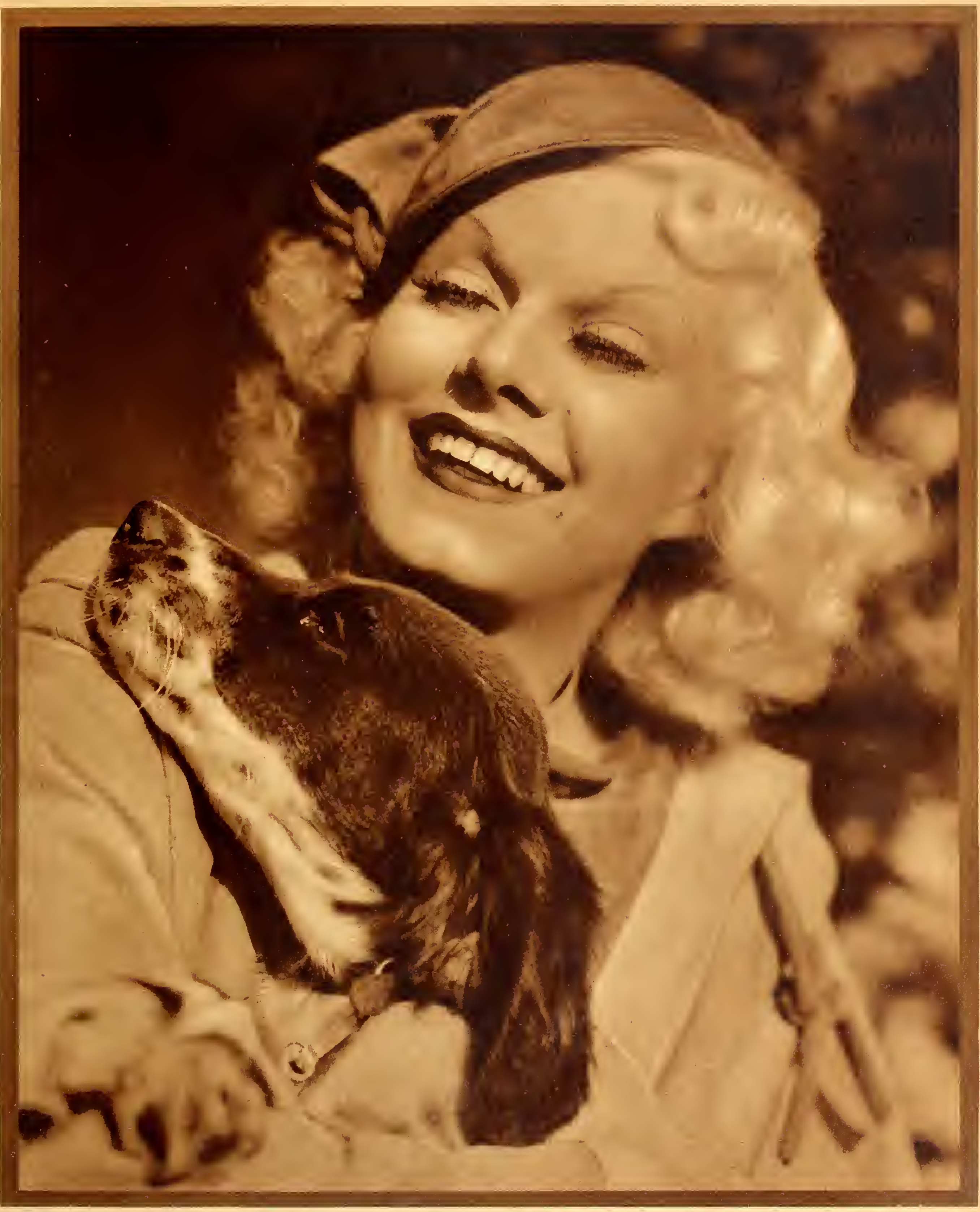
- ● ● ● ● Exceptional
- ● ● ● Excellent
- ● ● Good
- ● Skip it

● ● ● ● **Les Miserables** *(20th Century)* is more than a picture; it is an experience. It is something you will not forget, that you will not want to forget . . . For one thing, it is based on one of the greatest novels ever written (and left unread by most women, because of its length.) For another, though compressing Victor Hugo's monumental work, it is faithful to the original both in feeling and in incident. And the performances by its two male co-stars—Fredric March and Charles Laughton—are not only masterpieces of dramatic art, but subtly shaded revelations of humankind . . . In just one brief sequence does March look like his usually handsome, smooth-shaven self; throughout the rest of the picture he is many different men in one—as *Jean Valjean* of the bitter past and the fearful future. Laughton, as *Javert,* the relentless detective, is understandable even in his sinister mania, epitomizing man's inhumanity to man . . . Behind them is an inspired cast, headed by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as the humble man of God who saves the soul of a wronged and forgotten man, with John Beal, Frances Drake, Rochelle Hudson, Marilyn Knowlden and Florence Eldridge following in approximately that order.

● ● ● **The Informer** *(RKO-Radio)* will probably be considered "a man's picture" because of its accent on masculine characters and because of its tense, uncompromising realism. But why women are not considered capable of appreciating realism is a mystery to us; heaven knows they have enough practice at facing life as it is. . . . For those who *can* face it, here is a picture in the same mood as *Men without Women* and *The Lost Patrol*—a study in nobility and brutality in a man's world. The setting is revolutionary Ireland; the principal character is Victor McLaglen, who betrays a friend and tries to escape retribution; and the whole drama is underlined with suspense. . . . Opposite McLaglen, in the rôle of his fickle light-o'-love, is a newcomer named Margot Grahame whose talents should carry her far.

● ● ● ● **G-Men** *(Warners)* is another piece of virile film fiction that looks facts in the face. And there isn't a dull moment in it . . . First of a coming cycle of films about the secret agents of the Department of Justice (called G-Men), it presents James Cagney as the hero—this time on the side of the law . . . And, apart from his dynamic, infectious personality, it has the kind of story that every woman likes—the inside story. You see exactly how a man becomes a secret agent; you see why, since the Federal men went into action, no kidnaping has ever remained unsolved; you see why gangsters can't win against Uncle Sam's bright young men. And you see it against a fast-changing background that will set your pulses to racing . . . Assisting Cagney, Robert Armstrong is completely believable as his superior who likes to give him the tough breaks; Margaret Lindsay is attractive and adequate as the love interest; and Ann Dvorak, in a surprisingly minor rôle as an unwilling gang girl, stands out.

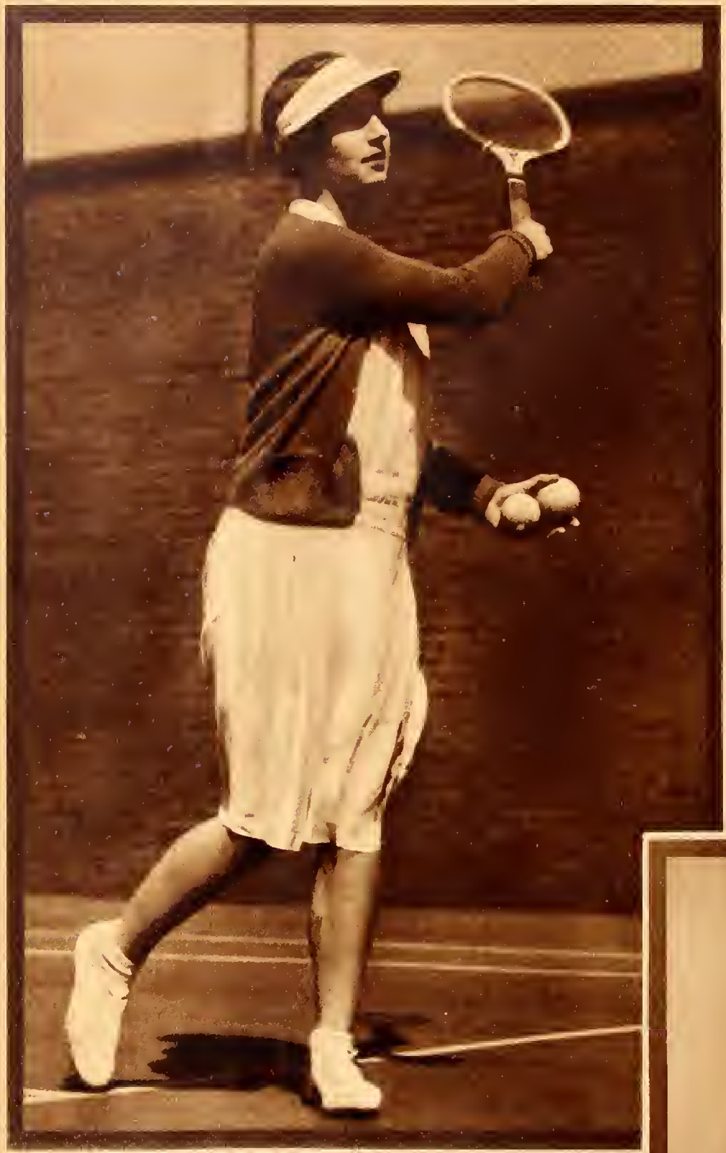
● ● ● **Doubting Thomas** *(Fox)* is something new for Will Rogers, who has proved that a man does not have to be a Great Lover to become Public Favorite No. 1. He is so human that he makes all the onlookers feel comfortable, and his humor is so natural, that it never loses its zest—even when it has a familiar ring, as it does in this picture . . . The beginning of the story runs according to formula: he is married to a woman who has ambitions that are incomprehensible to him. But once she starts getting her way, the fun takes a new [*Continued on page* 81]



## *Smart Set-ter*

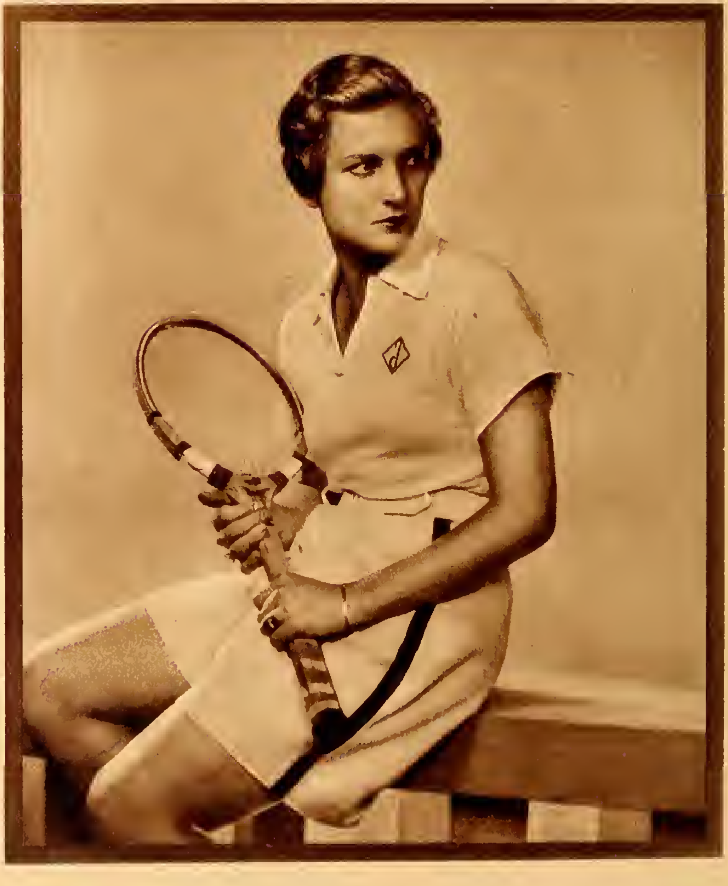
Dogs may not be able to talk, but that doesn't make "Breakaway" dumb. Not when he picks Jean Harlow as the one to help him keep his chin up. Besides being one of the smartest of the cinema smart set, she enjoys life. In "China Seas," she should be more tropical than ever—with Clark Gable and Wallace Beery as co-stars. And "Wife vs. Secretary" is also on her picture program

# THIS DRAMATIC WORLD



—*Wide World Photos*

There should be drama in the newsreels this summer. Helen Wills Moody has taken up her tennis raquet again, has donned her famous sun-visor, and is determined to settle that old, unfinished duel with the present Queen Helen. But after two years of no tennis at all (by doctors' orders), can she make the grade up Comeback Road? If the answer turns out to be "Yes," watch her receive bids to become a movie heroine!



Uneasy must lie the head that wears the tennis crown—with Helen Wills Moody determined to win it back. But Helen Jacobs, the girl who introduced shorts to the game, is equally determined to hold on to her hard-won trophy. The last time they met (in 1933), she was leading—when the other Helen was forced, by an injury, to give her the title by default. No one could wrest it from her during 1934. And this year—?

## *A Match for the Movies*

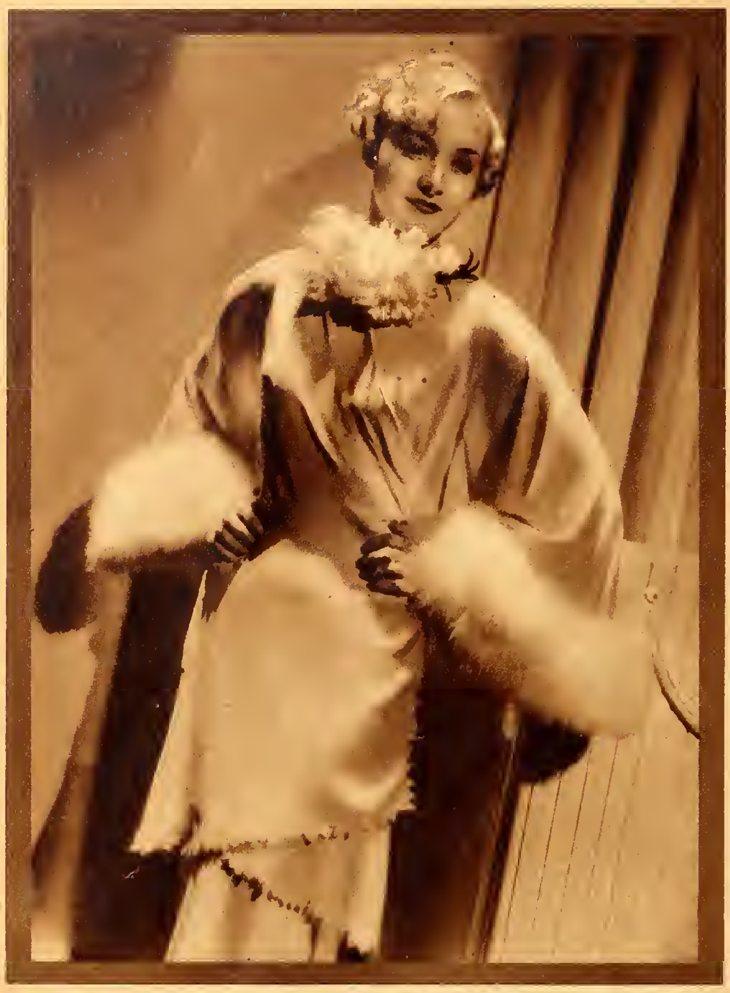
# Glorifying the Early American Girl

—*Portrait by Dyar*

Janet Gaynor, from the first, has been a symbol of romance to American moviegoers. And she has no intention of letting them down now. In fact, she is out to revive some of the romance that America lost when it grew up. The setting of her new picture, "The Farmer Takes a Wife," is the Erie Canal of the good old robust days. The farmer of the title is a talented newcomer from Broadway—Henry Fonda—who once was married to Margaret Sullavan

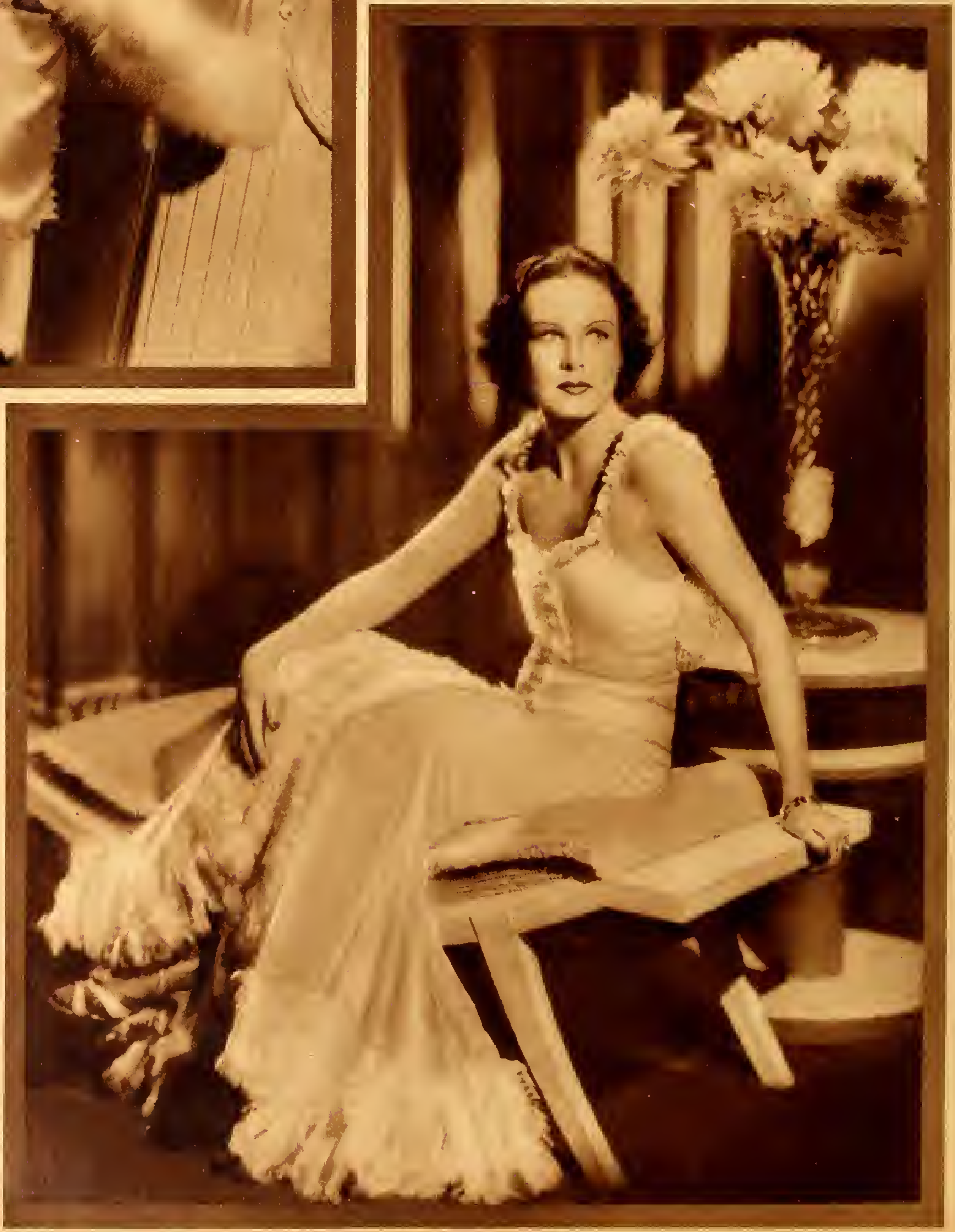
—*Portrait by McLean*

Margaret Sullavan, ardent individualist, may have the temperament of today. But she is also a new bride (Mrs. William Wyler is the name), which makes her a romanticist. And romanticists like to live in the past. At least, Margaret is enjoying life in old New Orleans as the hoop-skirted heroine of "So Red the Rose"



# Fashionland's Newest Favorites!

A model for young moderns—that is how Hollywood designers describe Marian Marsh (above). And who will dispute the description after seeing her summer evening wrap—with its floral-leaf border, white fox trimming, and organdy carnations at the throat? She is starring in "Unknown Woman"



Wendy Barrie is up near the head of the Class of 1935 in the Hollywood school of style. Certainly, no newcomer has ever been more of a designer's delight. (She will bear watching in "College Scandal"—and thereafter.) Her summer evening gown also is a style-setting newcomer—of net over taffeta, with trimming of taffeta ruffles

## First Lady of Color

Suddenly, this dramatic world is more dramatic—and Miriam Hopkins is the one who has made it so. She had the courage to be the first to face the natural-color camera, the first to try to write a brilliant new chapter into the history of the magical movies. And how can "Becky Sharp" help being a hit—when Miriam would be vivid in the title rôle, even if the camera work had been in black and white?

## Midsummer Night's Queen

In modern (very modern) dress or in the attire of a wood-nymph, Anita Louise has the makings of a queen. (A very young queen.) Max Reinhardt said so and cast her as Titania in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Now Warner Brothers nominate her for stardom — as some call movie-queendom

No star on the screen can be more gloriously exotic or more elusive than Katharine Hepburn. But even in this shimmering silver gown, she wasn't elusive between scenes of her newest picture, "Break of Hearts!"

# I've Seen

The whole world knows Katharine Hepburn, the actress—but until now it has had to wonder what Hepburn, the person, is like. Read this new, exclusive story—and stop guessing!

## By an "Extra" Girl

As told to Nan Blake

**The "extra" girl who tells this revealing story is, like Katharine Hepburn, a college graduate determined to have a film career. With that background and that ambition, it was inevitable that she should make a close study of the elusive star when she had the chance. (A chance that no professional writer has yet had!)**

**MOVIE CLASSIC is both fortunate and proud to tell you what she saw, and only wishes that she had also allowed us to tell you her name. She would rather be anonymous, she says, than to have anyone think that she is a publicity-seeker. Which sounds like Hepburn, herself!—*Editor*.**

AMELIA EARHART flew the Pacific, Mrs. Piccard ventured into the stratosphere, and a daring woman explorer fought her way to the Forbidden City of Tibet. But they have nothing on me. I have seen Katharine Hepburn—the Hepburn no interviewer has ever seen!

Ever since she crashed Hollywood with a bang that was heard around the world, I have been wild to get a chance to work in one of her pictures so that I could see her first-hand. There have been so many contradictory stories told about her that she has become a sort of Hollywood puzzle, with this one and that one forming a different opinion of her—the opinion depending on what newspaper or magazine they read. I wanted to form my own opinion.

And at last my chance came. I was called to RKO-Radio to appear as one of the "extras" in the hotel scene in *Break of Hearts.*

My first glimpse of her almost floored me. She was standing in front of a long mirror, dressed in a shimmering silver gown that gave her a sort of Joan-of-Arc look, brushing her hair vigorously and carrying on a running banter with Charles Boyer, her leading man, and two other men. I learned later that they were Director Philip Moeller and Assistant Director Eddie Killy. The hairbrush kept time to her rapid-fire conversation. Killy was kidding her about taking so long to get ready for the next scene and his attitude was that of an older brother teasing a young sister.

And Hepburn, whom the world calls uppish, was meeting him on his own ground and apparently enjoying it.

● Killy said: "Kate, it's a good thing for you that you aren't selling ribbon in a store, or you'd starve to death—if it took you that long to make a sale."

"Well, when I made the sale, it would be a bolt, not a yard," was Hepburn's fast comeback.

And then she was ready for the camera—and she fairly streaked onto the set. The scene was a short one with John Beal. It was tricky and required several rehearsals.

You've heard how "difficult" she is supposed to be? Well, so

# the *Unseen* HEPBURN!

have I. But she jolted me out of that pre-conceived notion about her when she turned to Beal and said:

"Johnnie, I don't mean to keep up-stage on you all the time, but it just seems as if the business of the scene forces me into that position."

I had to pinch myself to be sure I was awake. A star apologizing to another player for being forced up-stage (nearer the camera)!

Next came a scene with a minor player. It required long rehearsals and several takes. They couldn't seem to get it right, and everyone was getting on edge. When the man "blew up" in his lines for about the tenth time, through sheer nervous tension, and I was all set to see a real tantrum from La Hepburn, she said to the man:

"I was very bad in that scene—let's take it again." And she smiled at him. And when Hepburn smiles, she could make anybody feel at ease. The next take was perfect.

● And that wasn't all I saw. I saw Hepburn eating lunch with "the gang"—eight or ten of them—all crowded together at one table.

But the shock of shocks was handed to me when I listened in on a conversation between Hepburn and Moeller, her director. She was telling about going to a symphony concert.

He asked her if anyone recognized her. She laughed and said: "No, I looked so well, no one knew me!"

If I hadn't heard her say it myself, I don't think I would have believed any star could have made a remark like that. A Hollywood star with no personal vanity! I had always thought there was no such animal.

By this time my interest was so intrigued that I determined to do some intensive investigation. Maybe this was one of her exceptional days. I wanted to find out. So I started talking casually to the various people on the set who see her every day.

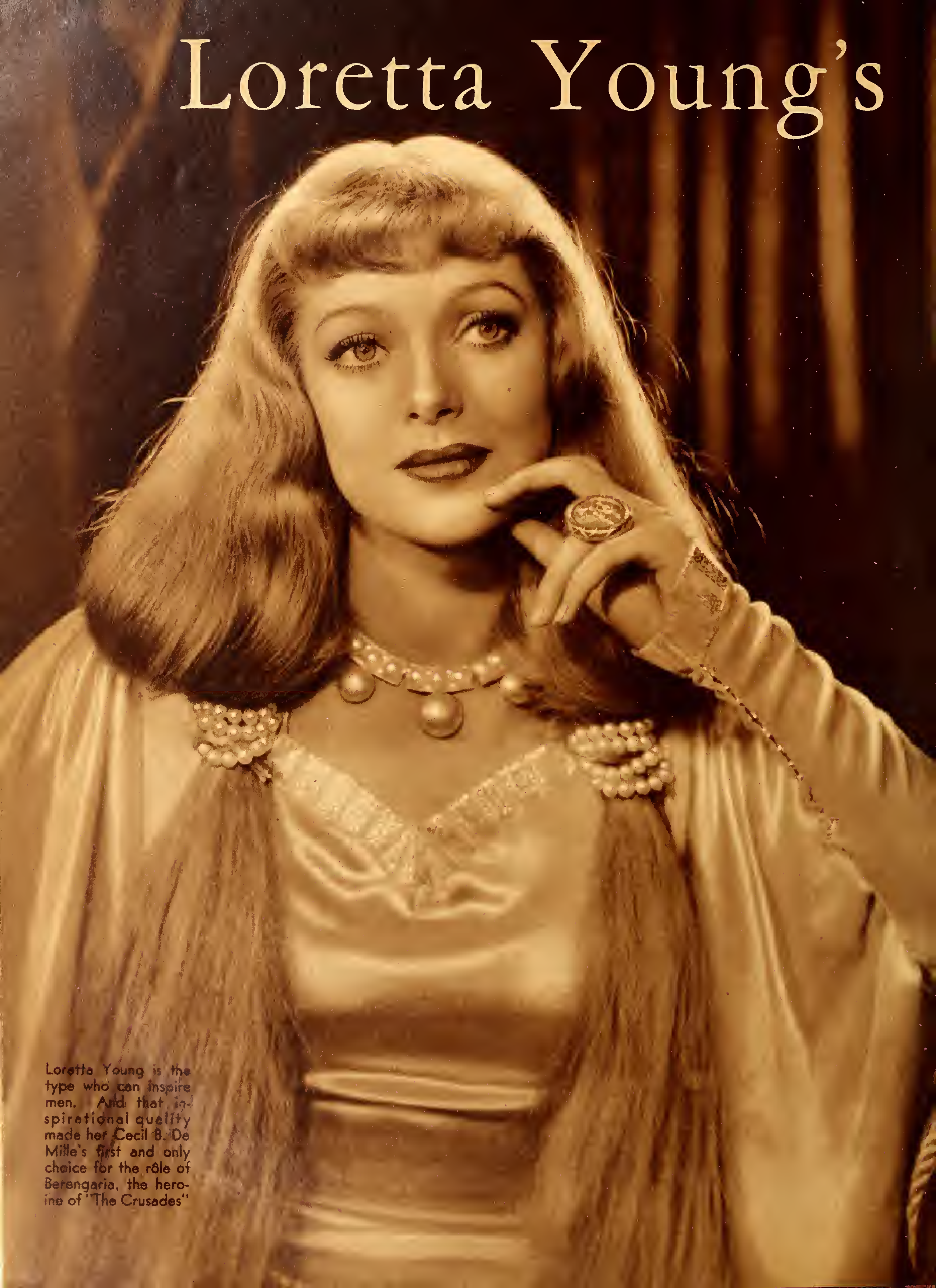
My first inquiry was as to why the Hepburn sets are closed to all visitors. I got the answer from Tommy Thompson, second assistant director.

"If anyone steps into Hepburn's line of vision when she's working, it distracts her," he said. "The slightest movement on the set will disturb her. She is so sensitive when she is keyed up for a scene that she is like a race horse at the barrier. It almost seems at times as if she could see out of the back of her head. The order to keep

[*Continued on page* 60]

Behind the scenes—at lunch: left to right, Asst. Director Eddie Killy, Charles Boyer, Katharine Hepburn, Meta Serne, script girl, and Director Philip Moeller. Who says Hepburn is high-hat?

# Loretta Young's



Loretta Young is the type who can inspire men. And that inspirational quality made her Cecil B. De Mille's first and only choice for the rôle of Berengaria, the heroine of "The Crusades"

# Romantic Secrets

At twenty-two, this beautiful girl is one of the romantic idols of the screen. Yet, such is the irony of life, she has won her greatest fame while trying to forget heartbreak of her own. The story is inspiring

### By Jerry Lane

To lose herself in work, Loretta Young went right from *Call of the Wild* into *The Crusades*

LORETTA YOUNG is on the brink of the greatest adventure of her life, even though, right now, she is the most tired little person in Hollywood. She smiles—and her lips are tremulous. She tries desperately to be her usual poised, sparkling self—and it is the most difficult bit of acting she has ever done.

Recently, she made two pictures almost simultaneously—beginning work in *The Crusades* before *Call of the Wild* was completed. She worked eighteen hours a day. Nothing the directors asked her to do was too hard. She was the first one on the set, the last to leave it. Then, after just three days' vacation that was given over mostly to photographers and necessary shopping, she went into the principal feminine rôle in *Shanghai*. And those who are close to her are saying: "Loretta is doing the best work of her career—*but where is she getting the strength to hold up?"*

I'll tell you. It is the strength born of an almost unbelievable courage, of the mad desire to lose herself in her work. But instead of losing herself, I think Loretta will find herself.

She has been terribly hurt—but the hurt will subside. After *Shanghai* is finished she will go away—probably to foreign countries. For the first time in all of her twenty-two years, will discover a new world that does not include cameras and microphones and "lines." And never was a girl so prepared to meet a glamorous adventure, to step into a thrilling romance. When she does, she will know how to draw all the beauty from it, to cling to it. Life has taught her how . . .

● "DO you know what I want more than anything else?" We were watching the lights being shifted for a new scene and her voice trailed off thinly as if her thoughts were far distant. "Don't laugh. This is the truth. I want a home in the country, a place with bright sunlight and wide lawns and maybe a brook . . . And a husband I can worship without being afraid of loving him too much . . . I don't want—my love—turned—back—on—me—again . . ."

I knew what she meant. It was impossible not to know after seeing her grow from a lovely, delicate child into a beautiful brilliant woman without any pause for young girlhood. She never had time for it. She never had time to let love develop gradually.

At seventeen, when she plunged into that breathless marriage with Grant Withers, it was with the same gallant courage that marked *Meg's* love for *Clive* in *Clive of India*. If you saw the way Loretta interpreted that part, with all its loyalty and idealism and willing sacrifice, you saw what she put into her first marriage. And she drew—blank. Through no one's fault. Unless you can call youth a fault, with its glowing interpretation of romance.

We had a luncheon date shortly after her divorce—and I was fearful. I have admired and liked Loretta and her two sisters (Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young) with their spunk and their fierce family devotion, for a long time—and I was afraid of what that break-up might have done to Loretta. So often a broken romance in the teens can ruin a girl's whole life. But I need not have worried. One look at the trim, confident figure coming toward me told me that Loretta had come through her crisis with her chin up.

● "I SHALL not marry again," she informed me a little later. "Love isn't everything the world has to offer!" No, but for a girl with Loretta's beauty and talent it is *almost* everything.

[*Continued on page* 58]

# What *Dancing*

By

## FRED ASTAIRE

*As told to*

HELEN HARRISON

You can take lessons from the world's greatest dancer—on improving your health, increasing your happiness, developing your personality!

TO BE a dancer, there are but two requisites—the desire to dance and a sense of rhythm. . . . To be a good dancer calls for a further requirement—the capacity for hard work!

You are surprised? I assure you it is so. And when you see *Top Hat,* recall that I maintain that dancing is five per cent inspiration—and ninety-five per cent hard work! Yet I say that everyone who wants to dance should—for it pays large dividends in health, in happiness and in developing personality. And besides, it's such a *lot* of fun!

Dancing for the stage and screen, after all, is essentially the same thing as dancing in your own home or on a ballroom floor—with certain reservations, of course. There is no magic formula for becoming a star dancer. The art of dancing cannot be mastered in a few months; it requires years of hard work and then more hard work—for years. But that doesn't mean that you and you and you can't learn to dance and use dancing for your own enjoyment without spending every spare moment practising steps and originating routines. It simply means that the kind of dancer you become will be determined by the time you give it and the seriousness with which you direct your efforts.

Let me start from dancing's own first step—the urge.

Is Fred Astaire enjoying himself in "Top Hat"? Here is one answer; across the two pages are a half-dozen more

● HAVE you ever seen a very young child standing in its crib, so young that it is hardly able to keep its feet as it rocks back and forth to music? That is something as instinctive as the pulse-beat of jungle rhythm, which still strikes a responsive chord in our beings after many hundreds of years of civilization! And so is born the urge. Many adults who have repeatedly stifled a desire to dance have come to believe it dead. Yet, while there remains the slightest inclination to tap the foot or sway the shoulders to a lively tune, the desire is still there, dormant.

# Can Do for *You*

This leads us to a quiet corner where we ponder on the second step: Would it be a good idea to "take lessons"?

Why not? Lessons often are more valuable in overcoming self-consciousness in the adult than in actually teaching us to dance. As a matter of fact, few people need to learn dancing. It is as instinctive as walking. But lessons serve to give self-confidence to the beginner who hesitates to appear in semipublic on the dance floor.

Now dancing lessons, like other lessons, are valuable only to the extent that they provide a *program* of work. You may learn the routine necessary to dance a waltz or a fox-trot in ten easy lessons, but unless you spend many additional hours perfecting your style, unless you gather your courage in both feet and "go out stepping," I can assure you that the *real* pleasure that comes of dancing with casual ease will still remain beyond your grasp.

● I HAVE danced continually ever since I was five, and if I had carried a pedometer I am certain the mileage I have covered on the dance floor would be twice the distance around the globe. Actually! You might imagine that with such experience I would merely take my "dancing script" from the studio—if there were such a thing—and after two or three rehearsals I would reel it off before the cameras. The true picture is this:

Ginger Rogers and I practised the "Hard to Handle" number for *Roberta,* which was shown on the screen for three or four minutes, something like *one hundred hours.* Imagine, then, the total time spent on dances for the entire film!

As a matter of fact, about a month before the actual shooting of a picture, I have decided on the steps for the various routines and then Miss Rogers and I go over them, together, so that she will know each step we are going to dance. Then inspiration enters as we go along, and I find further possibilities for practical improvement. From nine in the morning until six at night, during the four weeks of rehearsal, we aim tirelessly at perfection—and this makes the physical aspect of dancing one of tremendous importance.

● MOST dancers have slim, lithe bodies, are well proportioned, and, despite a lack of fleshiness, have amazing stamina and reserve energy. Why?

Because one must be fit to dance—and dancing, itself, *keeps* one fit!

Personally, I find that dancing has built up my strength and general health because it is excellent exercise. Furthermore, its exacting demands upon physical stamina have forced me to keep in training to a certain extent. I couldn't do that sort of work very long if I didn't maintain at least a continuous mild form of training. Consistently late hours, overeating, too much smoking and other excesses soon would slow me down. Certainly, the vitality and enthusiasm would go out of my work. You can't force yourself to dance well or do anything else well when you are physically unfit—at least not for very long.

For dancing, the body machinery must be in tune. But one does not have to be a social hermit to keep in top form. The only hard and fast rule I follow is that of *moderate living.* This means that I guard carefully against overeating, that I get plenty of sleep, and, while I have never given up smoking completely, I limit myself to a few cigarettes a day. For I have discovered that I obtain better results from a consistent program of moderation than from stringent train- [*Continued on page 77*]

In *Love Me Forever,* Grace Moore sings more opera than was ever sung on the screen before. And her next picture may be in color

# What *Singing* Does for Girls

## GRACE MOORE receives ten thousand letters a month from girls who dream of singing careers . . . and this great story tells how she answers them

### BY J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

GRACE MOORE—former Tennessee country girl, musical comedy star and prima donna of the Metropolitan, and now, through the movies, the world's First Lady of Song—has been worshiped by many men during the course of her flashing career. These men have been wealthy, famous, brilliant—millionaires, members of nobility, great artists and writers and musicians, statesmen—who would gladly have placed at her feet everything that they possessed. But more than the regard of all of these, she cherishes the adoration of the ten thousand and more girls who write her at Columbia Studio each month, asking her advice.

"I am overwhelmed by the tremendous responsibility," she told me, on the set of her new picture, *Love Me Forever.* (And, as we talked, a recording of her voice, raised in glorious song, was issuing from the loudspeaker on the set—furnishing a dramatic, uncanny obbligato to our conversation.) "I believe that Fate has placed upon me a greater obligation than it ever did on any other picture star. I'm doing the best I can to help when I can—for once a great woman helped *me.* She, too, was an opera star. Her name was Mary Garden."

If others worship Grace Moore, she worships Mary Garden. When, in a spirit of bravado, she went to Monte Carlo in the early stages of her career, she was so barren of funds that it was a question when she would eat next. Miss Garden, learning of her plight, turned over her own villa to her and supplied funds, not only for the young singer to live on, but for her tuition with a famous voice teacher.

"I feel that the only way in which I can pay that eternal debt of gratitude to Miss Garden," said Grace Moore, "is to do what I can for these other girls who are striving for singing careers."

● BUT Solomon in all his wisdom could not have answered some of the perplexing questions that come to Grace Moore in every mail—from girls who aspire to sing and who raise questions such as this taken from an actual letter):

"A year ago, I had a lovely voice, but recently it seems to have become broken and I cannot reach the high notes as I once did. A teacher in our city tells me that for $500 he can restore it. Money is not any too plentiful with Mother, but she would make any sacrifice to have me sing again. What would you advise me to do?"

And, if you were Grace Moore, in whom this unknown girl reposes such implicit confidence, *what would you tell her to do?*

Letters with problems equal to this one are received by the hundreds and thousands. Miss Moore has pictures to make, her husband (Valentin Parera) to take care of, her own voice and radio work to consider; yet she feels honor-bound to answer, to the best of her ability, the questions of these troubled, unknown seekers after light.

"I do not believe any other star's fan mail is like mine," she said, "for most of them receive routine letters of praise, asking for photographs—letters that some relative might answer. The letters I get are so sincere and so personal—and some of them so pitiful that they break my heart. They make me realize how inadequate one person can be. Ten to twelve thousand of them a month! And even after my secretary sorts out the ones that mean little, I find a terrible stack of them on my desk each week.

● "ONE letter I received a few weeks ago suggested the organization of Grace Moore music clubs all over the country. Since then, several [*Continued on page* 56]

# The British Like Our Style

## And, liking it, they want to import a few of our Hollywood favorites into British films. Moreover, Hollywood approves the idea . . . and several players are London-bound for special rôles!

Michael Balcon sold Hollywood a great idea

### By Valerie Gay

AMERICA and England have so many other things in common—why shouldn't they share movie stars?

England—through Gaumont-British, the biggest British film company—has just put the question to Hollywood. And Hollywood's answers is: "Why not, indeed?"

In fact, ten famous Hollywood acting names are already scheduled to appear on British celluloid. More—many more—will be joining the London-bound cavalcade. And, in return, American films (which already have a large quota of British stars) will soon be adorned with names that have become famous in London.

All of which proves that, though our British cousins may not laugh at American jokes as quickly as we do, they are smart. And it also proves that Hollywood, which is a small city as cities go, is not small-minded.

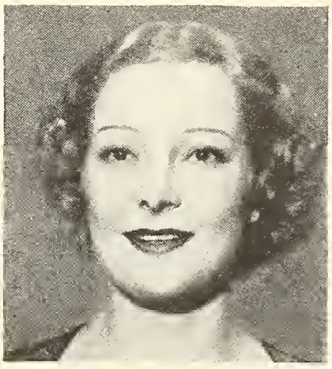
Besides being smart, the British are frank. They told us years ago that they, too, had big movie ambitions. (And why shouldn't they cherish such ambitions—since they have the greatest empire on earth, with a vast audience ready-made for their pictures?) They have pointed out to us, with pictures as well as words, that they, too, were becoming proficient at this art of movie-making. And now, with glowing frankness, they tell us that they like our style, that they would awfully like to borrow some of our talent for special occasions—and that they would be willing to loan us some of their talent for equally special occasions.

And Hollywood—which might have deluded itself into thinking that it has all the talent it could use, and that English pictures couldn't do anything for Hollywood players—thinks over the idea and likes it.

After all, it *could* use a Jessie Matthews, a Robert Donat, a Madeleine Carroll, a Nova Pilbeam. And there are other considerations. The British *are* in the picture business in a big way—and Gaumont-British has stars who are tremendously popular in Europe and in British possessions. If more American stars in their pictures should make them sell better here, why shouldn't more British favorites in American pictures make them sell better there?

The man who gave the idea to Hollywood was [*Continued on page 78*]

Fay Wray



Helen Vinson

Walter Huston

Maureen O'Sullivan

Madge Evans

Richard Dix

# Acting Isn't the *Only* Movie Career

By Elizabeth Catlin

IF THE film industry fires you with ambition and you don't give a hoot whether your face is spread over the magazine pages or your name splashed in electrical splendor along the Broadways of the world—then why not consider a business career in the movies?

You can shine brightly in this glamorous, yet less competitive field, and perhaps boss a star or two around. For gliding glamorously before the camera is only a small part of what must be accomplished in order to bring pictures to the audiences of the movie theatres of the world!

Many a young woman has turned her back on a casting office and slipped through an executive door into a position comparable to stardom. There is no sex barrier to overcome and no salary boundary line to hinder feminine progress. Women are holding good paying positions as talent scouts, film cutters, film editors, script girls, readers, wardrobe women, designers, scenario writers, executive secretaries and even directors and research managers.

Studio officials are quick to recognize and reward women with creative ability. Creativeness is the greatest asset you can have, whether you are behind or in front of the camera. But, particularly, if you are behind it—for you are directing what those in front of it are doing.

actress, and finally made her way to Hollywood, where she did private coaching and was employed as a dramatic teacher in the training school for young players at Paramount. This same school, a small stock company in itself, is now in the hands of Phyllis Lawton, who began her career as stage manager for the Jessie Bonstelle Stock Company in Detroit.

Stenographic work seems to be a pretty good starting point for a studio career. The usual pay for studio stenos is $25 to $50 per week—but the opportunities for learning the details of important positions are unlimited.

Beautiful Wanda Tuchock, who has won a place for herself as a director and writer at RKO-Radio, made her entrance by way of the stenographic department. Her first directorial assignment was *Finishing School* and her latest, *Grand Old Girl*. Dorothy Arzner started her career in the same way at Paramount, and now is an ace director, getting something that comes near to resembling a Garbo salary.

When you see Katharine Hepburn in *Break of Hearts*, remember that much credit is due to Jane Loring, associate director. She started the climb with a position as secretary to a theatrical manager and later to a producer. She jumped into the job of script girl and from that to cutter, and finally into the coveted position she now holds.

● IF your temperature rises at the thought of being a director, you would do well to heed Maude Howell's advice. Miss Howell, who is an assistant director and scenario writer for Twentieth Century Pictures, says that the best training for directing pictures is working in a stock company. A graduate of Stanford University and a former teacher of dramatics at Manual Arts High School at Los Angeles, she declares that her experience as assistant to Guthrie McClintic with the old Jessie Bonstelle Stock Company was her most valuable training. It led her to Broadway, where she did her first work with George Arliss in the stage play, *The Green Goddess*, and ever since Mr. Arliss has done his best to keep her close at hand.

Nina Moise, associate director with Cecil B. DeMille at Paramount, is also a Stanford graduate with a theatrical background. She got her start as an

Blanche Sewell cuts and edits film —an artist behind the scenes

Betty Markley inspects every inch of finished film—an important task

The positions with the biggest and surest futures of all are those behind the scenes . . . and they are positions for women with imaginations!

Nathalie Buchnall is in charge of a great studio's research department

Dorothy Pratt sees everything that is published . . . and knows where it is

Marcella Knapp looks over new talent . . . and has to turn away thousands

Eli Benneche makes settings harmonize with stars' personalities

● EVERY large motion picture company has a research department. And it isn't the dull kind of research that is done with microscope and test tube. It is a special form of advance sleuthing that should appeal to any girl with mental resourcefulness and a touch of Sherlock Holmes in her mental make-up. For the minute a studio buys a story, play or script, the research department goes into action. Notes are made on the speech, customs, mannerisms and costumes of the characters, on exteriors, interiors. Every detail is checked for accuracy. Photographs of settings and costumes appropriate to the story are unearthed—for the benefit of the designers. If photographs are not available, sketches are made. It is one of the most interesting and one of the busiest of studio departments. The work never gets monotonous.

There are many women situated in the studio research divisions. In several cases, these departments are managed by women. At Warner Brothers, Mrs. Maud Bowman has been doing a splendid job as head of the Research Division for many years—a position she won because of her background of educational work and her knowledge of sources of historical reference. Elizabeth McGaffey is in charge of sleuthing for RKO-Radio—and it was she who originated the idea of such departments for studios, after graduating from a New York dramatic school and acting in stock. Jesse L. Lasky was the first producer for whom she worked.

You can pop any sort of ques- [*Continued on page 70*]

# GARBO Goes Different!

Perhaps you have heard the rumors—that Garbo's gowns in "Anna Karenina" will start new style trends. We asked Adrian, her designer, to comment on them. This is his answer

## By ADRIAN

WORLD-FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD DESIGNER

WHEN asked the question, "What influence do you feel the new Garbo wardrobe for *Anna Karenina* will have upon fashion?" I can only answer that the period has not been shown often on the screen and that the gowns are full of interesting ideas.

Whether or not they will affect fashion is entirely in the hands of the women themselves. Whether or not they want to adopt the style and feeling of femininity prevalent in 1870 is a question for them to decide. Certainly, it was one of the most feminine ages in history, a time when a ribbon, a flower and a frill were the prerequisites to being "well-dressed."

Whether or not this extreme femininity in clothes will interest the machine-age woman, the practical modern woman, remains to be seen.

These clothes were important when women had to put on their own shows and produce their own numbers to entertain the men! Today, with extravaganzas and revues on every side of us, we are more apt to be down to earth and practical in the things we choose to wear.

● I DO feel, however, that there is a possibility that we might knowingly put aside the classic simplicity of today, which we accept as the essence of good fashion, for an amusing moment or two of complete abandonment to frilly things.

Even though I, personally, am not fond of frilliness as a steady diet, I must say that it has been fun working with it! And I think it may seep into our present-day fashion in some form or other, in spite of the fact that a great many women of that era looked a little like pigeons at a wedding.

I have not the slightest idea whether it will be a hat, a collar, a skirt or an entire costume that will insinuate itself into the fashion of today. Perhaps you can foretell—from the sketch that MOVIE CLASSIC presents, of one of the costumes worn by Miss Garbo in the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, *Anna Karenina.*

It is fashioned from rose-beige bengaline and trimmed with a deeper shade of stiff velvet. The hat is ornamented by plumes perched jauntily at the very front.

What will come from these clothes is entirely in the hands of fashion in its own evolution. If there is a place in our present-day wardrobe for an echo of that era, it will be popular in spite of all that would stop it.

It has been my experience in the past that the women, themselves, have to discover and want a certain fashion before it can become popular. A person who creates clothes can only suggest new things. In the final analysis, it is the women who make them or break them!

However, I have found that if a hat or dress is becoming to the personality who wears it, no matter how exaggerated it may seem at the time, its replicas become evident internationally almost immediately after it is first seen publicly.

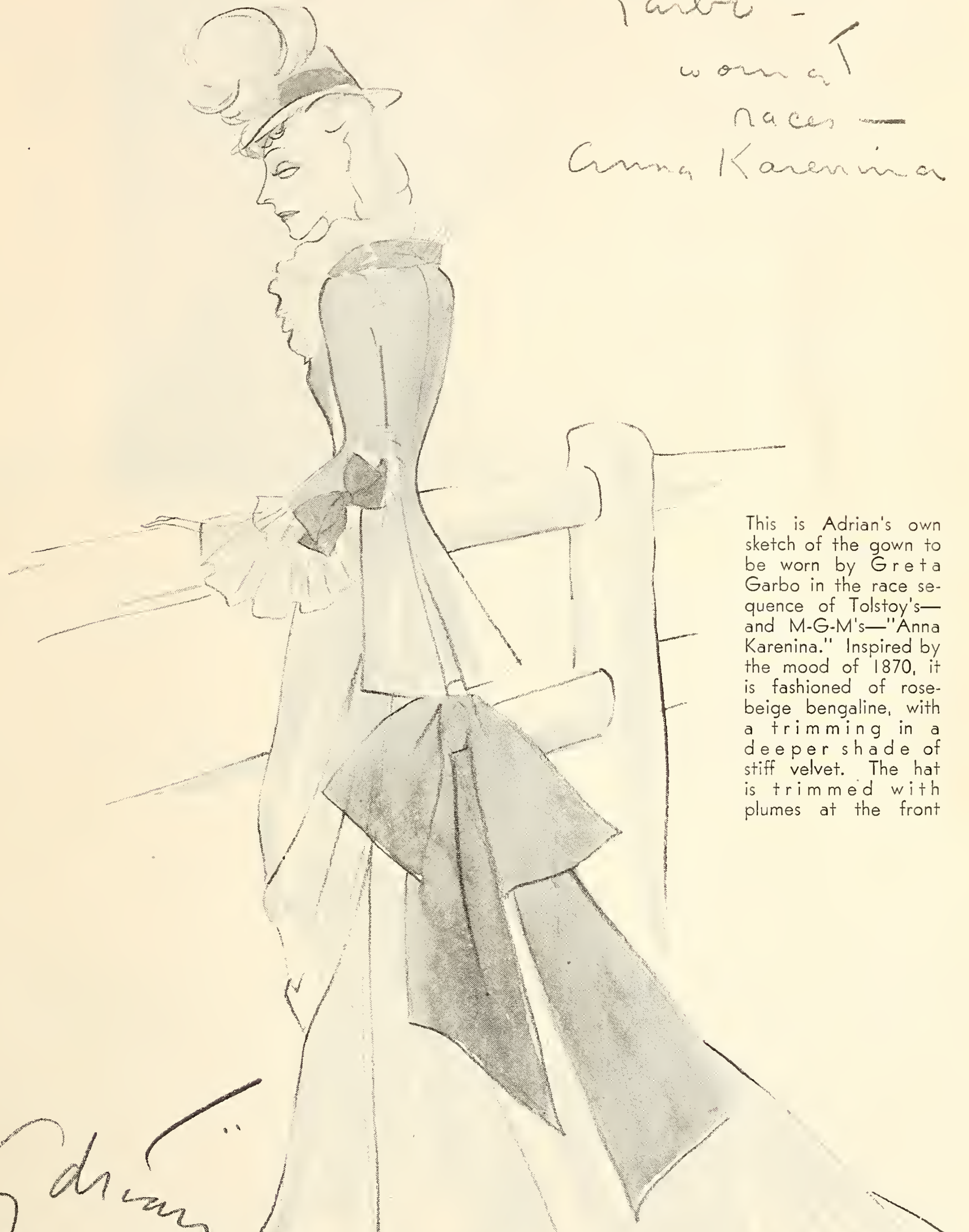
Dresses and hats that we have felt to be good

[*Continued on page 75*]

On the opposite page we present—for the first time in magazine history—an Adrian preview of a Garbo gown. Two more Adrian sketches of her new gowns next month!

For

Garbo —
worn at
races —
Anna Karenina



Adrian

This is Adrian's own sketch of the gown to be worn by Greta Garbo in the race sequence of Tolstoy's— and M-G-M's—"Anna Karenina." Inspired by the mood of 1870, it is fashioned of rose-beige bengaline, with a trimming in a deeper shade of stiff velvet. The hat is trimmed with plumes at the front

One of Shirley's best friends is Sniff, her canine companion in *Our Little Girl*. He is hers "for keeps" now

By
Dorothy
Calhoun

# SHIRLEY TEMPLE
# —*One Year Later*

What has Fame done to the movies' wonder child? Here, for the first time, is the complete answer!

APRIL, 1934. A tiny Unknown with bobbling yellow curls and a provocative dimple plays hostess to a group of youngsters at her fifth-birthday party. Shirley Temple has just been "discovered" (blood will be shed later among a half-hundred claimants to that discovery) as the singing, dancing, dimpling darling of *Stand Up and Cheer*. Already mail is beginning to arrive, begging for more of Shirley. She wears Size Three dresses, but her poise is Size Ten.

"Come and open your presents, Shirley," says the cameraman, impatient to photograph her surprise over a plush bunnie.

"In a minute," replies Shirley. "First I must see that my guests are seated."

April, 1935, is only a year later by the calendar, but more has happened to Shirley Temple in that year than happens to most people in a lifetime. She has become the Number One Famous Little Girl of America, not excluding Sistie Dall. Her mail has jumped from a few letters to four thousand a week. She is close to being the biggest box-office bet—the Tops—of the whole movie industry. "Shirley Temple" books, dolls, puzzles, cutouts, nursery furniture, chintzes, dresses, spoons rival Mickey Mouse products in number and variety.

"What do you want more than anything else in the world, Shirley?" I ask her. What is there left for her to want? Costly presents pour in with every mail from children and adults all over the world.

Shirley considers seriously. "Well, that *depends*," she says. "F'rinstance, today I was making paper baskets and I wanted some *paste* most of anything in the world."

I stopped worrying about what Fame was doing to Shirley Temple then and there!

"We give her everything that people are kind enough to send her," says "Mummy." (Mrs. Temple, pretty, sensible, still slightly startled-looking, has felt the changes of the last amazing year more than her wonder child.) "But at five nothing is very strange, you know—even pumpkins that turn into coaches. She still goes to sleep with a battered doll that she has loved since she was two.

[*Continued on page 66*]

# The DEMPSEYS' "Wonder Child"

Wide World

**Above, Mrs. Jack Dempsey and America's proudest father—Jack, himself. Left, Joan Hannah Dempsey in person**

Jack and Hannah Williams Dempsey live for young Joan . . . who is going to have a future worth watching

### BY CAROL CRAIG

"WILL I bring up our baby to be an actress? I would not say that. I don't intend to plot out a pattern for her life and make her fit that pattern. I want her to live her own life, to be whatever she is best suited to be.

"If she wants to be an actress, and if she has talent in that direction, I shall give her every advantage and encouragement. On the other hand, if she never becomes an actress, if she will be happier as just the wife of some good man, I shall give her my blessing."

Those are the words of Hannah Williams Dempsey, who has known the thrill of being on the upper side of the Broadway footlights in a starring spot, and who is even happier today as "just the wife" of a chap named Jack Dempsey—and as the mother of Joan Hannah Dempsey, aged ten months.

You may have heard of her husband. He, also, has been accustomed to the spotlight. He used to be heavyweight boxing champion of the world—the most dramatic and popular star that the ring has ever seen. Even today, when he referees an occasional boxing or wrestling match in Madison Square Garden, Park Avenue and Third Avenue still turn out and rub elbows to see him. Across from the Garden, on the spot known as Dempsey's Corner, he is playing a new rôle—that of "mine host," proprietor of a new restaurant whose success as a smart rendezvous is another testimonial to his popularity.

● THE glow of the spotlight still hovers around Jack Dempsey, and it probably always will. But, like the girl who was Hannah Williams, he has discovered that it does not pack the thrill that it once did. Their marriage has brought a new glow into his life, as it has into hers. And the brightest part of the picture is Miss Joan Hannah, known to her intimates as "Joanie." The Dempsey world revolves around her.

It is impossible to get past the doorman of the new Central Park West apartment building where the Dempseys live—and doubly impossible to get past the elevator operators—unless you are expected. That gives you an advance inkling of how closely guarded she is. No unwelcome intruder stands a chance of getting near her.

Their apartment is near the top of the high building, which simplifies the protection problem. It is a large apartment, with three exposures, all unobstructed. Opening off one is a terrace, where little Miss Dempsey takes her sunbaths, away from prying eyes.

If you are lucky, as I was, you may be shown through the apartment—but you will not be shown Joan Hannah's room. Nor will you get a view of the young lady, herself, unless you are practically a member of the family. The Dempseys' pride in their offspring is as totally undisguised as it is totally unaffected, but they do not put her on exhibit. Like many another young couple, parents for the first time, they are germ-conscious, besides being determined that "Joanie" shall remain unspoiled, kept unaware, as long as possible, of the interest of the world in her chubby person.

Seriously, with obvious determination to do the best possible thing for her, they anxiously debate whether or not they, themselves, give her too much attention. Then, in the next breath, they

[*Continued on page 68*]

# How to Learn *Glamor* from British Beauties

Margot Grahame names poise as the English girls' greatest charm —and tells how they acquire it

Evelyn Laye reveals this British beauty secret: "English women are essentially outdoor women"

The girls who glorify the famous English complexion and the Mayfair manner can tell even attractive Americans a few things about glamor!

### By Dena Reed

JUST a few years ago an English girl had practically as much chance as the bride of Frankenstein to conquer Hollywood. Englishmen, such as Ronald Colman, Leslie Howard and Clive Brook, could throw American women into polite dithers, and were firmly entrenched in the land of the free and the home of the brave. But glamorous British beauties remained, for all that, as tabu as if they came from Polynesia. In fact, tabuer.

Then all of a sudden the gates of Hollywood opened to the Angels and Barnes and Oberons, and now we find ourselves so beglamored by strangers from the Strand that we are wondering a bit what it's all about! Indeed, what *have* these lovely ladies from across the sea that puts them in a class by themselves and that has started American women frantically searching for the secret of their charm and beauty?

There is only one method for getting information with any reasonable amount of authenticity—and that is to go after it at its source.

● SUPPOSE we call first on lovely Binnie Barnes at Universal City? Miss Barnes is, to use a good British word, delightful. There she is, all ready for her rôle as *Lillian Russell*, the belle of the Nineties, in *Diamond*

Diana Wynyard explains the English girl's glamor thus: "Reserve is her chief charm. And her savoir-faire is another great asset"

Binnie Barnes agrees with Diana Wynyard: "The English girl's greatest contribution to charm is her reserve"

*Jim.* She has rich red-gold hair, a dark, almost olive complexion, and eyes of a hazel shade. But since none of these photographs revealingly on the screen, her attraction must be a thing more elusive than warm coloring and small, regular features.

"What have you to say to the American girl?" I plunged. "What can she learn from you in the way of charm?"

"That's rather amusing," she answered, in her crisp English voice, "for I first attracted attention in the London theatres as 'Texas' Binnie Barnes, billed as 'an *American* cowgirl in a rope-spinning and singing act!' Actually, of course, I had never seen America, but being the daughter of a London 'bobby,' " she laughed, "I at least had the 'law' on my side!

"Perhaps," she continued, more seriously, "the English girl's contribution to charm, if you wish to call it that, is her reserve. She makes people—Americans, especially—believe that there is so much more than the eye can see. It makes men wonder. After viewing American pep firsthand, I should say that this English reserve offers the most *contrast* to the appeal of your delightful American girl—and after all, contrasts, opposites, *do* attract, don't they?"

An astute commentary, Miss Barnes, but we can't be entirely certain, can we? We shall have to look further afield to see what the consensus of opinion is. Let us consult another girl who first caught the eye of American audiences, like Binnie Barnes, as one of the wives in *The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth.* I refer to the gorgeous Merle Oberon.

Merle Oberon, now starring in *The Dark Angel,* says that the English girl "is simply herself. This makes for a lack of superficiality and for a distinctive personality"

Elizabeth Allan says: "Beauty is universal. But the famous English complexion has a beauty aid all its own"

● Miss Oberon, whose oblique orbs and delicate features have made her something of a sensation, was born in Tasmania, educated in Calcutta, India, and made her picture début in London. Light brown hair, hazel eyes and a transparent complexion are hardly the least of her attractions; but when she smiles, her manner is so ingratiating that it eclipses mere beauty—and here one finds glamor with a nice round high G.

"I don't suppose the American girl has much to learn from the English when it comes to glamor," she insisted in answer to my question, "although I daresay we all can learn from each other. The typical English girl says precisely what she means, her whole manner being utterly frank, and by that I *don't* mean startling. She is simply herself. This makes for a lack of superficiality and for a distinctive personality. I am not implying that American girls are in any way artificial or that they lack individuality. I merely believe that the English girl is inclined to be more naïve and so appears *less* conventional."

Perhaps that *is* the glamor of the Englishwoman. I know it is true of Merle. She *has* distinction, she *is* unconventional. And, incidentally, the best-dressed of all the British stars. But her exquisite, unusual beauty is hardly a handicap to glamor. [*Continued on page* 74]

# You Have to Be INDEPENDENT!

### So says "Hollywood's Stormy Petrel"—whose rules for success are working

By Jean Muir

I HAVE been called "Hollywood's Stormy Petrel." It has been said that I have been too outspoken, too independent; that I have been temperamental and opinionated. And I claim that not one of these accusations is true.

I am not unreasonable. Anything I have said or done has been purely the challenge of a girl who has started to carve her own career. It makes no difference whether she is trying to become an actress, a teacher, or a stenographer—a girl *must* be independent and courageous enough to look out for herself, or she will be submerged in the crowd. I determined before I started that I would not be submerged.

When I arrived in Hollywood, I found that it is like an ogre, ready to devour you if you are afraid; but if you call its bluff, it becomes a friend. I made up my mind to dominate, not be dominated. I wouldn't be afraid of Hollywood bugaboos. Why should I? Timidity is unintelligence, and I believe I am at least intelligent. I had won some success in several Broadway plays, and now that I was to appear on the screen I was determined to succeed. So whenever any matter pertaining to my work came up, I spoke my mind and gave my reasons.

I won't play politics or the social game to get ahead. If I cannot win my place as an actress through ability, I'll give it up and try something else.

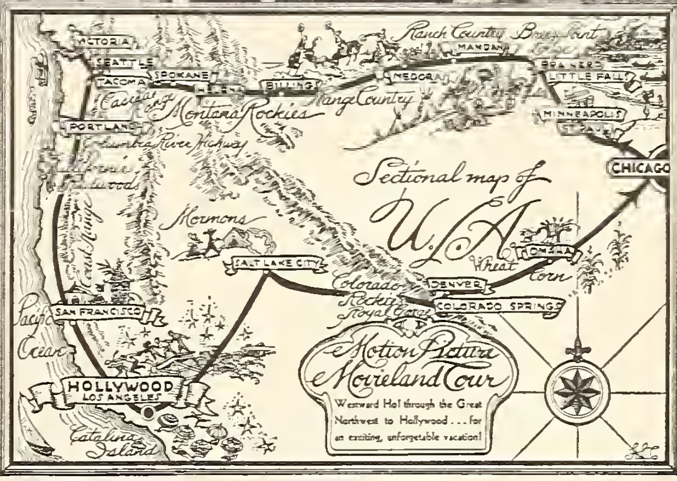
Ever since I was ten years old, I have had definite plans as to how my life should work out. I have no patience with girls who stand around and idly *wish* they could do this or that. Why don't they do something about it? Why don't they try? You can't achieve anything if you are afraid to take the hurdles. Particularly is this true of acting, for its first requisite is self-confidence. That's the reason why actors are accused of being egotistical. They must believe in themselves, absolutely, or they can never create characterizations that are convincing to an audience.

Outside of some physical handicap, I firmly believe that there is nothing to keep any girl from becoming an actress. If she has determination and will study and work—work very hard—some degree of success will be hers.

**Every woman star would like to play opposite Robert Donat. But Jean Muir *will!***

● I AM still willing to tell my age. I was born February 13, 1911, in New York City, and my real name is Jean Muir Fullerton. My parents were nonprofessionals and of Scotch-British lineage.

[*Continued page* 79]


Ranch Country
Brainerd
Mandan
Victoria
Seattle
Tacoma
Spokane
Helena
Billings
Medora
Little Falls
Cascades
Montana Rockies
Range Country
Minneapolis
St. Paul
Portland
Columbia River Highway
Redwood
CHICAGO
Sectional map of U.S.A.
Mormons
Coast Range
Salt Lake City
Wheat
Omaha
Corn
Colorado Rockies
Denver
Pacific Ocean
San Francisco
Royal Gorge
Colorado Springs
Motion Picture Movieland Tour
Westward Ho! through the Great Northwest to Hollywood . . . for an exciting, unforgetable vacation!
HOLLYWOOD
LOS ANGELES
Catalina Island

Top, Phyllis Brooks visits a picture set at Universal—as you will be doing, yourself, if you take the Movieland Tour (outlined above)

# *You're Invited* to Our *Two-Week* Party

## Come to Hollywood this summer—and see the whole West on the way!

DEAR READER:

You have been reading MOVIE CLASSIC for such a long time—twenty years, isn't it?—that we feel as though we were old friends, and so we are writing you a personal note to invite you to our grand house party in Hollywood.

It would be impossible to describe it all in a letter, so before we go any farther, let us explain that it's all part of a special train trip to Hollywood that is being arranged for you, and that all particulars are described in a pamphlet now ready for mailing. You can have your copy by answering this letter and sending a three-cent stamp.

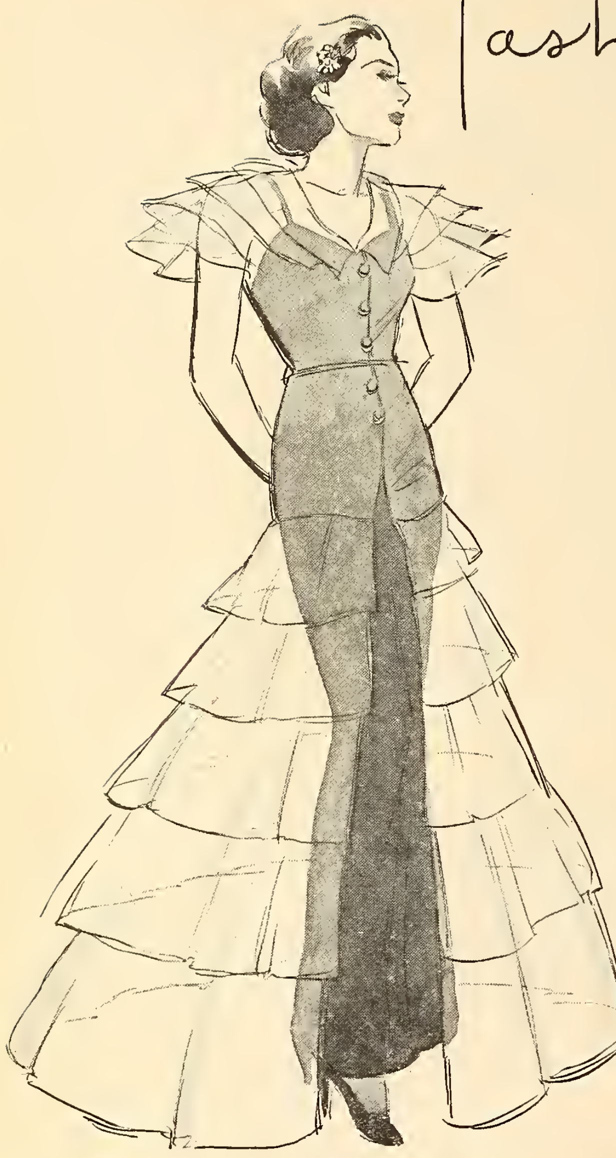
For some time we have been trying to work out a plan so that our readers could actually come to Hollywood, at a small cost, and see the sights we have been describing for so many years. Such a trip, we felt, would have to be limited to a two-week period to fit in with summer vacation plans; and, above all, it would have to save you money.

That's how the Movieland Tour came about. By chartering a special train and bringing a big house party out here, obviously, we could arrange such a trip for far less expense than any individual could arrange a similar trip. Also—and this is equally important—with our close Hollywood connections, we could prepare entertainment never before enjoyed by Hollywood visitors.

As a result, you will be treated with the kind of hospitality that befits an official visitor. Studio gates will swing open to you; you will hobnob with stars and watch pictures being made; you will [*Continued on page* 73]

# Fashion Foreword

## BY GWEN DEW



A plain pastel organdy gown, worn over a dark slip, is something very new — and stunning

MOVIE CLASSIC presents you with a preview of Summer, 1935. . . . a picture of fascinating ruffles, floating draperies, soft alluring perfumes . . . crisp shirtwaist dresses, linen slacks, gay boutonnieres of fragrant fresh flowers . . .

And to what lengths we have traveled to find all the newest things! We have been through all the New York places that know how to do young things smartly . . . the Miss Manhattan, Young Colony, Countryside, Young New Yorker and Little Shops . . . all just for you. We have gathered all the latest fashion hints, and we are putting them all in this basket of news for your guidance. And the news is straight from both Hollywood and Paris, whose designers have tried to outdo each other to create the most charming styles for summer of which you have ever dreamed.

What color do you like best? Then *that's* the color to wear. Or do you have several favorite colors? Then *those* are the colors to wear! For this will be a gay bright summer that will allow you to mix colors gloriously, just as Nature does in her fields of flowers. No longer do you have to cling to one color, with one shade of accessories. Of course, you must be conscious of color harmonies to attain the clever effects you want . . . but when you're sure, go ahead!

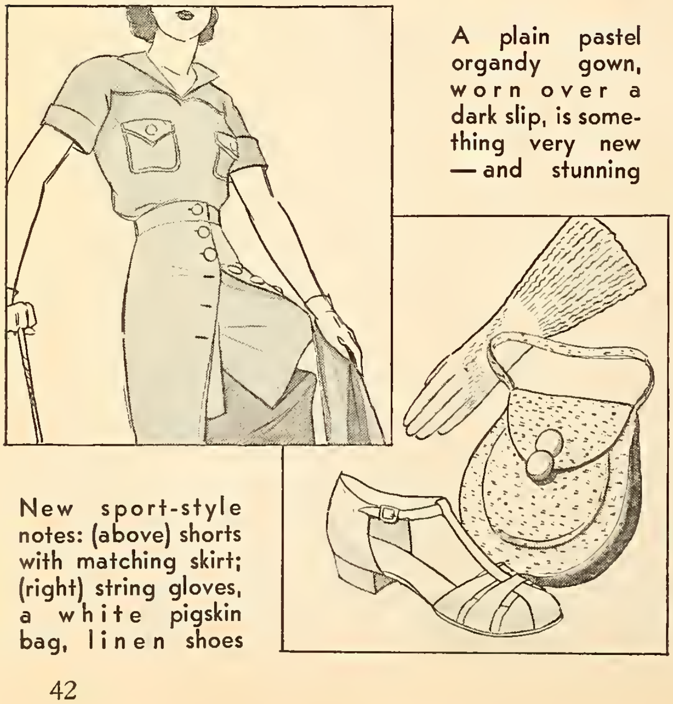
For instance, consider the "scramble suits" so popular now in New York. You just take a skirt, an odd jacket, your favorite colored sweater, and put them all together. Wear your favorite fresh flower boutonniere (or real-looking artificial one), tailored-looking shoes and hat, and brilliant scarf . . . and there you are!

Or you might don a white skirt, a dark blue jacket, a coral scarf, white shoes, dark blue and white hat, and how lovely you would look! Then you can mix them all up with other combinations, and there's something different again!

● ARE you already dreaming of lazy vacation days? Well, you've certainly picked a grand subject on which to dwell, for I've never seen such delightful vacation togs. And it most decidedly looks like a shorts summer. There are shorts of all sorts for active sports—many of them buttoned completely up one side so that they are easy to climb into. (They cost from one dollar up.) With them, generally, are worn halter tops that allow you to get a splendid suntan. Many have matching skirts that you can slide into afterwards, and you're ready to go directly on to other places. One pair of shorts we have seen was made of a highly glorified piece of burlap, and with this was worn a brilliant green knitted top. *Très chic!*

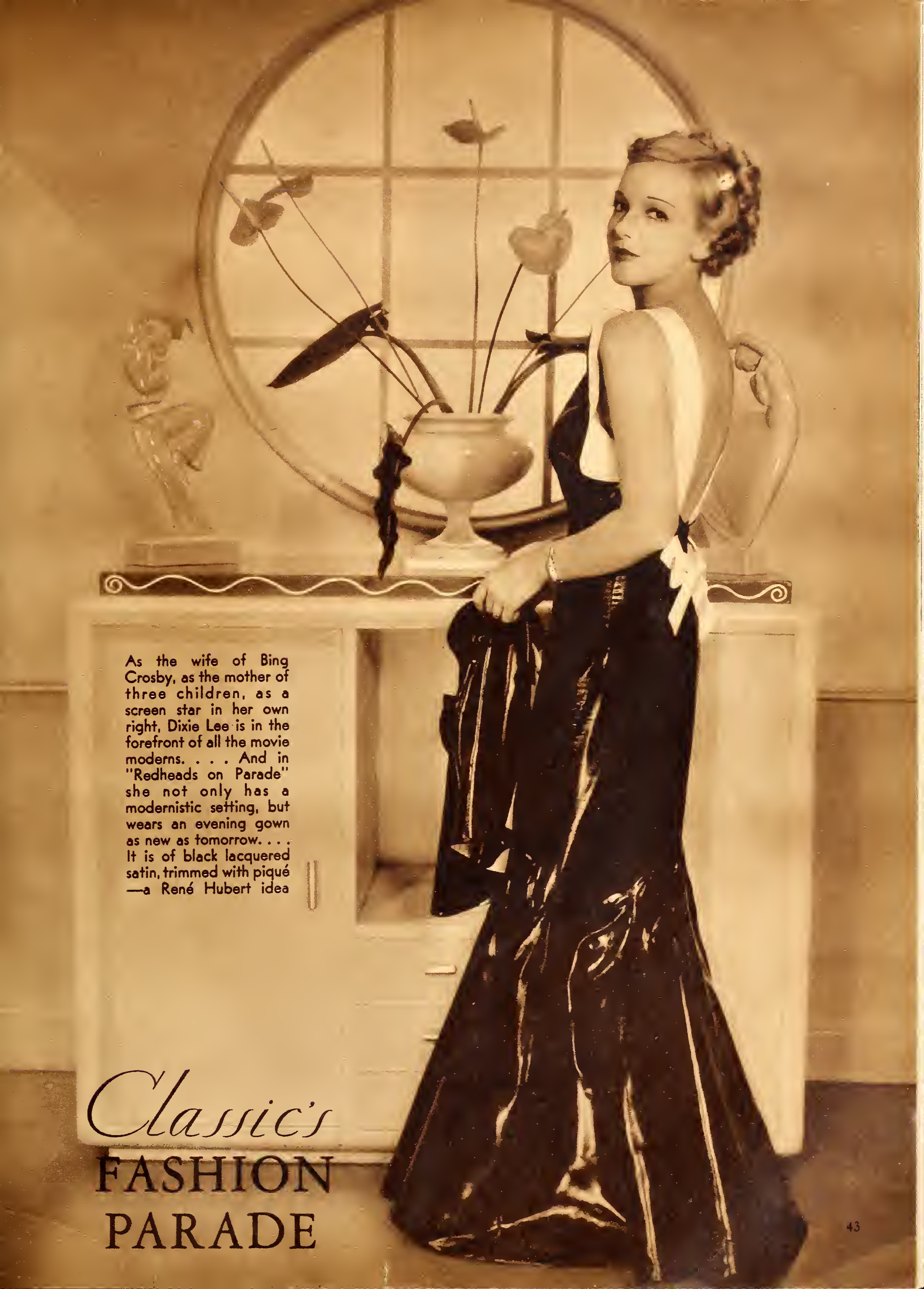
Shirtwaist dresses hold the summer spotlight for business, street and sports. (We have even seen the style in evening dresses.) They seem to have that tailored look that always makes us feel cool and summery, and have a knack of doing grand things to the figure! And in what an endless range of materials they are made . . . ginghams, dimities, organdies, pongees, linens, shantungs, and a new fabric called flax

[*Continued on page 71*]



New sport-style notes: (above) shorts with matching skirt; (right) string gloves, a white pigskin bag, linen shoes

# *Classic's* FASHION PARADE



As the wife of Bing Crosby, as the mother of three children, as a screen star in her own right, Dixie Lee is in the forefront of all the movie moderns. . . . And in "Redheads on Parade" she not only has a modernistic setting, but wears an evening gown as new as tomorrow. . . . It is of black lacquered satin, trimmed with piqué —a René Hubert idea

# Be Simply

This is the clothes counsel of a girl who has charm . . . and a wardrobe to match it

### By MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

As told to Gertrude Hill

Maureen O'Sullivan—piquant in organdy . . .

A crêpe hat, a linen crash coat . . .

A navy off-the-face straw, a smart suit . . .

IF THERE is a password to chic, I believe it is "Simplicity." No matter what the occasion for which you are dressing, you can't go wrong if you are guided by that one rule. If you are a bit in doubt as to what the other girls are wearing, keep your own costume toned down so that even if they are more or less formal than you, you will not be conspicuous.

If you have a few bad points, as most of us have, simple clothes will afford you ample protection. They will not draw undue attention to the shoulders, hips, or whatever it is you wish to conceal. With a wardrobe built on simple costumes of good lines and becoming colors, you won't need a great variety of gowns. No one dress will brand you as "the girl in red" or "the girl in the monkey fur."

Since simple clothes are usually fashioned on standard, classic lines, they can be worn longer, and will retain their style longer, than fussy gowns that are definitely dated by their frills and faddish trimmings. I think any girl, especially one of my type, can follow this rule of unaffected clothes and still appear charming and modish.

But let me show you some of the outfits I have. I think they will illustrate all my theories about dress. Come into my room. Sit over in that chair and I'll lay out the clothes on the bed. Just put the little fur dog anywhere—I'll remove these satin pillows if they take up too much room.

You are going to notice a gap in my wardrobe. I have no cocktail dresses, I have no hostess gown, and no negligées. I don't believe they are necessary and I don't feel at ease in them. When I am invited to a tea, or a cocktail party, I ask if they are dressing specially for the occasion. If they are, I wear an informal evening gown. If they're not, I wear a tailored suit.

This suit is ideal for such events, I think. You see, it is plain, lightweight black wool, almost silky in texture. The white lace blouse with the ruffled jabot accompanies it, and I wear a white carnation or a gardenia in my lapel. An off-the-face black hat, plain black patent-leather pumps, white kid gloves and a black bag complete the ensemble.

# Charming

This is the only style hat I wear, with the exception of large summer straws and berets.

About a year ago, I designed a panama hat just like a child's sailor. I liked it so well I had it made up in felts in all the colors I needed. Fortunately, they are still in style. In fact, I believe I launched them.

● Suits are so wearable, so comfortable, and in such consistent good taste that I rather specialize on them. I have this green tweed, and this dark brown, each with its matching accessories. Because skirts show wear so much more than jackets, I had this light gray skirt made so that I can use it with the suit jackets. It harmonizes beautifully. My little yellow linen suit is cute, for it can be worn with a variety of scarves and accessories. Bright blue makes it very gay; chocolate brown more sophisticated; and white is delightfully refreshing. I like as many summer things as possible to be washable, don't you? The laundry bills are terrific, but the gain in freshness and sparkle is well worth them.

The shirtmaker dress is the suit's nearest relation. I have these three, all made pretty much alike. The shirtmaker is a classic model that will stand very little alteration. Here is a powder-blue washable silk crêpe with navy buttons down the blouse front and a navy monogram on the one breast pocket. Here is a beige with brown accents, and lastly, there is a brown with white trimmings. I wear hats to match all these frocks, white gloves and bags, and plain white brogues.

White silk pajamas, trimmed with red—for lounging . . .

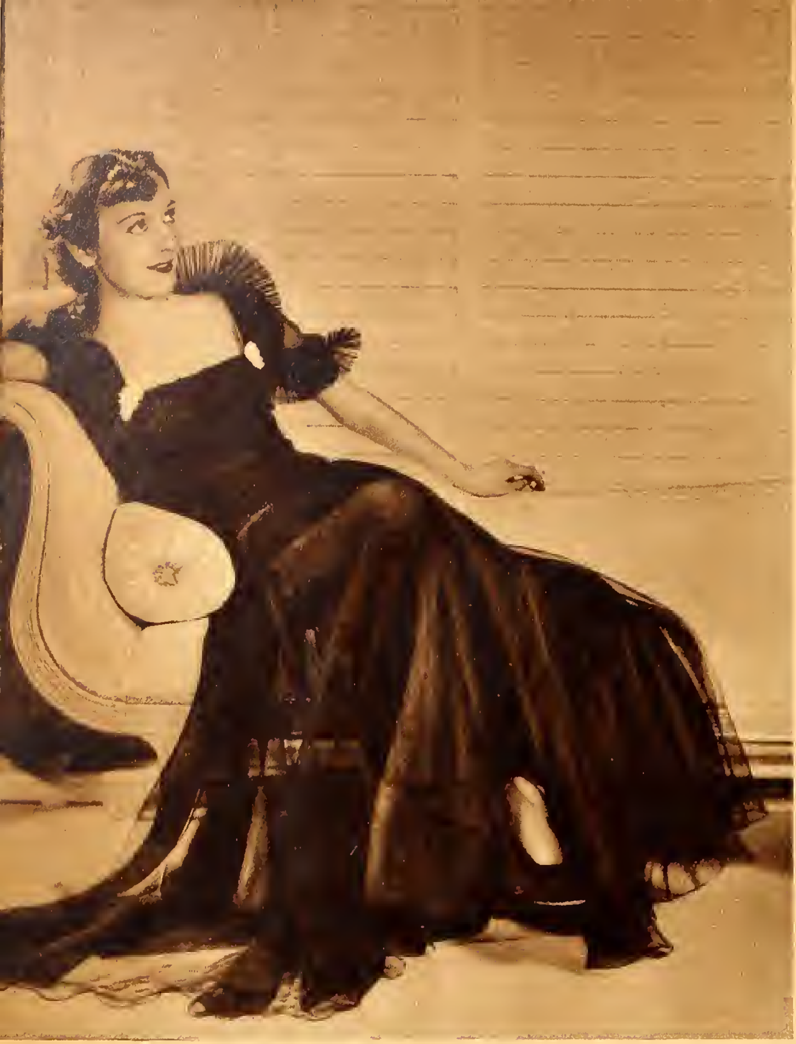
A summer evening gown of white linen lace . . .

I sincerely believe that a girl can triple her chic if she spends less than the allotted amount on dresses, and more on accessories. Nothing adds to a costume like slippers that match, or a hat made to go with it. For instance, look at this little white crêpe evening ensemble. It is hard to judge it as I hold it up to me, but you can see how sweet it is. Feel the material. Isn't it good? I give you my word of honor that I paid just fifteen dollars for it.

The dress itself is extremely simple, with its plain bodice and square-cut décolletage. It is too low for me, with my particular neckline, so I always [*Continued on page* 62]

# Practically into Summer!

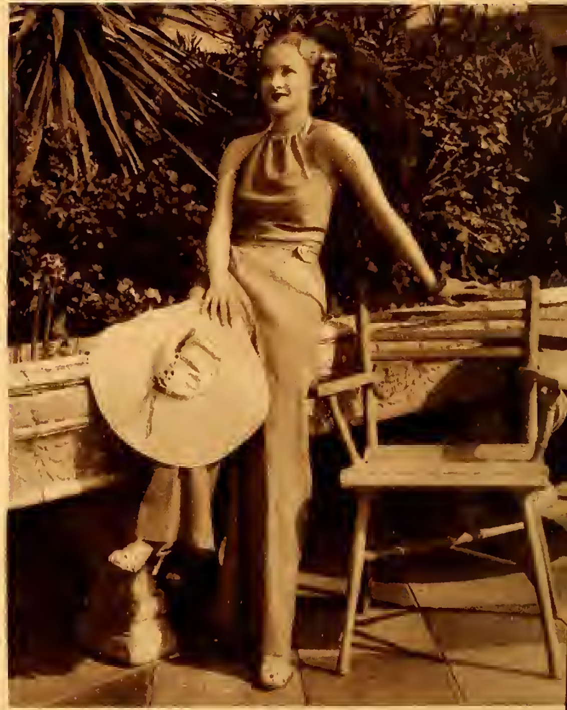
Four modish movie-ites prove simplicity is smart —morning, noon or night!



—Melbourne

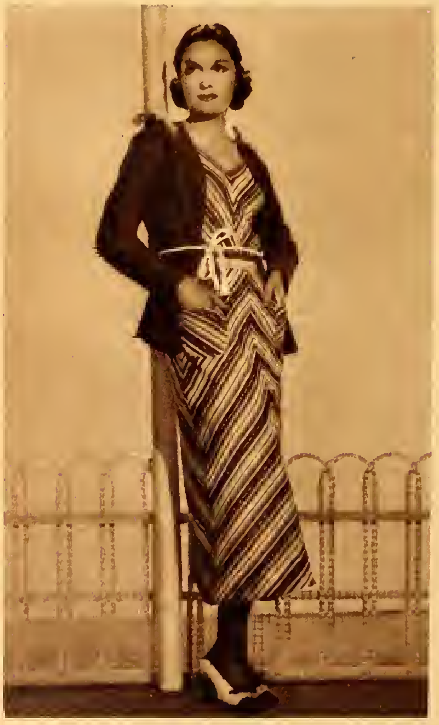
1 *Evening*—Ann Dvorak

4 *Lounging*—Marian Marsh



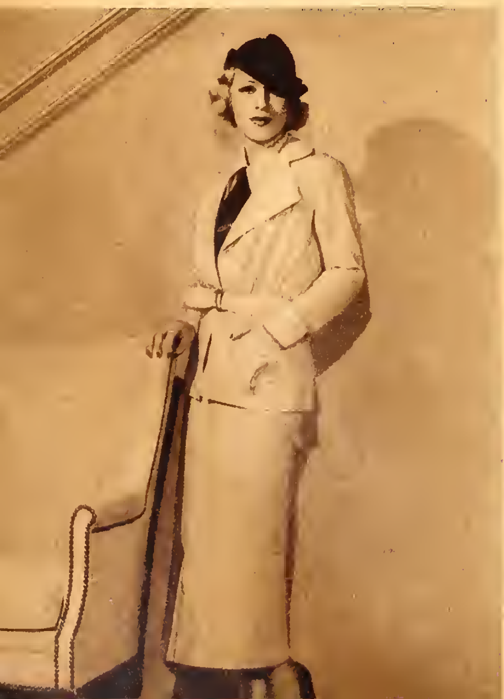
—Fraker

3 *Tennis*—Gail Patrick



—Richee

2 *Street*—Glenda Farrell



—Melbourne

1. Ann Dvorak wears the always smart black net, with clever clips to accent the squared neckline . . . ideal for summer dining and dancing. 2. Indispensable silk linen suit worn by Glenda Farrell . . . natural colored, pale yellow blouse, brown accessories. 3. Week-end special . . . a sun-back striped frock, bright red jacket with shoulder straps of dress pulled through, as worn by Gail Patrick. 4. Marian Marsh lounges in a blue slack suit of ribbed piqué, and a big white sun hat

# Expositioning

Candid camera shots on fashion
at the San Diego World's Fair
. . . modeled by Madge Evans

San Diego and summer welcome Madge in a white mesh frock, a white panama, a red-and-white striped scarf

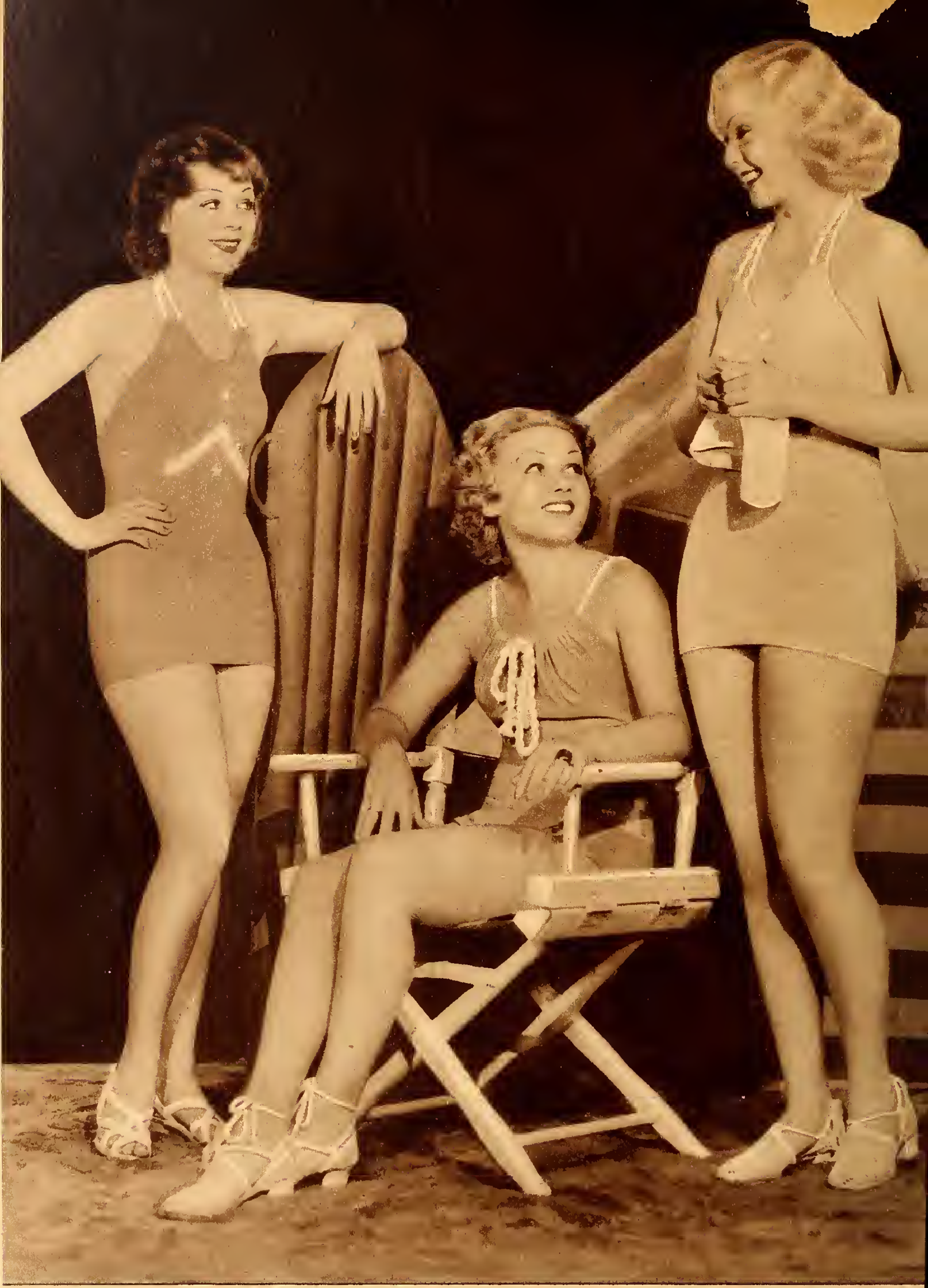
*All portraits by Tom Evans, the actress' brother*

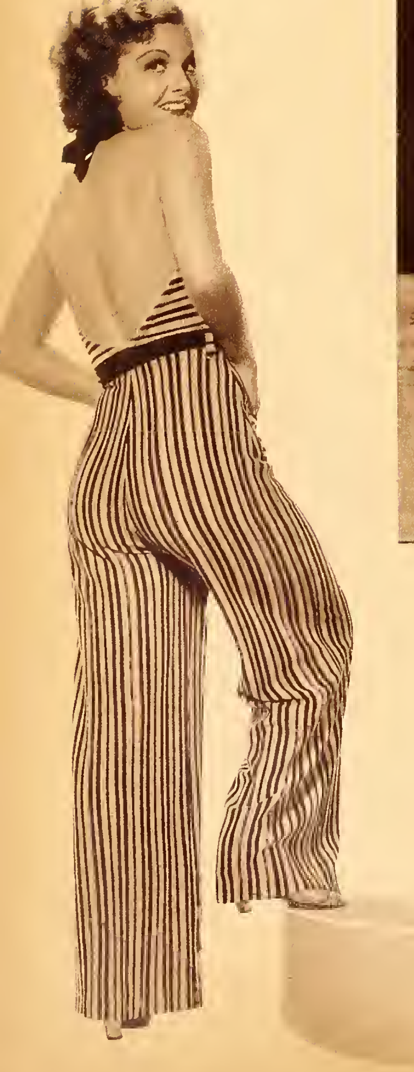
A shirtmaker frock of white ribbed silk, with red-checked gloves and scarf . . . in the Palace of Hospitality patio

Below the Majestic Tower . . . in a white tailored frock of silk crêpe with blue accents in buttons, scarf and hat band. Note the white silk knitted gloves

Madge mirrors a Summer, 1935 fashion at the famous Mirror Lake . . . a plain white linen skirt topped by a red waist with polka dots and patch pockets. The gauntlet gloves are white

"All for sun, and sun for all"—that is the movie colony's motto when it comes time to race to the beaches . . . the race being to see who can lead the beach fashion parade. Iris Adrian, Grace Bradley and Toby Wing all favor the krepe-tex suits made by U. S. Rubber—smart, snug and in delicate pastel colors

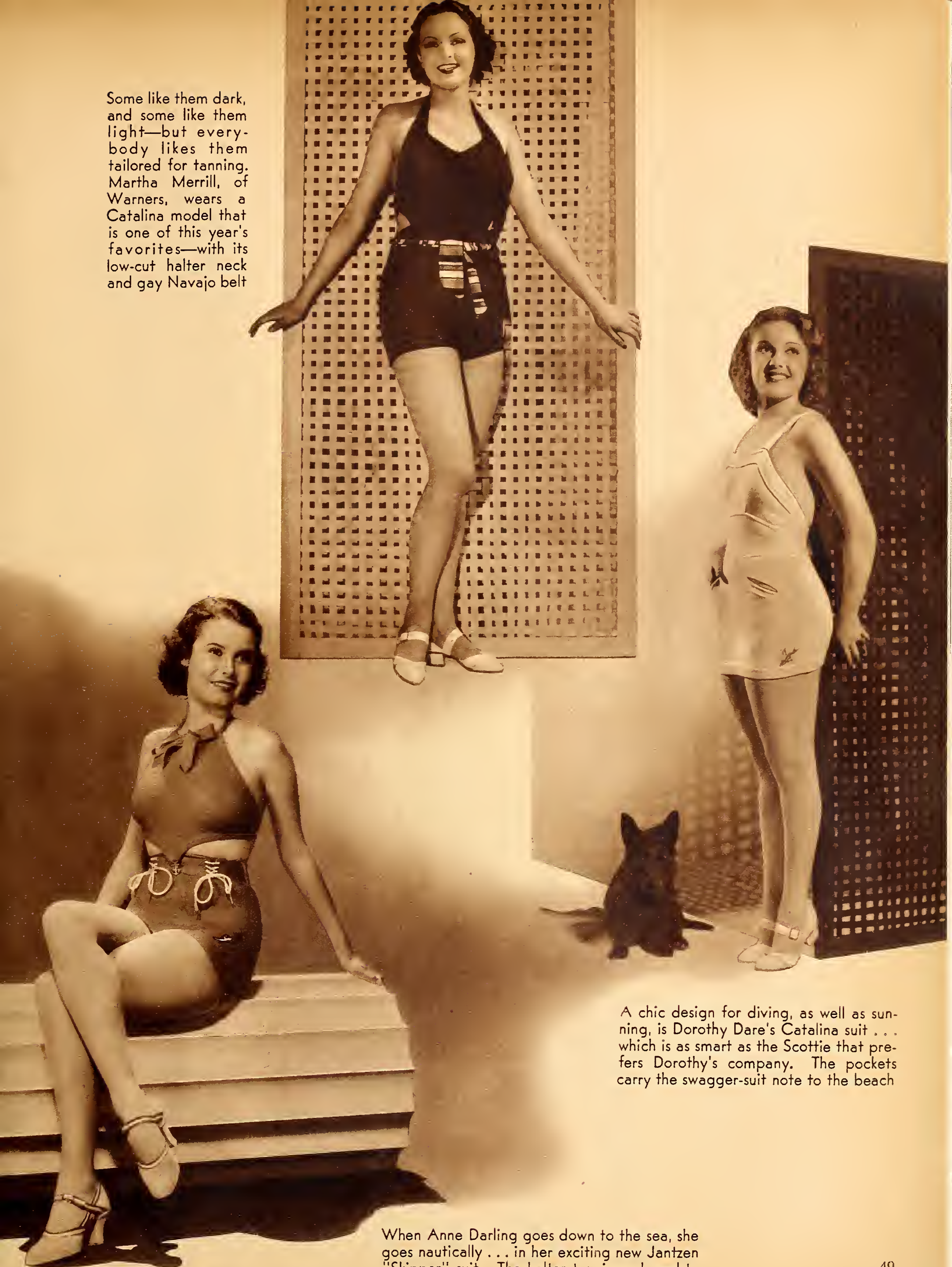




# Suited to a Sea!

A preview of what's new under the cinema sun

The beach fashion story isn't entirely a short, short one. Ann Sheridan goes pertly down to the sea in striped jersey pajamas. (Her suit is underneath!)

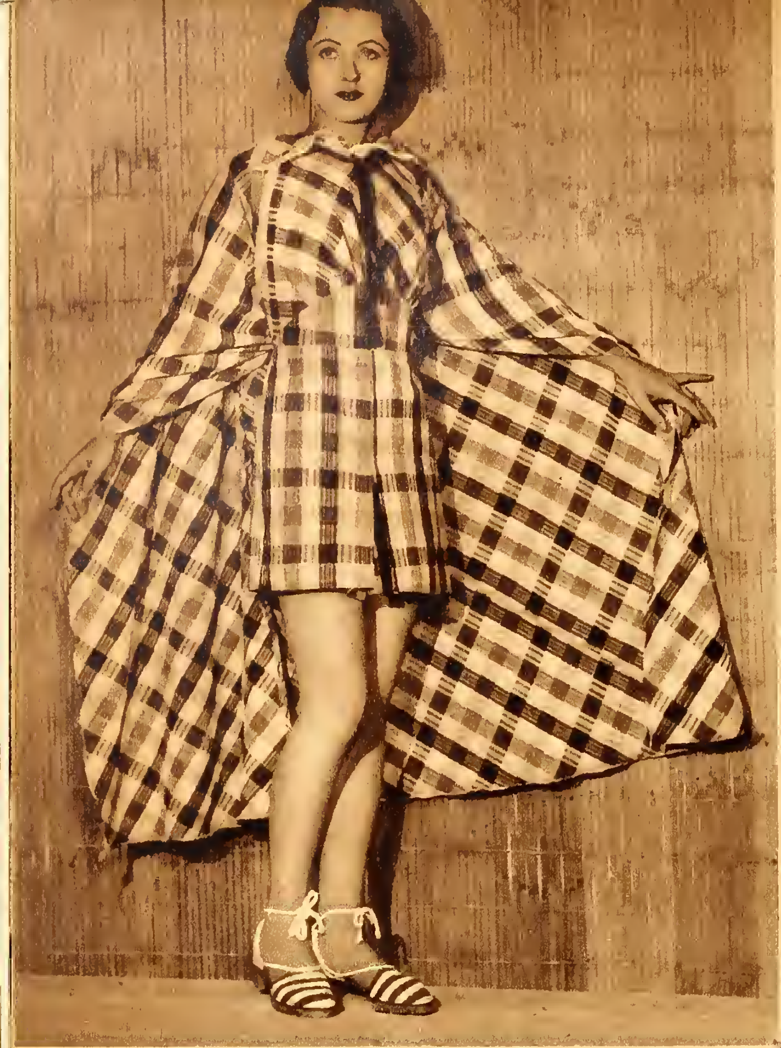


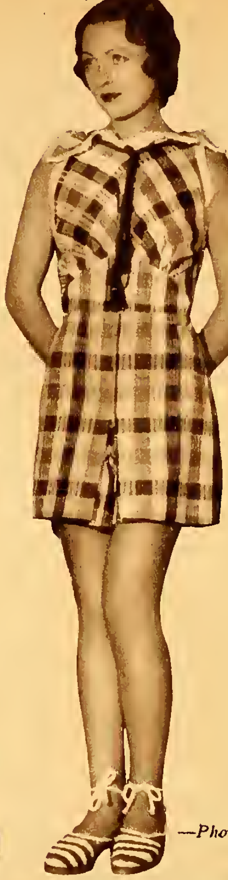
Some like them dark, and some like them light—but everybody likes them tailored for tanning. Martha Merrill, of Warners, wears a Catalina model that is one of this year's favorites—with its low-cut halter neck and gay Navajo belt

A chic design for diving, as well as sunning, is Dorothy Dare's Catalina suit . . . which is as smart as the Scottie that prefers Dorothy's company. The pockets carry the swagger-suit note to the beach

When Anne Darling goes down to the sea, she goes nautically . . . in her exciting new Jantzen "Skipper" suit. The halter top is anchored to the shorts, which have lacing at the belt, sailor-fashion, to insure fit. For the 1935 mermaid!

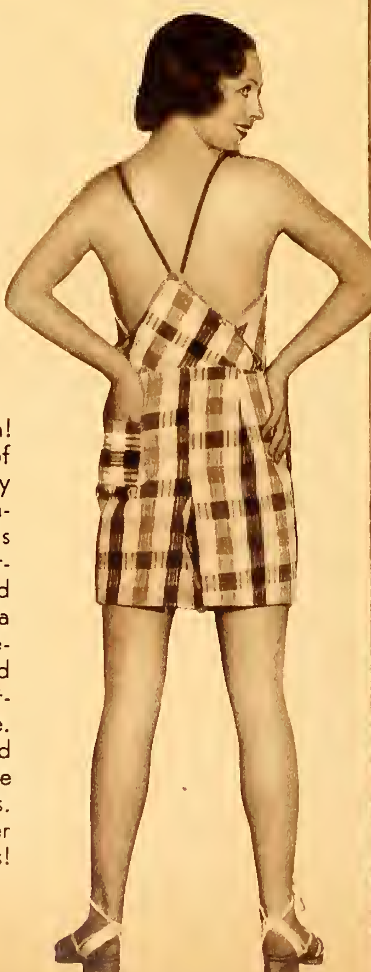
# The Winning Trick

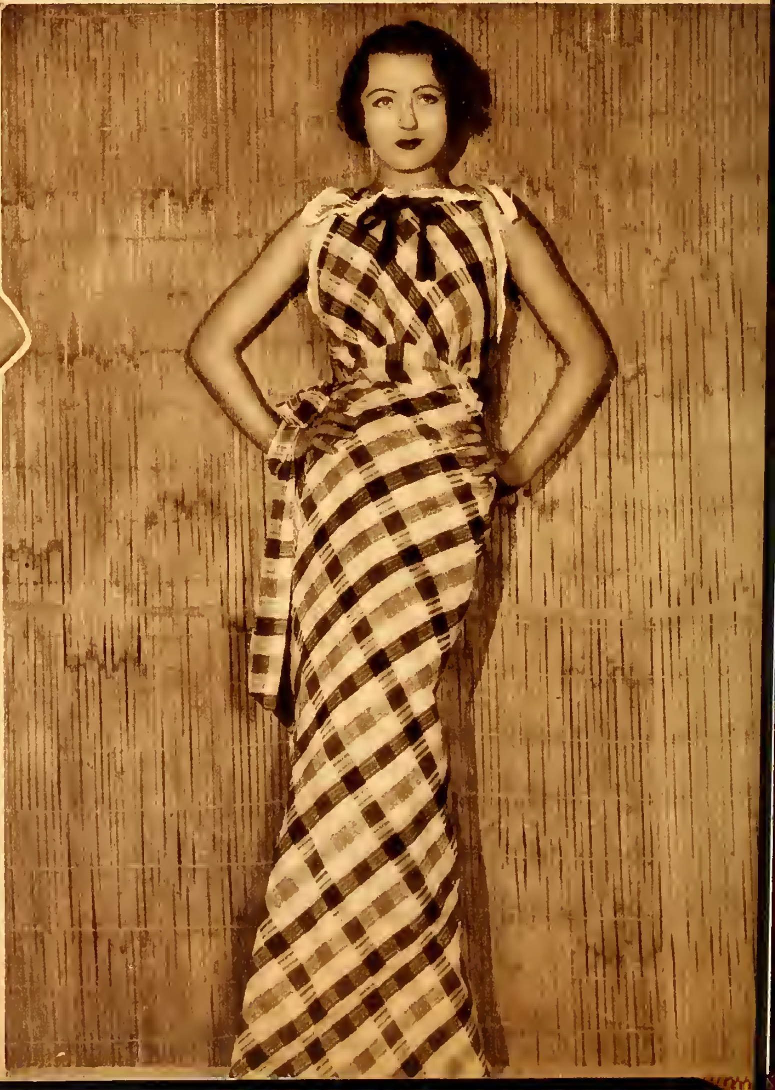




Would you like an outfit as clever as this? We have the pattern—in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. (From our pattern, you can make a street frock instead of an evening gown, if you so desire.) To obtain it, send fifteen cents and your size to Pattern Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 529 S. 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

—*Photos by Fraker*





From sunsuit to evening gown! Here's the cleverest trick of the season, modeled by Geneva Mitchell, of Columbia's "Party Wire" cast. It's all done with a cape! The outfit is made of brilliant plaid seersucker, and starts with a sunsuit with a high bodice (belied by a bare back) and cord straps. Pleated seersucker outlines the collar and bodice. The cape, when tied around the waistline, becomes the skirt of an evening dress. Enough to make any summer vacation an exciting success!

# Easy to Look At —*Easy to do!*

BETTY FURNESS not only designs most of the clever dresses she wears; she makes them, herself. And what could be simpler to make than her Tahitian evening gown?

### By MARY HILL

EVER since she can remember, Betty Furness has had a flair for sewing and knitting. She designs most of her own clothes, and makes many of them herself. When the Hollywood starlet took her first screen test, she wore a dress she had made, herself!

Betty could spend a young fortune for clothes if she wished. Before entering pictures (you will find her at M-G-M), she was a New York débutante, educated in private schools, and for the most part blessed with the sort of things that we call the "world's goods." Still she prefers to make her own things—a fact which rather blasts that old idea that society girls can't do anything practical . . . and that other old idea that it takes gobs of money to be stunningly dressed.

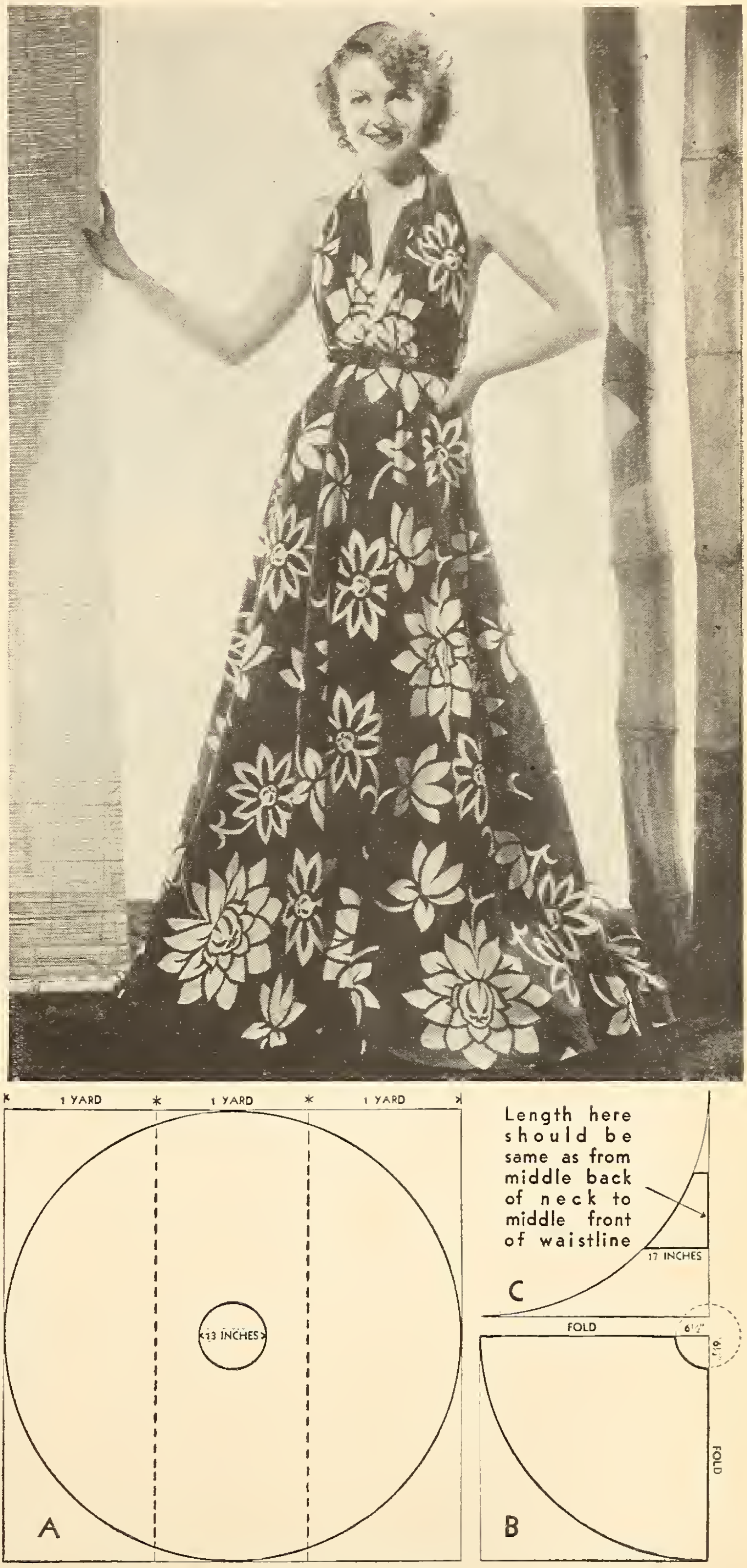
For Betty's dresses are as easy to look at as they are easy to make, and her word about clothes is becoming just as important to filmdom's younger set as Joan Crawford's or Carole Lombard's is to the glamor girls. Yet this attractive blue-eyed actress spends no more on clothes than does the average American girl!

How does she manage the miracle?

Naturally, a player as busy as Betty doesn't have time to sew very much, so when she can't get in her regular quota of sewing, she knits.

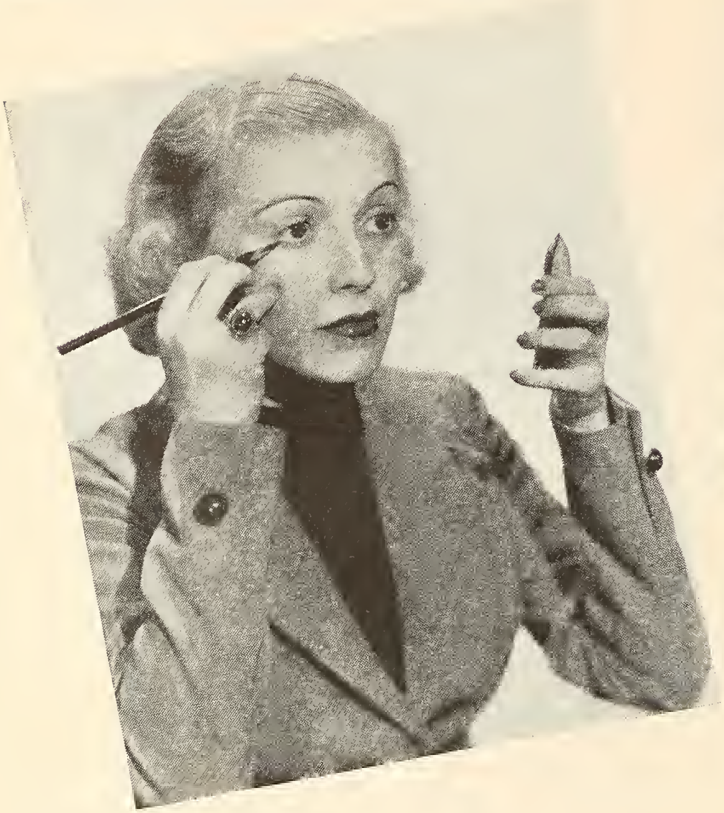
Asked how she could possibly have the time to do all the knitting she does, Betty declares, "It's the best pastime I know of, particularly on the set between scenes. It doesn't require any concentration, and I can knit and talk simultaneously. I do the same thing when friends come over to the house. I can't be annoyed with bridge . . . so if I have nothing in particular to do, I start another sweater or suit."

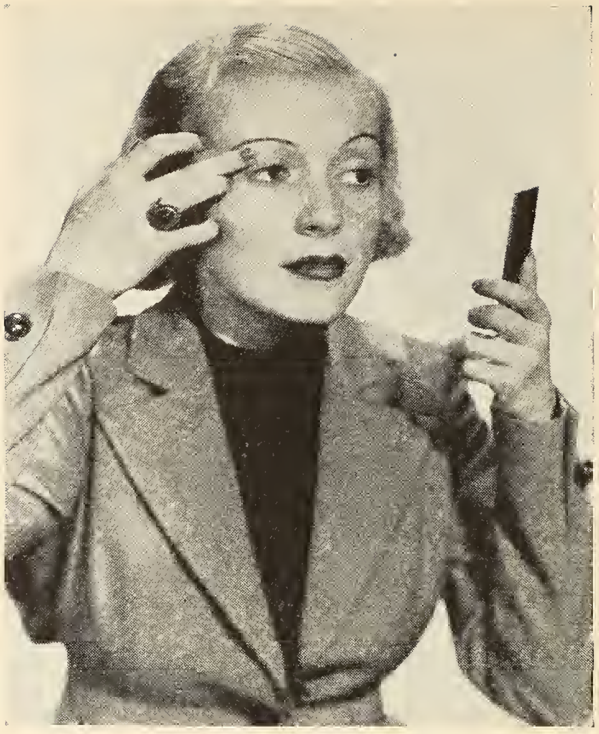
Betty is swamped with requests from friends for sweaters, caps, and other knitted wear. And if you could see her collection of them, you wouldn't wonder why. She always gets the best yarns, yet the costliest suits she makes never cost her more than fifteen dollars. They couldn't [*Continued on page* 72]


1 YARD
1 YARD
1 YARD
3 YARDS
13 INCHES
A
Length here should be same as from middle back of neck to middle front of waistline
17 INCHES
C
FOLD
6½"
6½"
FOLD
B

Here you see Betty Furness' Tahitian gown and the simple diagrams for it . . . and the article tells the rest

Hollywood girls—such as Rosalind Culli Keith (below)—add allure to their eyes with a pencil line along the rim of the lower eyelid





Applying eyeshadow is not difficult. Rosalind Culli Keith demonstrates the correct method—which Alison Alden describes

# Eyes Right—

## You can look at life with eyes as beautiful as a movie

### BY ALISON ALDEN

HOLLYWOOD has done for eyes what Colonel Lindbergh and Amelia Earhart have done for aviation.

Back in the silent days, a star's eyes had to be expressive enough to convey ideas that were beyond the ability of the man who wrote the subtitles; so, when Joan Crawford was still working her way through school, the movie people were already perfecting an eye make-up technique that brought eyes out of the oblivion in which they had been lost since the Puritans landed.

Before long, feminine movie-goers, staring entranced at the mysterious orbs of Garbo, the guileless angel-eyes of Loretta Young and the Park Avenue eyes of Myrna Loy, decided that eye make-up offered an easy avenue of escape from the Old Maid's Home. Ever forthright, they scurried out of thousands of movie palaces in Flatbush, Peoria and Carson City into their local drug stores . . . . And in a short time, bright-eyed, were looking at life in a brand-new way.

Personally, I think Hollywood is to be commended for this pioneering, for there is no other phase of make-up that so improves, so transforms a woman. The moment she brushes mascara on her lashes and smooths shadow on her lids, she acquires a glamor, and allure that are striking . . .

● IF you don't *want* to capture your share of Allurement, Ltd., don't read beyond this period. But if you do, draw up your chair for a chat on the right and wrong methods of applying various eye cosmetics. There still is room for pioneering, because many women are too timid to attempt eye make-up and others do it too flagrantly. In this article, I hope to be able to give you some hints that will remove you from either category.

In the first place, you must not copy Dolores Del Rio's eye make-up tricks if you have eyes much like Constance Bennett's—or vice versa. Having worked out a *suitable* form of eye beautification for yourself, stay with it, and don't wander into foreign fields just for the fun of experimenting . . . . In the second place, remember that a light touch with eye cosmetics is *always* preferred to a heavy one . . . . And in the third place, don't operate on the assumption that black mascara is the be-all and end-all. Thousands of years ago, sooty *kohl* was all that the Ptolemy belles had at their disposal, but the belle of this enlightened age has a veritable rainbow of delicately colored shadows and mascaras

It's the upward stroke that counts if you want curled lashes. Katherine De Mille finds it easy with her eyebrow brush

Katherine De Mille believes in tracing the natural arch of her eyebrow with her eyebrow pencil—elongated very little

# Eyes Bright!

star's! Alison Alden, beauty expert, tells you how

with which to enhance her own particular coloring.

Keeping these three cardinal rules in mind, you cannot go very far wrong. More specific admonitions, however, are these: Don't put mascara on your lower lashes. There are those who disagree with me on this point, but I still contend firmly that mascaraed lower lashes give one's face a hard, worn look. Maybe you are the one in a thousand who can do it with devastating results, but the rule still stands.

● USING the latest-type mascara, it is almost impossible to achieve that beaded look that has caused so much justified criticism of eye make-up. But mascara still requires care and deftness in handling. Mix it carefully, not hurriedly, so that it is brought to exactly the right consistency. Brush it on sideways first, and then upward, with a sweeping motion of the brush. This sweeping upward motion is what gives the lashes an upward curve, actually making eyes look larger and more luminous. And to produce this curve, it is necessary to brush upward industriously, continuing until the mascara hardens.

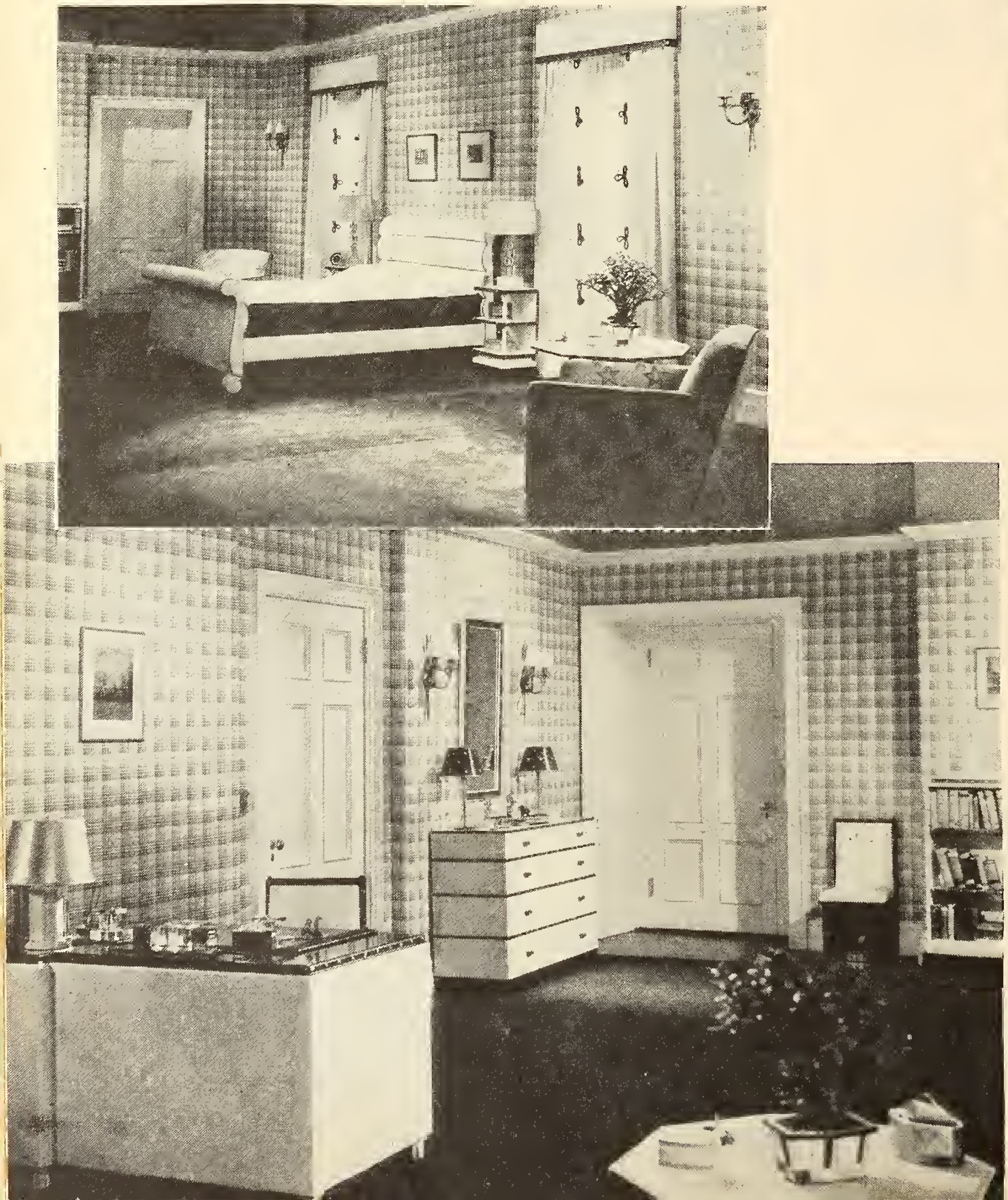
It is a wise idea to have a clean mascara brush ready to use for the upward motion, for it separates the individual lashes more readily and removes excess bits of mascara . . . . Even better, to my mind, though, is one of those tricky little eyelash combs that are beginning to create a ripple. French women, who have long been expert at applying eye make-up, have used them for years. I can give you the trade name of a very fine one, if you like. You will cherish it as fondly as your lipstick after you have used it a few times and discovered how neatly it improves your mascara technique. It is an asset, too, in grooming heavy brows—particularly the kind that are curly and refuse to stay put. The price of this gadget is only 75 cents. If you will write to me, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope, I shall be glad to tell you where you can buy it.

If your lashes are unusually sparse and you want to make them look heavily fringed for an evening of conquest, try this: Take a light film of cream on your fingertip and brush this evenly on your lashes. With a bit of cotton, apply face powder lavishly over the creamed lashes and then brush on mascara. Result: Your lashes look twice as long and three times as thick. The powder clings to the cream-covered lashes and gives them more bulk, you see. This would scarcely do in the cold, hard light of the office, but at evening parties it is guaranteed to paralyze strong men.

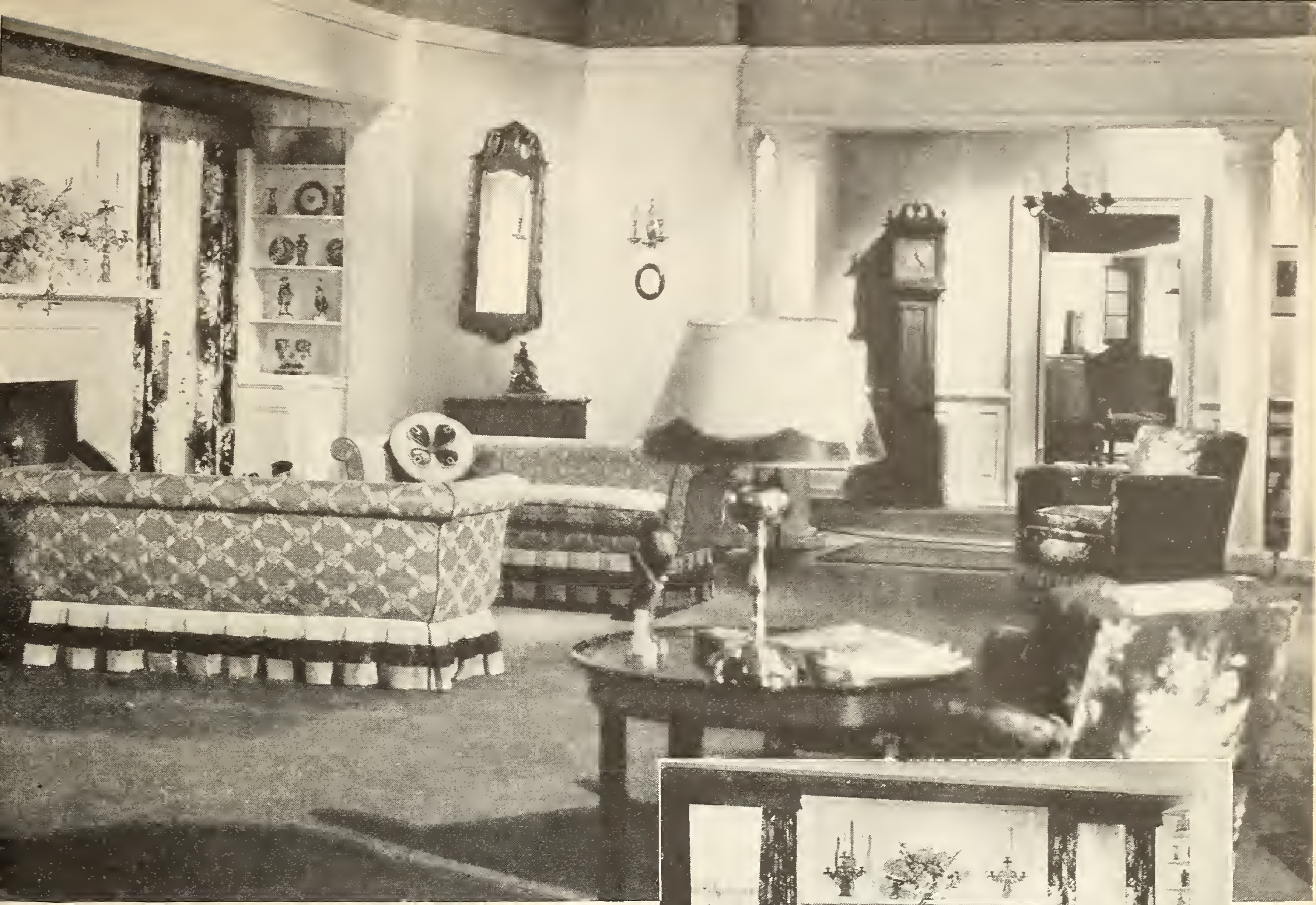
[*Continued on page 69*]

# Designs for Living Smartly

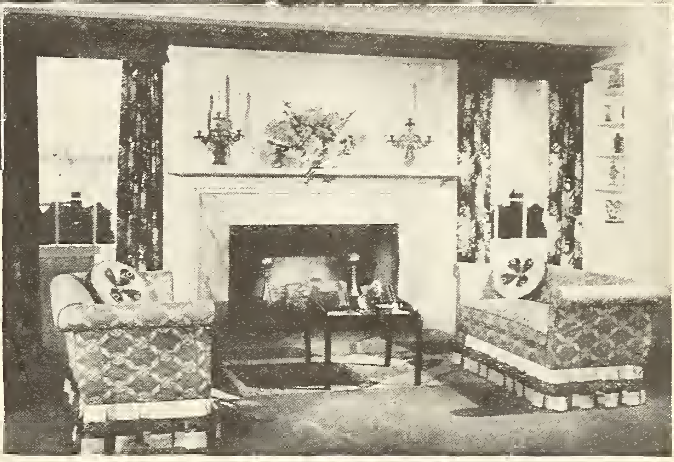
What the well-dressed houses
will be wearing tomorrow . . .
as predicted by Hollywood today



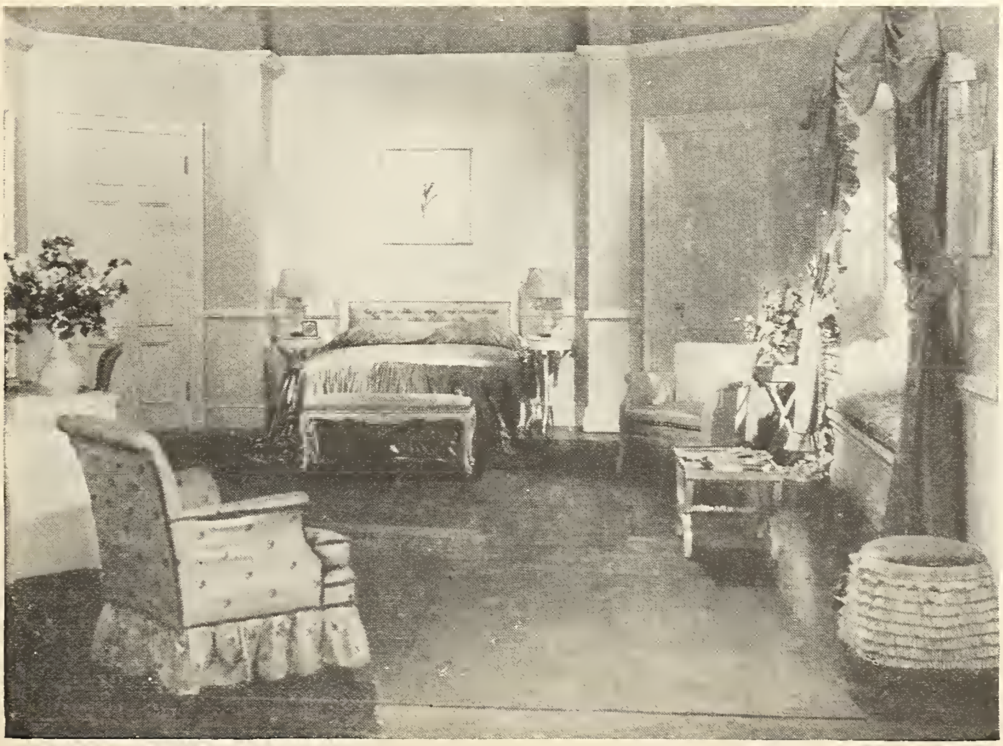
Who isn't eager for new ideas in home decoration? And who doesn't find them in today's movies? For example, this modernistic bedroom, designed for "Age of Indiscretion" . . . with plaid wallpaper, white furniture of simple design, banded with dark leather, "pajama fastenings" on the linen curtains



18th Century English, yet modern in feeling and highly livable, is Paul Lukas' living room in "Age of Indiscretion." The color scheme is yellow, white and brown. The draperies are hand-blocked linen, matched by the two lounge chairs; the two sofas are in chintz, with box-plaited ruffles of yellow, white and brown. Even the fireplace has a cool fresh look



All Photos by Tanner



Left, the last word in glamorous femininity . . . Helen Vinson's bedroom in "Age of Indiscretion." It is a pastel room in tones of pale blue and peach. Blue are the draperies, the bed, the bench and one chair; peach are the rug, the bedspread, the polka dots in the wallpaper

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"I read an advertisement of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE 10-day trial offer."
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**REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS**
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# What Singing Does for Girls

[*Continued from page* 30]

more similar letters have arrived. I am thrilled to death by the idea.

"I think I can organize one in every city of any size in the country. And I intend to hold a singing contest among all members. Each chapter will select the best voice, and from among those first winners a committee will select, let us say, the ten most outstanding. I will hold a personal audition of these ten, and the boy and girl whom I select, I will either finance in a musical education here and abroad, or I will arrange for such education. Won't that be wonderful?"

I wanted to know, from one whose experience has been so broad, what singing can do for a girl. Miss Moore did not hesitate a moment:

"It can give her freedom. I began to sing because I could see that it would take me and lift me out of the humdrum life I was leading. I think that, consciously or subconsciously, most girls have that ambition—to escape mediocrity. People who might be indifferent to a girl looking for a routine office position will be considerate of one who is ambitious to be a singer. She has unpredictable potentialities. People were kind to me on the road up, and I want to be kind to others who are starting."

BUT requests for advice about voice lessons are only one of the many problems that the letter-writers ask Miss Moore to solve for them. Recently, for example, a mother wrote this: "The doctor wants to remove the tonsils of my little boy, aged eight; but I have heard that no great singer ever had that ability with his tonsils removed. I want my boy to become an opera singer, and I am afraid of this operation. What shall I do?"

And how, if you were Miss Moore, would *you* answer that?

"I feel both flattered and humble beneath this barrage," smiled Grace Moore, "and at times I am at a complete loss. I think the club idea is my only possible solution. Don't you?"

It is hardly believable, but until the time when she first learned of the success of *One Night of Love*, Grace Moore was one of the most shy, self-conscious women in the world. Every appearance before the opera audience in the Diamond Horseshoe at the Metropolitan meant chills along her spine. She had to brace herself against stuttering when she met other celebrities. But the success of that picture was her salvation. With the cheers of the audience ringing in her ears, she emerged from its first preview a new woman, with the utmost of poise and self-confidence.

"I want to tell the whole world who gave me my first confidence when I went into that picture. I felt as if I had to show everyone else what I could do; but the workers on the set—the 'grips,' the 'juicers' and the carpenters and the handymen—seemed to say, without speaking, 'Atta girl, Gracie, we know you're tops!'"

THOSE who have seen the rushes and have heard her singing in this second Columbia picture, *Love Me Forever*, declare by the Great Horn Spoon that it eclipses *One Night of Love*. Miss Moore, when questioned, only smiles. She does not think that, because of the success of that picture, the screen is ready for complete operas. She is in favor of more experimenting first. But she feels that the great operatic day in pictures will soon come, because of the experience being gained through such pictures as hers.

"In this new film, I am doing something that has never been done on the screen before. I am singing two complete acts from *La Bohême*. And, speaking of new things, I hope that natural color soon will be here—as they say it will after *Becky Sharp*. Imagine, if you can, *Carmen* on the screen in full color! I shall feel myself a pioneer in opera for the screen."

Miss Moore thinks that if a girl learns to sing, even though she may never reach the operatic or even the musical comedy stage, she cannot help but develop her personality.

"Singing is an outlet for self-expression," she insists, "an emotional outlet that leaves her clean and fresh of mind, with none of the morbid inner reactions of the girl who is dissatisfied with her environment and broods. No girl with a trained voice can brood and make herself mentally ill. She sings. And singing inspires a certain degree of self-confidence in her, even though it failed to do so in my case. It makes her more attractive to men and, to any girl, that is a desirable attribute."

Finishing *Love Me Forever*, she has gone to England to sing for the King and Queen at Covent Garden. And although she will not comment on it, a close friend of hers confides that she may receive the highest honor France can bestow—the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Italy, too, has honors in store for her; and, while she is in England, she will be given the well-deserved honor of being presented at Court. But this will be the real thrill of this trip abroad:

"I need rest," she told me, "and to think that we are to have two entire weeks, just my husband and I, in my wonderful home near Cannes!"

During the filming of *One Night of Love*, reports that Miss Moore was temperamental went the rounds. When I asked her about the truth of the report, she laughed:

"On this film, I have eight different bosses, and I suppose that each day, each of them waits for the temperamental Moore to explode. Watch me fool them—watch me fool them!"

# "I want my sleep to be beauty sleep—*so I never let stale cosmetics choke my pores all night*"

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "SHANGHAI"

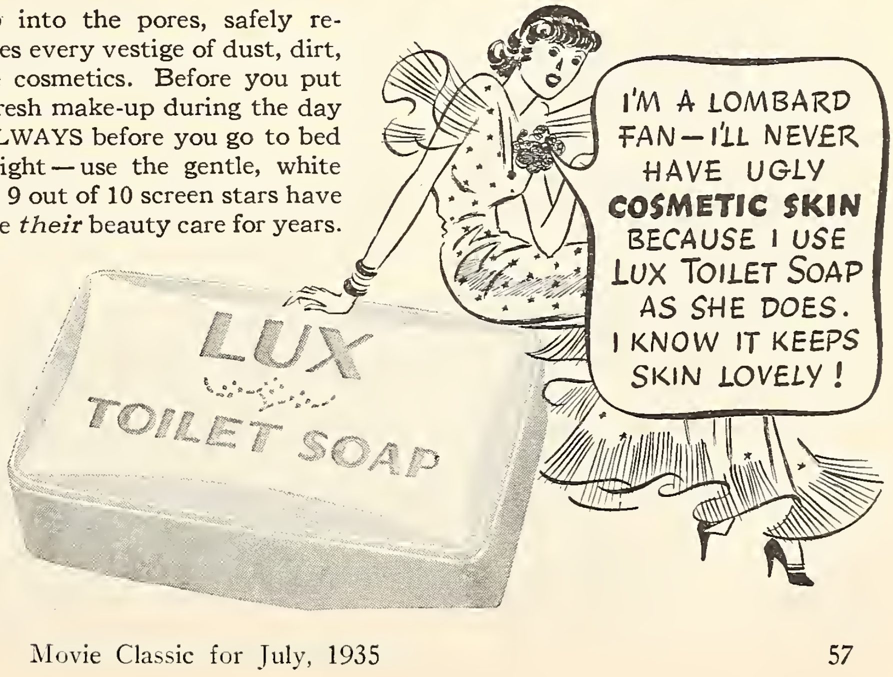
## *says* CAROLE LOMBARD

"YES, I use cosmetics," says Carole Lombard, "but thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin!"

This lovely screen star knows it is when cosmetics are allowed to *choke the pores* that trouble begins — tiny blemishes appear — enlarging pores — even blackheads, perhaps.

### Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin, always remove cosmetics *thoroughly* the Hollywood way. Lux Toilet Soap has an ACTIVE lather that sinks deep into the pores, safely removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day —ALWAYS before you go to bed at night — use the gentle, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have made *their* beauty care for years.


I'M A LOMBARD FAN—I'LL NEVER HAVE UGLY **COSMETIC SKIN** BECAUSE I USE LUX TOILET SOAP AS SHE DOES. I KNOW IT KEEPS SKIN LOVELY!
LUX
TOILET SOAP

Lyle Talbot
PICKS MOST
APPEALING LIPS
IN INTERESTING TEST

HERE ARE THE LIPS LYLE TALBOT SAW

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Here's the reason Tangee lips won with Mr. Talbot

• Lyle Talbot makes the test between scenes of "Oil for the Lamps of China," the Cosmopolitan Picture released by Warner Brothers.

● "I may be old-fashioned," said Lyle Talbot, "but I like a girl's lips to have a fresh, dewy look. That's why I don't like paint." And millions of men must feel the same way. For more and more girls now have natural-looking lips . . . Tangee lips.

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# Loretta Young's Romantic Secrets

[*Continued from page 27*]

And I was glad about what I saw one day nearly a year afterward. It was not healthy for a young girl to be as emotionally serene as Loretta had been for those twelve months.

That day I saw her eyes dancing up to a tall, black-haired Irishman.

"Do you know George Brent?" she flung at me eagerly. And almost in the same breath she added, "I've never had so much fun on a picture as we're having on this one!" It was a drawing-room type of drama, with gay sets, wonderful music, even more wonderful gowns. It was a fitting background for the budding of any romance, and George and Loretta seemed to be holding onto their movie mood "after hours" at the Cocoanut Grove and the Biltmore.

Sometimes David Manners, also a member of the cast, accompanied them. For once the gossips were baffled. Who was interested in whom? And what about the lady known as Ruth Chatterton? Didn't she have prior rights to Mr. Brent? Apparently not, for he escorted Loretta everywhere. Ruth departed for Paris "on a visit" and the studio sent Mr. Brent and Miss Young on a personal appearance tour. Loretta's mother accompanied her and George was all attention to the two of them.

Then the headlines broke. The whole world knows what they were—the Chatterton divorce from Ralph Forbes and, twenty-four hours later, her marriage to George Brent. What it doesn't know is the story *behind* the headlines. The story of Loretta's heartbreak. She and George had been playing in one of the large cities the night before Ruth's boat docked and at supper after the last performance George told her. "Loretta, I'm going to marry Miss Chatterton—if she'll have me." He said it simply, in the way a man confides in a friend. It had never occurred to him that Loretta *cared*. Not in that way. They had been good pals. They had—but at the sudden tears in her eyes, he was horrified. "Don't be silly, child. You don't care about me really. It's something you've created in your imagination . . ."

The girl held out her hand. She wasn't trembling any longer. "Sorry, George. I didn't understand. The best of luck to you—always." Game little sport. Chin up. Smile. *Smile*, even though you walk through your days blindly and weep through your nights.

I SAW them together about fifteen months later—Loretta and the fine young fellow to whom she had finally become engaged. He was a non-professional, a likable chap who lived in Los Angeles. It wasn't a feverish romance. It was built on the firm foundation of mutual respect and appreciation—yes, and dreams. They would be married soon. Loretta would give up the screen to make a real home for him. That, she reasoned, was the least she could do when he had given a meaning to life again, helped her forget the sting of disappointment.

At noon one day he telephoned her at her studio dressing room. His voice sounded strange, tightened with pain. In quick little gasps he told her. They were rushing him to the hospital. . . . It was for an emergency appendix operation.

Through the eternity that was that afternoon, she waited. At six the call came. It was all over—with a definite, terrible finality. He was dead.

Outside of their intimate circle, the two had managed to keep their engagement secret . . . so Hollywood could only guess the reason for the change in Loretta. There was a new softness to her mouth, a new depth of feeling to everything she did.

BUT the Young home is essentially a jolly place, where misery and heartache find it hard to flourish. The asmosphere is as light and cheery as a June morning and in time Loretta was able to respond to it.

Being young and beautiful and famous, she has always attracted a great deal of attention. Men cluster around her like bees around honey. Once, I asked her the secret of finding romance.

"Tenderness, I think," she said. "And thoughtfulness. You have to use your imagination so that you can foresee things that will bring you and the man you love together. I don't believe a girl gains half as much when she's the hail-fellow-well-met type as she does when she's sweet and wholly feminine."

Certainly, Loretta herself is as dainty as possible. Perhaps that is why, in the law of contrasts, she shows preference for men of the ex-football-hero variety. There was one who entered her life, appearing with her in a picture, and whose unconscious charm caught Loretta off-guard. He, too, had experienced a broken romance. Between the two of them, there was a silent bond of sympathy—a bond that developed, before Loretta was aware of it, into an emotion she had never experienced before.

But, suddenly, his broken romance mended—and Loretta with characteristic courage, said goodbye . . . with a smile and a "Good luck, always!" It was a goodbye that cost her the sharpest suffering she had ever known. The only way to heal it, she reasoned, was to plunge into work, to lose herself in work.

And so at twenty-two Loretta Young knows what it is to bury grief in work. She has the quickened sympathy and understanding of a woman far beyond her years. And when she starts off on her search for happiness she will find adventure and romance waiting for her—as they surely must be waiting for a girl who has made such a gallant gesture of living.

# How beautiful New York models keep their teeth lovely

**CATHERINE WEARY**
(*above*) Winning a Western Beauty Contest led Miss Catherine Weary of Chicago, Ill., to success in ateliers and photographers' studios.

**ELIZABETH RUSSELL**
(*left*) Elizabeth Russell, most photographed of N. Y. models, has been "snapped" at least 5,000 times.

**JOSELYN REYNOLDS**
(*left*) Pressed into service during a shortage of models in a Fifth Avenue Shop, Joselyn Reynolds has prospered ever since.

**PEGGY LADEN**
(*right*) Whenever a photographer gets a call for a "sweet sixteen" type, out goes an SOS for Peggy Laden.

**DOROTHY WALLACE**
(*left*) Dorothy Wallace of Dallas, Texas, is highly successful in her work, but her real ambition is for the operatic stage.

There are no sterner judges of tooth paste than these women. Since their jobs depend on their good-looks, they cannot afford to take chances on doubtful preparations. For them only the best will do, *and it must produce results*. That is why so many of them use Listerine Tooth Paste, year in, year out.

They have found, as more than two million other women have discovered—that Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes quick results that are simply amazing. Dingy-looking teeth made brighter . . . lustreless teeth given a wonderful sparkle after a few brushings . . . unsightly discolorations disappearing after a week or two . . . all without harm to the precious enamel of the teeth. Safety is one of the appealing factors of this truly remarkable dentifrice.

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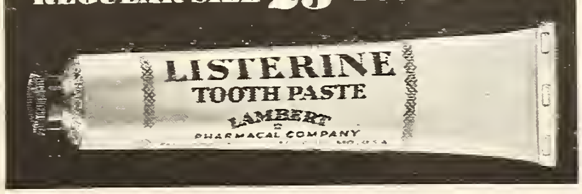
See how firm it makes your gums... how quickly it combats film and discolorations. Note how it attacks tartar. Observe how thoroughly clean it makes your teeth feel. Note the brilliant sparkle it gives them after a few days. And then look for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and invigoration following its use—like the delightful effect of Listerine itself.

Get a tube today at your nearest druggist or department store. In two sizes: Large Regular, 25¢, and Double Size, 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

**REGULAR SIZE 25¢ DOUBLE SIZE 40¢**



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TOOTH POWDER
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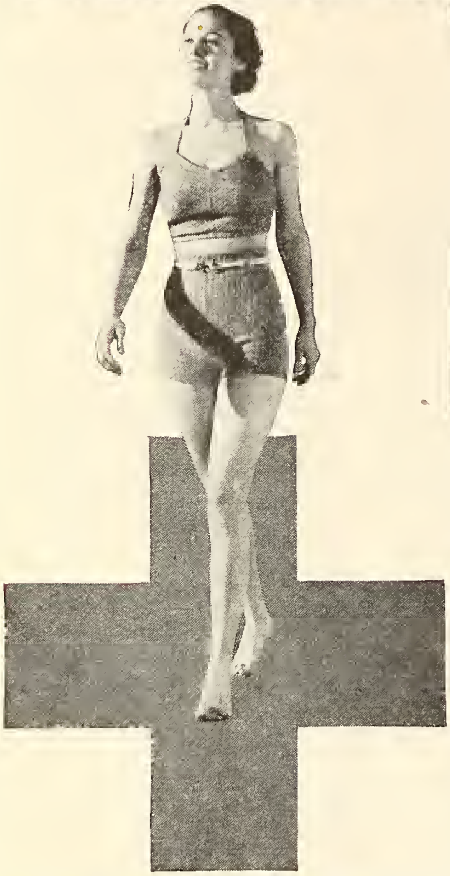
## LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

TOE-FITTING PLASTER

ENDS CORNS



**New Corn Plaster**—Relieves pressure at the proper points. This professionally designed shield *from the Red Cross Laboratories* excels old-style plasters.

**Improved Shape**—Slip-proof tabs hold plaster flat, always in place. Fits over any corn—prevents pressure—allows toes to keep normal position.

**Never Sticks to Stockings**—Because it is smooth, glossy. Waterproofed by the exclusive Drybak process. Not affected by bathing.

*Individual Medicated Centers*—Safer and unexcelled for removing hard corns.

*Send 10c for a trial package—write Dept. 624.*

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RED CROSS
DRYBAK
CORN PLASTER
*(Also Drybak Bunion and Callus Plasters)*

# I've Seen the Unseen Hepburn!

[*Continued from page* 25]

her sets closed comes from directors and producers, besides being her own wish. It is the only way she can do her best work."

MY NEXT inquiries were launched at Jean Woodall, Hepburn's personal hairdresser, who has been with her on six pictures.

"What's it like—working for Hepburn?" I inquired casually.

"Katherine's marvelous," was the flat-footed reply. "Of course, she has a temper and storms around when things go wrong. But she's real. She's sincere. If she likes you, she will go the limit for you, and she doesn't know how to be one thing to your face and another to your back."

And I wish Hepburn could have stood by when I asked Robert de Grasse, her cameraman, how he liked her. There was absolute reverence in his voice when he answered.

"No one will ever have a place in my regard quite like Katharine," he said. "You know, she gave me my big chance. I had only been assistant cameraman on her pictures before. That was in *Spitfire* and *The Little Minister*. When Mr. Gerard, her chief cameraman, died, just a few days before the last picture finished, I handled the last shots. When it came time to choose a cameraman for this picture, she let me have a chance to do it. She could have had any cameraman in Hollywood she wanted, and ninety-nine out of a hundred stars would have chosen some man with a big reputation. But she was willing that I, almost an unknown, should have the chance. I'll never forget it. I only hope my work will prove worthy of her faith in me."

BY THIS time I had begun to wonder what was the matter. Maybe my approach was wrong. I had been unable to find anyone who disliked Hepburn. I decided to try a few outright questions. Philip Moeller, the director, ought to be a good subject for this attack, I thought—if I could get up the nerve to walk up to him.

Well, I did get enough courage. And I asked him point-blank, "Is Hepburn difficult to direct?"

"Heavens, no," he said. "She is the easiest person to direct I have ever handled and she has the quickest mind of any young player I have ever known."

"But isn't she stubborn?" I insisted.

"Sure, she is," he said, "but it is an intelligent stubbornness. She will hold to a point as long as she believes she is right. But once you present arguments that change her mind, she will swing to your side with the same enthusiasm she had for her own opinion. It has been an inspiring experience to work with her."

My new system did not seem to be any more productive than the other, but I kept at it. Maybe Jane Loring, associate director, would have a different slant on Hepburn.

"Find Hepburn tough to work with?" I nonchalantly asked.

She laughed.

"I expected her to be, but was amazed at how wonderful she is," said Miss Loring. "Don't let anyone tell you she is hard to work with. She isn't. They don't know their business if they say it. Besides being a grand person, she is the most perfect screen personality I ever have seen. Her change of expression and mood is so smooth that it is almost fluid. And she knows every angle of the mechanics of the game and is willing to cooperate to fit her art to camera limitations. If Katharine Hepburn ever wants to quit acting, she could be a great woman director."

Last of all, I asked Charles Boyer if he had been nervous about playing opposite her.

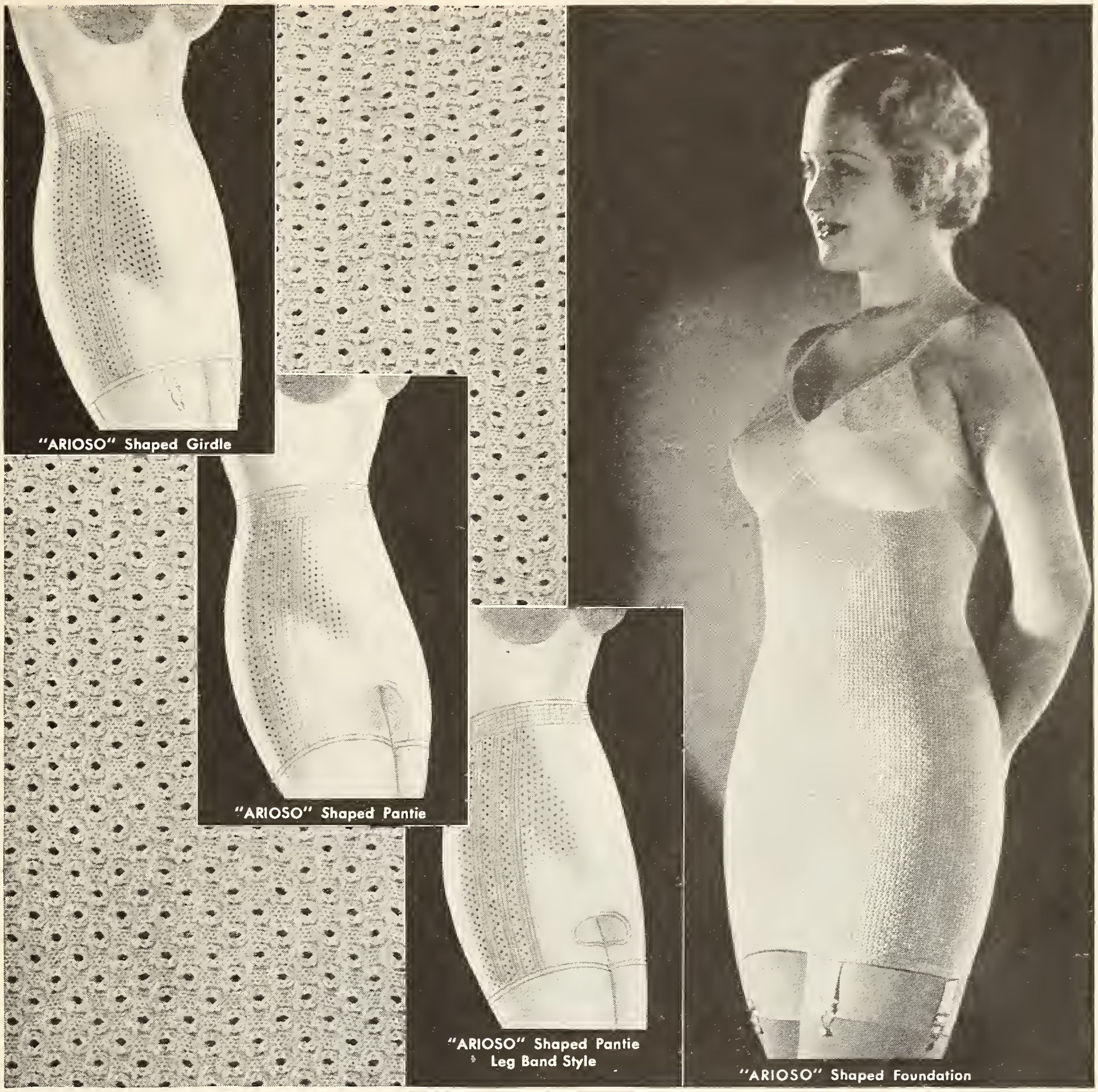
"I'll have to admit I was a bit nervous before I met her," he said. "I had heard plenty about her temperament and how hard she was to get along with. But she put me at my ease immediately. She greeted me cordially and showed none of the haughtiness I had been led to expect. She might have been a minor member of the cast, she was so friendly and natural. Personally, she is charming, and as an actress, she is a genius. The secret of her greatness, I believe, is her unwillingness to give anything less than perfection to her work. As a result, she achieves rare beauty in her art."

BY THE time I was through playing "extra" in her picture, I had an entirely new picture of Hepburn, and, I believe, a true one. No one who has not seen her in all her moods or talked with those who are closely associated with her day after day, could possibly describe her. She is as many-sided as a finely cut diamond. To hold up one side as a mirror for her entire character and personality would give as erroneous a picture of her as trying to visualize America after seeing only the New York waterfront.

I've learned this much about her:

She has a fascinating personality that makes her irresistible when she wants to be nice, and a super-intellect that makes her intolerant of trivialities and small minds. She is almost a puritan in her mode of living, yet generous. She is devoid of pettiness in any form; hot-tempered, but square enough to respect you, if you fight back when she attacks unjustly; as stubborn as a mule when she believes she is right; possessed of an abiding scorn for trickery of any kind; and has a keen sense of humor about herself as well as others....In short, she is a regular person with plenty of faults, but a heck of a lot of virtues.

And if you still believe the fiction that Hepburn is haughty, just remember that everyone on the set calls her "Katharine"... and she likes it.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WAIST . 26 In.
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# Be Simply Charming!

[*Continued from page* 45]

wear the tiny, high-necked jacket with the elbow-length cape sleeves. I like these three great buttons down the front, and the little tailored collar. The only trimming is this very wide scarlet patent leather belt, which just shows beneath the short jacket. With the money I saved on the dress, I bought scarlet slippers and a scarlet purse to match the belt. Result—an ensemble that always brings me compliments.

THIS flowered satin gown illustrates the same idea. It is plain, as you see. The lavender, blue and rose colors of the large floral pattern are so delicate that they almost blend into the ivory background. The neck is fairly high in front, but very low in back. This big, puffy hyacinth-blue taffeta bow at the back of the waist is of the same material with which the elbow-length puff sleeves are faced. Blue satin pumps to match the bow add dollars to the appearance of the gown and give it that necessary accent.

By "simplicity," I don't mean severity. Take this sapphire blue net, for instance. The full skirt is tucked clear to the hem, and the tucked blouse fastens high at the neck with cerise velvet bows. The blue taffeta slip is cut very low in back, about normal in front. I like the big puffed sleeves of tucked net, don't you? The dress is almost tailored, but the fabric, the color and the bows give it chic and a party air. Sapphire-blue pumps go with this gown.

Here is one of my favorites. It is almost the same style as the blue net, but it is of red and white candy-striped blistered organdy. A girl of my type can never be exotic; she can never in this world do any fancy slinking—but she can be piquant. The red satin ribbon sash hanging down the back of this frock, and the red satin bow under the chin on the johnny collar show you what I mean. You have to be young to wear it. An older woman in the same thing would be utterly silly.

This, I think, is the ideal summer wrap for such dresses. It is merely a man's double-breasted, beltless overcoat copied for me in white starched piqué. Unless I have a full-length wrap, such as this one, I like my evening frocks to have matching jackets. I would rather have one costume, complete down to the last detail, than seventeen dresses without the correct accessories.

Even in these accessories, simplicity should be the dominating principle. Consider slippers. A plain brogue for daytime sports wear is perfect. And a plain pump for dress is faultless. Only a girl with the most beautiful feet and legs in the world can dare to wear bows or flashy buckles on her shoes. Straps can call attention to thick ankles.

NO gown can look better than the lingerie beneath it, and I believe the underpinnings are fully as important as the top layers. I love dainty, feminine underthings, but somehow I never have been able to get together with my lingerie, and almost everything I have is tailored. I prefer monograms to any other trimming on underwear. I myself embroidered the "Maureen" on those six little white satin shorts. All my nighties have initials, or my name embroidered on them. I never wear pajamas to bed.

I much prefer bed jackets to kimonos, and here are some of my pets. Best of all, I like this heavy white crêpe with the field flowers in blue, red and gold printed on it. It doesn't look much like a bed jacket, of course, but it goes beautifully with the ivory, gold and blue of this room. This love of a pink velvet jacket with cream lace appliqué was given to me at Christmas by my father. I have another pink velvet one, with lots of pink marabou all around it, but my dog attacked it and left the marabou mangy in spots.

I believe that I am one of the few girls in Hollywood to wear petticoats, but I do hate to see through skirts. Not that I hold any love for slips. I think there must be some solution for abolishing the slip and the shadow effect simultaneously, but I haven't found it yet.

These dozens of small white satin bags, tied up with blue and pink ribbon, are the result of an ambitious day at the studio. Between takes I made jackets for all my sachet packs. I like nice perfumes, bath salts, and sachets. Flower scents are the only suitable fragrances for a girl of my type, but I think they should be an integral part of any girl's wardrobe. They add that final touch of grooming that men find so alluring. They are to a woman what fresh flowers are to a room—without them, her personality is dormant, devitalized.

I have tried to tell you truly all my rules for dressing. You can easily see, I think, that I have proved my point about simplicity. My own wardrobe illustrates that you can get along with comparatively few clothes if those few are carefully chosen with an eye to color, to line, and to wearability. I suppose the final test of any woman's success in dress, however, is whether or not men find her charming. Men are quick to sense things wrong with a girl's appearance, although they may not know the cause. If they find you attractive, and if you feel well poised in your clothes, you are correctly gowned.

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*Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"*

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I'VE always felt that the real facts on this intimate subject were withheld from women. So here I present information every woman should know.

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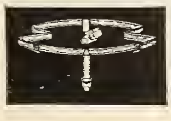

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Serve yourself some summer comfort . . . à la Joan Blondell! Like her airy, cool-looking dining room?

# Hot Weather Menu Tips

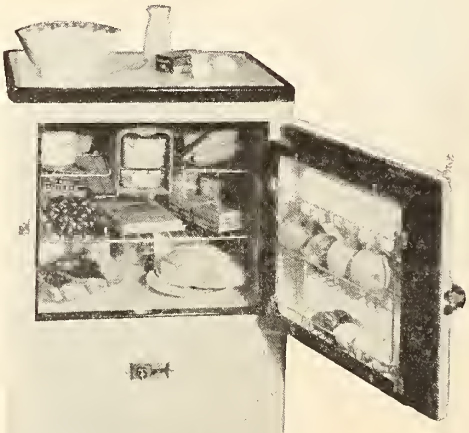
Who's afraid of a heat wave? You can escape the kitchen this summer and still serve tasty dishes. Here's how!

### By Joan Blondell

THE KITCHEN is actually the hub of the household! I found that out a number of years ago back in New York when several of us small Blondells were continually clustering around my mother in her warm, steamy kitchen. I realize now that she must have had the patience of Job with us, but she always seemed to manage things so beautifully.

"If you just prepare your dinner in the cool hours of the morning, so that all you have to do is to cook it in the late afternoon when the heat is stifling—why, half your summer kitchen troubles are over!" she would tell us. And she was wonderfully right.

One of her favorites was the one-dish meal. And it is one of mine, too. It is a time- and money-saver for any busy woman. Right after breakfast, you can start it. If you have five or six in your family, take about 3 pounds of shoulder lamb, and, without cutting, put it in a stewing pan and cover with one quart of water. Add a bay leaf and some whole peppers to season, and cook slowly until the meat is half done. Pare 6 small dry onions, and clean and scrape 1 bunch of carrots, then put both vegetables in cold water to soak until evening—or, rather, late afternoon.



A summer hostess' best friend is her electric refrigerator. This new Shelvador model has even a table top!

About three-quarters of an hour before dinner cut the lamb into small serving pieces, and place it in a large covered casserole. Drain the vegetables and put them on top. Pour over this the lamb broth that has been strained and seasoned with salt and pepper to taste. Let it cook in a medium oven for about 20 minutes. *Then* drop into the casserole biscuits made from the following recipe:

Sift three-quarters of a cup of flour, 1 teaspoon of baking powder, and ¼ teaspoon of salt together; add 1 beaten egg and ½ cup of milk to make a drop batter. Stir in 1 tablespoon of melted butter. After you have dropped the biscuits lightly into your casserole (be sure to put the cover on tightly afterwards so that they will steam) let the whole thing bake for another 20 minutes or until the biscuits are thoroughly done. Serve from the casserole at the table. It makes an unusually delicious dish.

Even though there is always a temptation to serve only cold meals on warm days, I like to include at least one hot dish for both luncheon and dinner. Not only does it make the cold dishes more tempting; it is good for the digestive system. But the hot dish does not have to be a heavy one.

Here are some summer menus that I consider treats:

BREAKFAST: Grapefruit juice, poached eggs, buttered toast, raspberries and cream, coffee or milk.

LUNCHEON: Grapes, dried beef à la King,* broiled tomatoes, blueberry waffles, coffee or tea.

DINNER: Watermelon cocktail, chicken shortcake,* fresh peas, broccoli, frozen ice cream cake.*

THAT Dried Beef à la King* is what the youngsters call scrumptious, and no mistake! This is the recipe:

### Dried Beef á la King*

2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon minced onion
1 green pepper, minced and seeded
¼ lb. of dried beef
6 tablespoonfuls flour
3 cups milk
⅛ teaspoonful pepper
½ cup button mushrooms, drained

Melt the butter in the top of a double boiler *over direct heat.* Add the onion and green pepper, and simmer until tender. Pour boiling water over the shredded dried beef, drain, and add to onion mixture. Cook until the edges are crisp, and stir often. Put in the flour, stir until smooth; then slowly add milk while you keep on stirring. Place over hot water and cook until smooth and thickened, about 10 minutes. Then add pepper and mushrooms. Serves six. To serve two or three, make one half this recipe.

For the Blueberry Waffles, add fresh blueberries that have been well washed and dried, to regular waffle batter, allowing 1 cup of berries to each 2 cups of flour. Cook as usual but serve with powdered sugar mixed with nutmeg.

### Frozen Ice-Cream Cake*

Something to take their minds off the sizzling sun is ice-cream cake. You need: sponge cake, 1 pt. vanilla ice cream and 1 cup raspberry or strawberry jam.

Line the bottom and sides of a freezing tray from an electric refrigerator with sponge cake sliced about ¼ of an inch thick. Spread 1 cup of the ice cream over the cake, spread the jam over it, and top with the remaining 1 cup of ice cream. Then place in the refrigerator unit and freeze at lowest temperature until firm, or until dinner time at night.

BOILED chicken in the refrigerator is a boon to any housewife! There are so many things she can do with it. But the nicest thing, to my way of thinking, is to make individual chicken shortcakes. Shred and cream your boiled chicken in the morning so that all you will have to do at dinner time is to warm it. Then in the evening you can make your shortcakes. I like this recipe:

### Shortcakes*

2 cups flour
2 teaspoonsful baking powder
4 tablespoons shortening
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg
½ cup water

Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Add shortening and mix in thoroughly with steel fork. Add egg and sufficient water to make soft dough. Cut with a large biscuit cutter which has been dipped in flour, and bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. When ready to use, split them, butter, and fill with the creamed chicken. It's as tasty a dish as you can find in a year's travel!

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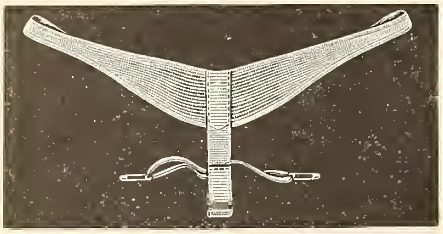

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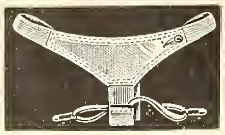

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# Shirley Temple—One Year Later

[*Continued from page 36*]

Her studio dressing-room bungalow, once Lilian Harvey's, is crowded with offerings from admirers. "Fortunately, the bungalow has several huge closets," laughs her teacher, Miss Lillian Barclay. "Shirley looks at all the marvelous things that come for her and says, politely, 'Oooo, how *pretty!*' Then she puts them carefully away, keeping out only such simple things as any child her age would like. One of her dearest treasures is a cat somebody sent her. She loves the turtles that came from a little boy in Florida, too."

"And my dogs," adds Shirley. "My old last year's dog and my brand-new dog that we had in a picture and they said I could have for keeps."

WHAT have twelve months of adulation and attention, work, study, and exciting new experiences done to Shirley Temple? Well, for one thing, they have increased her salary ten times. They have given her a lovely new car in which to ride back and forth to the studio, and a new home with a playroom and a bedroom all her own.

"A year ago she slept in a crib in my room," Mrs. Temple says—a trifle wistfully, I think. "But except for having more space, I don't think Shirley realizes very much change in her life.

"She goes to bed at eight and gets up at seven as she always has. Her food is much the same as it was a year ago. I still wash and curl her hair myself. She has very simple dresses. The only time she goes to the movies is when her own pictures are previewed. She has her toys on the set so that she will have something natural to do as soon as the cameras stop turning.

"She has been wonderfully well this last year," Mummy says. "She hasn't had colds or upset tummy or other childish ailments. You see, work is just a glorious kind of make-believe to her and so it doesn't tire her any more than it would another little girl to play house or circus. If I ever see that it *is* tiring her—well, her movie career will be over at that minute! Her daddy and I decided that at the beginning. But she has been in pictures three years now, and she loves it more every year."

In the twelve months between April, 1934 and April, 1935, Shirley made great advance as an actress. It takes only half as long to make a Temple picture now as it once did. She needs very little rehearsing, takes no tests, and does her best work with the least direction. Her mother slowly reads aloud her part, after they have gone home in the afternoon, and Shirley listens intently. It seldom takes more than two or three repetitions of a line to fix it in her mind. New words fascinate her and her vocabulary has increased astonishingly.

"She has learned to read this year," Miss Barclay says proudly of her star pupil. "In all, she has read seven beginners' books. But her greatest pride is her writing. She can write her own name today, instead of printing it as she did a year ago.

"The concentration, memory training and reasoning that her motion picture work demands has put her mentally several years ahead in one. The greatest change in Shirley this last year, to my mind, is her increased love of beauty—color, sound, the thought pictures she gets from the poems I read her. When she gets too old to be a Good Fairy, she says, she is going to write poems."

SHIRLEY, herself, explains about the Good Fairy. "You see, in the pictures I can fly all over the world and visit all the children," she says. "If I sing and dance for them, I can make them happy."

Thus simply has a wise mother explained to her little girl the fame and fortune that have singled her out from all the other little girls of the world.

Doesn't she—I ask her mother—have a good many questions about the scenes she enacts and the things she sees at the studio?

"No," says Mrs. Temple. "In fact, she asks less than she did a year ago. She reasons things out for herself more. Her gain in common sense is the greatest change I see in her.

"She isn't as talkative as she used to be with strangers. I think that's from having so many people ask her questions, and always the same questions. She sidles up to me and whispers, 'Mummy, *you* tell them.' But she is growing more poised. She is not nearly so excitable as she was. She has learned on the set to do as the older players do—drop a part as soon as the director calls 'Cut' and walk away, where once she would stay in her character for hours at a time.

"She leaves her work at the studio, too, unless there are lines to be learned. We never talk about pictures at home and are a very quiet, stay-at-home family. We know no movie people at all. I suppose we live exactly like most of the families in American small towns. Shirley has a big back yard where she plays with children she has known all her life. She's inclined to mother other youngsters her own age and she's usually the teacher or the doctor or the storekeeper in their games. Before she goes to bed, Mr. Temple reads her a story. A year ago it was a story about Peter Rabbit or the Little Red Hen. Now he's almost through 'Heidi' and they have finished 'Captain January.'"

Perhaps the greatest proof of Shirley Temple's advance this last year is to be found in the changed attitude of other players who are cast in her pictures.

"I thought I must be nearing the end of the trail to be asked to support a child star," James Dunn told me. "Now I think she's real and unspoiled and swell, and a great little trouper. And one of the things I'm proudest of is that Shirley thinks I'm all right, too!"

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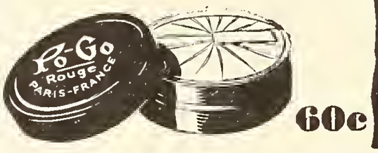

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# The Dempseys' "Wonder Child"

[*Continued from page 37*]

confess that they cannot keep their hands off her. Hannah hovers around the nursery most of the daylight hours when she is home, absorbed by the ever-changing drama of a baby assuming a definite personality. Jack rushes home from the restaurant at odd hours of the day, impelled by the urge to be in on the newest performances.

I have seen some proud fathers in my time, but I have yet to see one to equal Jack Dempsey. It is a surprise and a pleasure to make the discovery of this side of the big fellow who will always be known as "the champ." Towering in height and broad-shouldered in proportion, he looks every bit as much the he-man as when he was world's champion—even though now, he says, he has to go to a gym daily "to keep the old waistline down." (An unconscious testimonial to the quality of the food at Dempsey's Restaurant!) He isn't the type you would expect to see unbending before a baby. Particularly a baby of the feminine variety. Which only proves that you never can tell about a man until you see him in his home environment.

Any assertion that Jack is (or ever was) disappointed that "Joanie" is not a "Jackie" can safely be labeled a canard. For one thing, the Dempseys intend to have "at least two more"—and one of them, by the law of averages, should be a boy. And, for another thing, there is a home movie in existence to prove Jack's pleasure in the newcomer.

I have seen that movie—screened on the white wall of the Dempsey living room, a room spacious, yet intimate, that looks as if it might have been conceived by the smartest designer in Hollywood. It was, like the rest of the apartment, actually decorated by Mrs. Dempsey herself, giving vent to the suppressed desire of every woman . . . to be an interior decorator.

THE film begins with a simple heading, "Our Baby," followed by an imitation of screen credits, with direction, story, camera, costumes and sound effects all "by Jack Dempsey"—proving that he has a sense of humor and is forestalling any good-natured "ribbing" about his own performance in the film.

The baby looks like Jack. Big for her age (she weighed twenty-four pounds at eight months), she is also tremendously athletic for her age—with a disposition that bespeaks health. She gives a four-star performance, particularly in the scenes with her father, who puts her through a semicomic series of calisthenics. They also share several close-ups, in which Jack makes no attempt to resist "snuzzling" into that ticklish spot just below and back of her ear. A bit more of an armful for her mother, who is as petite as she is pretty, "Joanie" nevertheless leaves no doubt about her own cuteness.

After the screening, I made the comment that she already seemed to possess some of the most necessary qualifications for movie-acting—including looks and animation.

Her mother smiled. "If Joanie ever should want to be an actress, she probably would have to learn an entirely different technique from any we know today. By the time she is grown up, television will probably be here.

"JOANIE is so young, and so new to us," she told me, "that we haven't had time to think about *what* we would like her to be twenty years from now—even if we wanted to plot out her whole future, which we don't. But we do know *how* we would like her to be.

"First of all, we want her to be happy. We want to have her feel, all along the way, that we are not merely parents, but companions—who have not forgotten our own childhood and adolescence.

"We want to insure her future—whatever that future may be. If she has great dreams of doing this or accomplishing that, we want to be able to give her the opportunity to try to fulfill them. Every week of his life, Jack puts aside a definite sum to go into a trust fund for her. It isn't a large fund, but it will be enough to give her what so few adolescents ever have—an independent bit of capital to start life with, a resource to tide her over while she experiments in self-expression.

"I want her to be able to sing and dance—for her own satisfaction, if for nothing else. There isn't anything that can give a girl more poise than the ability to do either; and if she is passable at both, she is doubly fortunate. She isn't even walking yet, or talking, but I think she is musically inclined. She seems responsive to music. And if she *is* responsive to music, it can be responsive to her, to her every mood. I can't wish her anything greater than a love for music.

"Jack hopes she will be athletic—and so do I. The girl who is adept at sports can usually take care of herself. And I want Joanie to be able to do that.

"We both want Joanie to be able to do practical things—to know how to make things, to be able to use her hands, as well as her brain. The most tiresome women alive are those who can't do anything with their hands except flutter them. We don't want Joanie to be fluttery.

"We want her to go to some good private school, rather than a public school. Not for reasons of exclusiveness, but for practical reasons. The child in a private school receives more individual attention, and has more opportunity to express individuality, which is another name for personality. And personality is the greatest asset that any girl can have, no matter what her ambitions may be.

"I wonder what Joanie *will* become? . . . I can wait a long, long time to know, seeing her as she is now."

## Eyes Right—Eyes Bright!

[*Continued from page 53*]

YOU will do well to mascara all the upper lashes evenly, if your eyes are round like Janet Gaynor's; but if they are long, narrow, almond-shaped orbs like Merle Oberon's you had better concentrate mascara on the lashes at the outer corners. A simple way to do this is to give the lashes one all-over coat and, when that dries, to apply a second coat only on the lashes at the outer corners.

While that trick of brushing the lashes upward until the mascara hardens does give them a slight upward curve, it pales before the real, honest-to-goodness *curl* that can be induced by a patent gadget to which I am addicted. You clamp this harmless business over your straight, stubby lashes, count to 100, release it and lo! your lashes are veritable antennae! The curl really stays in for hours. It gives you a tremendous feeling of power to be able to go around batting your magnificent lashes.

THE people who make the lash curler recently brought out an eye beauty-aid that is a stroke of genius. It is a pair of tweezers with scissors handles, enabling you to get a very firm and easy grip. You have a delightfully unobstructed view of the plucking process, which is not always true with ordinary tweezers. The handles of this cross-between-manicure-scissors-and-tweezers come in a variety of pastel shades. The amazingly low price—25 cents—makes it 1935's best buy, to my way of thinking . . . . Incidentally, if you pluck each hair with a very quick movement, in the direction in which it grows, you will find eyebrow pruning practically painless. Hold a hot, damp cloth over the brow before starting to pluck, too. That opens the pores and the hairs prove less reluctant to be uprooted.

Other aids to complete an eye-beauty-kit are an eyebrow brush (although a child's toothbrush is quite serviceable for anyone with very heavy brows), an eyebrow pencil and eyeshadow in at least two tints—one for evening and one for daytime. The purpose of the brush is to remove powder from the brows and to give them a silky, well-groomed look. Daily brushing, I have found has as beautifying an effect on eyebrows as it has on the hair. Straggling, sparse brows can be trained into lovely lines and coarse, wiry ones tamed, by regular brushing. If your brows are very scant, you will need to pencil the entire length, but most brows require only a bit of elongating to provide a frame for the eyes.

Although the unitiated shrink from the task of applying eyeshadow, it really isn't a difficult thing. Be sure to take only a tiny, tiny bit on your fingertip, smooth it along the upper lid close to the lashes and then blend it upward—never above the eyeball, of course. Apply a light film of cream first. That makes the blending job easier. You can shade it off imperceptibly at the edges.

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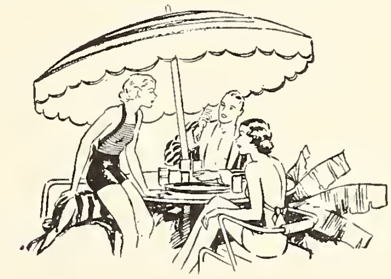

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BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

# Acting Isn't the Only Movie Career

[*Continued from page* 33]

tion at Nathalie Buchnall, yet she remains cool and calm. She presides over the research activities at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Russian-born and British by marriage, she speaks four languages and has traveled the world. Gladys Percy, research head at Paramount, came out of Stanford with a diploma and settled herself down to a job in the public library in Hollywood—where the movies "discovered" her.

"TALENT scout" is a title that will bring lumps to the throat of many a young thing with butterfly inclinations. It sounds like a job manufactured in heaven for girls who like the bright lights. But she must know without question just what stars are made of. The cost of a screen test is $300 for the studio, so errors are costly.

RKO-Radio's talent scout, Katherine Brown, has personality plus and a head on her shoulders that would turn a college professor green with envy. And because she is so encyclopedic in scope when it comes to producing ideas, they don't let her get away with just one job; she is also story editor in the East. In this capacity, she heads a staff that considers the picture possibilities of the latest books, short stories and plays.

Kate Corbaley, a college graduate who boasts a Phi Beta Kappa key and theatrical training, is head of the M-G-M reading department and is regarded as one of the cleverest people in this line of work. You may know that M-G-M has confidence in her selections when you consider that they spend an average of $500,000 on every production.

HOWEVER, there is more to be done in the scenario departments than just selecting picture material. Half of the screen productions are developed from ideas presented by staff writers, (and many of them are women), who get salaries that range from $100 a week to $3,000 a week.

Women writers who have attained screen prominence include Frances Marion, Bess Meredyth, Gladys Unger, Jane Murfin, Sara Mason, Mary McCall, Jr., Sonya Levien, and a score of others. The only way to become a screen writer is to write—constantly, with imagination.

Pictures must be edited and cut, as well as written. Cutters receive from $42.50 a week to $100 a week, while editors get a handsomer salary ranging between $100 and $750 a week.

If you could go into the cutting room at M-G-M with Blanche Sewell, who is an expert at cutting and editing if there ever was one, you would be completely fascinated. Generally, the producer shoots between 30,000 and 50,000 feet of film on a feature picture and this is often cut down to as little as 7,000 feet—with the cutter and editor seeing to it that the action and dialogue are continuous and synchronized, a work of art. Then before a print leaves the studio every inch of it has to be inspected. This important task falls, at M-G-M, to pretty Betty Markley. Before her, for thirteen years, it was entrusted to her mother, Mona Markley.

WHEN you see what is commonly called a Cinemistake—blame it on the script girl. It is up to her to see that such things don't occur. She is paid anywhere between $35 and $75 a week to follow the script and see that all the players also follow it. Alice White won her way to stardom via the script-girl route.

If you would rather exercise your mind than your charm, yet have a hankering for the more effeminate type of job, there are opportunities for women in the fashion and cosmetic field. Make-up women can earn as much as $100 a week and if they are made heads of departments, $250 a week is the usual pay. Wardrobe women and seamstresses receive around $32.50 a week and department heads easily get $100 a week.

Publicity work brings in weekly pay checks ranging from $50 to $100 per week. It is a grand job for a woman with an inventive mind and a good strong determination. The usual route into this work is via the newspaper or magazine field—if you consider the careers of Estelle Schrott of G-B's New York office, Aileen Brenon at Paramount, Hortense Schorr at Columbia, Tess Michaels at United Artists, Jeanette Sauer at Fox, Laura Benham at Warner Brothers, Madeline Foss at Universal.

The foreign departments of the studios offer interesting work for women—if they know languages, as well as censorship problems of foreign countries.

EVERY important position in a studio calls for specialized abilities. For example, it is not every girl who could fill the shoes of Marcella Knapp at M-G-M. Assistant to the Casting Director, she has her diplomacy and insight tested a hundred times a day by would-be applicants for fame; and, as a glorified talent scout, she must keep her eyes constantly open for new, arresting faces, backed up by talent. Another specialized job is that of Eli Benneche, assistant to Edwin B. Willis, head of M-G-M's interior decoration and property decoration. She knows every kind of decorating and dress material made and is relied upon for "the feminine touch" in settings. Still another highly specialized position is that of Dorothy Pratt, head of the same studio's story department—who sees that every story, every book, every play published is synopsized, with the synopsis filed for immediate reference, and who must be constantly on the alert for anything dramatically new.

The fact that such movie positions as these are held by women should be encouragement to any girl with imagination who is seeking a lasting career.

## Fashion Foreword

[*Continued from page 42*]

twist that was sponsored by Schiaparelli of Paris. They arrived in this country in such luscious colors as Antibes red, heavenly blue, and beach coral. There is also a silk linen suit that is a honey, for it has that crisp linen look, but doesn't wrinkle as easily. Grand for all business and vacation hours.

Flat-heeled shoes still are favorites, both for evening and daytime wear. White, naturally, is always the favorite for summer, as it can be worn with every color. There are also whites combined with colors, and shoes of blue, red, green. There are many linen shoes, some with white pigskin tips and back. White pigskin bags are smart for hot weather, as they can be easily washed. Reversible linen bags are good, and if you embroider your own initial, you have that important individual touch.

String gloves have that sporty look that belongs to vacation days, and are most inexpensive, some less than a dollar. Lace, chamois, and linen ones answer the need for other types of gloves.

LACE for evening is a fascinating vogue. There was even a Lace Ball in New York the other evening. Leading designers are showing sturdy and wearable lace fabrics for daytime wear in new sports costumes that are very smart. Doesn't that sound interesting? There is also an array of filmy evening gowns, exquisitely patterned laces, voluminous nets and tulles. And even the accessories are carried out in lace!

Then there are the gay, crisp organdies for dinner and dancing that are so young and vivid-looking. Daring striped ones in dashing colors . . . pure white ones with brilliant buttons or ribbons . . . and plain misty pastel dresses worn over dark slips of midnight blue, deep brown, or black . . . simply stunning, and very smart and new.

The rustle of taffeta still is heard, and neither Nature nor the finest gardeners could hope to rival the brilliancy of the printed flowers that run riot on some of the new evening gowns.

Summer is a very gay lady, whether you are at work or planning on your vacation days . . . and your wardrobe, no matter how inexpensive, can this year be as charming and merry as the season is long!

### P.S.—Personal

*Would you like to know in what particular New York shops any of these discoveries were made—so that you might visit them in person? Do you wonder what to take on a vacation to a beach, to the mountains, or to a city? Or do you have clothes budget troubles?*

*Just send your questions and a stamped, addressed return envelope to Fashion Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City. MOVIE CLASSIC is eager to help you—in person, as well as in its pages!*

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Three *Warner Bros. Stars*

*Reveal* Hollywood's *New* MAKE-UP

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*in Warner Bros. "G Men"*
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*Discover How to Enhance Your Beauty as Famous Screen Stars Do*

MARY ASTOR
*in Warner Bros. "Dinky"*
★ *To harmonize naturally with the distinctive colorings of the auburn type, Mary Astor chooses Max Factor's Olive Powder, Blondeen Rouge and Carmine Lipstick.*

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THE magic of color . . . beauty's secret of attraction . . . has been captured by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, in a new kind of make-up. It is color harmony make-up . . . original, new color tones in face powder, rouge and lipstick, having a matchless lifelike quality that actually seems to work a miracle in creating lovely beauty.

Wouldn't you like to share this secret with Hollywood's stars? You can! . . . for whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead, there is a particular color harmony for you that will do wonders in emphasizing the colorful beauty, the fascinating charm of your own type.

The very first time you make up you will see an amazing difference. You will marvel at the satin-smooth loveliness the face powder imparts to your skin . . . at the entrancing lifelike color the rouge brings to your cheeks . . . at the alluring color accent the lipstick gives to your lips. Your complete make-up will be a perfect harmony of color . . . and you will find that it will remain perfect for hours and hours.

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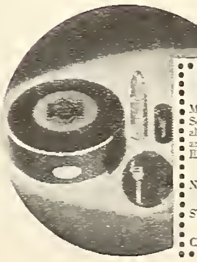

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|---|---|---|
| Very Light ☐ | Blue ☐ | BLONDE |
| Fair ☐ | Gray ☐ | Light ☐ Dark ☐ |
| Creamy ☐ | Green ☐ | BROWNETTE |
| Medium ☐ | Hazel ☐ | Light ☐ Dark ☐ |
| Ruddy ☐ | Brown ☐ | BRUNETTE |
| Sallow ☐ | Black ☐ | Light ☐ Dark ☐ |
| Freckled ☐ | *LASHES* (Color) | REDHEAD |
| Olive ☐ | Light ☐ | Light ☐ Dark ☐ |
| SKIN Dry ☐ | Dark ☐ | *If Hair is Grey, check type above and here* ☐ |
| Oily ☐ Normal ☐ | *AGE* | |

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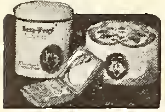

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TOOK OFF 40 LBS. IN SIX WEEKS

says Mrs. F. Rudolph, trained nurse of 4725 Lake Park Ave., Chicago, who wrote: "It was a lucky day for me when I heard of BonKora. Took off 40 lbs. in six weeks; found it harmless too. In fact, it made me feel stronger. I look 10 years younger. I always recommend BonKora to my patients." Get a bottle of BonKora. Eat plentifully of foods you like, as described in package. If one bottle does not convince you, Manufacturers refund your money. You risk nothing, so try it today.

BONKORA

*For sale at all good drug and dept. stores*

# Easy to Look At—Easy to Do!

[*Continued from page* 51]

be bought at any store for less than four times that much.

Jean Parker and Virginia Bruce are among those who caught the intriguing knitting fever from Betty, and pass time between scenes by knitting.

BETTY is very decided about the business of being well-dressed, and her friendly tips are gold-laden to most of us. "It doesn't take a lot of money to be smartly dressed in Hollywood—or anywhere else for that matter," she declares emphatically.

"There are always lovely things to wear if you take the trouble to find them," she continues. "I've heard it said that it isn't so hard to dress smartly in California, because the climate calls for informal clothes. But it really makes little difference where you live. I've passed most of my life in New York, and I didn't spend any more there than I do in Hollywood. With one or two exceptions, I have never spent more than thirty dollars for a dress in my life—and then only for an evening gown!"

Betty recently created a sensation when she appeared at the opening of the King's Club, a new Hollywood rendezvous. She was wearing a brown-and-white evening dress of Tahitian printed cloth of sweeping and dramatic lines, as shown in the photograph on page 51. Everyone was asking, "Where do you suppose she got that stunning gown?"

Betty is a good pal, so she has let us in on her secret. She designed—and made—the dress herself.

"It took nine yards at eighty-five cents per," smiles Betty. "For the skirt, I cut the material in three strips and sewed them together, and had a great square of cloth. Then I folded the square, and cut a corner to make the opening for the waist. I used the leftover corners to make a simple halter-neck top."

AND just to show you what a real sport Betty is, she showed me the simple diagram for her dress, and gave me permission to let you see exactly how she made this extremely smart dress so that you may go and do likewise! It could be made of organdy, prints, taffeta, cotton cloths, gingham, piqués, any number of inexpensive materials, some as low as eighteen cents a yard, and the result would be stunning. It's very simple to make. Just study the diagram on page 51, read the following instructions, do a little sewing, and you will have a dress that is a smart "original."

Cut the material in three even lengths, each of which will be three yards long. Sew these three strips together, which will result in a large square, three yards wide, and three yards long. (See diagram A, page 51.) Fold once lengthwise, and then once crosswise, which will give you a square a yard and a half each way. Cut material in wide arc as shown in diagram B, page 51, to form the bottom of the skirt. Cut out of the center of the material a circle which is six and a half inches from the center to its outside arc for the waistline.

The halter top is made from two of the corner pieces. The bottom should be seventeen inches wide, as indicated in diagram C. For the length of the halter, measure with a tape measure from the middle of the back of your neck down over the bust to the middle of the front waistline. An average-sized figure would be about seventeen inches. Sew the back of the halter neck together. Sew the skirt to the bottom of the halter top, folding in any extra fullness of the skirt. Bind or hem all the rough edges, at the bottom of the skirt, and back of the halter top.

You can make a belt of the extra material, or use a leather one as Betty did with her dress. The front of the halter should be clipped together.

This dress is really smart only on a very slender girl, but if you are that type this is an extremely striking outfit for summer fun. It can be made in an hour or two, and the cost can be as low as two dollars!

NOT only is Betty one of the best-dressed girls in Hollywood—she certainly is one of the most natural. She has no qualms about admitting that she makes most of her clothes herself, or that she fixes her hair, herself. Each night before retiring she puts it up in curlers. It was her posing for commercial photographers that paved the way for her entrance into pictures. John Powers, an agent for commercial photographers, thought Betty photographed unusually well, and arranged for her to have a screen test. She took it over a week end while she was attending the exclusive Bennett School at Millbrook, New York, and landed a movie contract.

She finished the remaining weeks of the school term, then went to Hollywood with her mother. There on the same lot she met Veronica Balfe, a former schoolmate at Bennett, known on the screen as Sandra Shaw. She is now better known as Mrs. Gary Cooper, and has left the screen altogether.

Betty is very attractive, very young, and very ambitious. She lives sanely and simply amid the Hollywood gaieties, as she believes that excellent physical condition is all-important to success. She sews and she knits . . . and all in all, she is a typical young American modern and one whose youthful quality is leading her straight on to stardom!

## You're Invited to Our Two-Week Party

[*Continued from page* 41]

go to studio luncheons and private teas, see the homes of the stars, and all the thousand and one glorious sights of Hollywood.

● BUT Hollywood thrills in store for you are but one part of the program. As you can see by the map, the Movieland Special (which will leave Chicago on the night of August 4) will take you north to the Twin Cities and then Breezy Point Lodge, famed resort owned by the publishers of MOVIE CLASSIC, for an overnight stay among the pines, in the luxurious log cabins of this "Deauville of the North." Then across the broad West and the towering Rockies to Seattle and Vancouver Island, on down through San Francisco to Los Angeles. Returning to Chicago, you will see Salt Lake City, Denver, Pike's Peak. You will see not only Hollywood, but the Great Northwest, the Pacific Coast, the Rockies.

But, of course, we are a bit prejudiced in favor of Hollywood's sights. Our house party will be lodged at the Roosevelt Hotel, on famous Hollywood Boulevard, only a few doors from our Western Office. From there we will first go to Universal Studios, the world's largest motion picture studio.

Universal will show you that true Southern California hospitality, and no mistake! We have consulted the studio chef about serving you a marvelous luncheon on the lot, and the studio executives are planning to send you on a motor tour through the vast sets, spread over hill and valley, where famous Universal pictures have been and are being made.

Rare are the opportunities for visitors to Hollywood to get behind studio gates, and not many have the chance to see pictures being filmed in the vast sound stages, where even a slight whisper is caught up by the microphone. But *you* will have this thrill, this privilege that few ever have. More, you will be the special guests of Universal stars.

All in all, it is going to be a party that will never be forgotten by those who are members of it. And it will last for two crowded weeks!

Will you come? The more, the merrier! We'll have plenty of time to get well acquainted on the train trip across the West; and we'll all be pals and ready for a grand frolic by the time we reach Hollywood.

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See you in Hollywood!

Cordially yours,
JACK SMALLEY,
Western Manager, MOVIE CLASSIC.

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**Kelpamalt, New Mineral Concentrate, Corrects IODINE STARVED GLANDS—Most Common, Unsuspected Cause of SKINNINESS**

**5 Lbs. in 1 Week Guaranteed Even On Scrawniest Men and Women or Money Back**

Thousands of thin, pale, rundown folks—and even "naturally skinny" men and women—are amazed at this new easy way to put on healthy needed pounds quickly. Gains of 15 to 20 lbs. in one month, 5 lbs. in 1 week, are reported regularly. J. R. writes—"Always thought I was naturally skinny but in 3 weeks I have gained 12 lbs. on Kelpamalt."

Kelpamalt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea, gets right down and corrects the real underlying cause of skinniness—IODINE STARVED GLANDS. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic—but the same iodine that is found in tiny quantities in spinach and lettuce. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

To get NATURAL IODINE as well as 12 other needed body minerals in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Kelpamalt—now considered the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1,300 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. 6 Kelpamalt tablets contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach or 1660 lbs. of beef. More iron and copper than 2 lbs. of spinach or 15 lbs. of fresh tomatoes. More calcium than 1 doz. eggs. More phosphorus than 3 lbs. of carrots.

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100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use and may be had at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

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*Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.*

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"I had asthma for eleven years and spent hundreds of dollars. I got so thin I could hardly walk. I wasn't able to do any work. Last October I heard about Nacor and it is the best medicine I have ever tried. I cannot praise Nacor enough for what it has done for me. I am feeling fine. I have had no asthma since I have taken Nacor."—Feb. 5, 1934.

No need to suffer tortures of asthma or bronchial cough when blessed relief and comfort can be yours. For years Nacor has helped thousands. Write for letters and booklet of helpful information. Sent FREE. Nacor Medicine Co., 592 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana.

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# How to Learn Glamor from British Beauties

[*Continued from page 39*]

MARGOT Grahame, whose acquaintance you have just made in *The Informer*, and who will be among your favorites before long, is a British product reared in South Africa. Miss Grahame (the "t" in her first name is silent) came to this country with her husband, Francis Lister, who played Loretta Young's brother in *Clive of India* and she turned down countless Hollywood offers until RKO handed her the script of *The Informer*.

"There *is* something different about the English girl, of course," she admitted, "but whether or not it is desirable as an acquisition I can't say." Her green eyes danced as she tossed her pretty light blonde head in mock dismay. (She has the typical English complexion—creamy skin with fresh pink cheeks—and two fascinating dimples.)

"I think that the attraction of the English girl probably is her poise. This she has acquired from being brought up in quaint villages or in the country, where girls are wholly dependent upon themselves. They have a subdued self-reliance that is particularly effective on the screen. Perhaps, also, their slight English accent accounts to some extent for the vogue—just as the American accent helps your actresses in Britain.

"But," she cautioned, "in crediting these things to the English woman let me say, in all fairness, that she is, unfortunately, often dull in conversation. All women should learn to be not only good, but *interesting* listeners. It is not enough for a girl to contribute an occasional 'yes, yes, go on.' She must sense the proper moment to let fall a phrase that will reveal a lively interest in the conversation. She must keep abreast of the times and be up on general topics (and here the American girl excels), for to be an intelligent listener requires both knowledge *and* judgment!"

OVER at Metro, where she played *David Copperfield's* young mother, we find lovely Elizabeth Allan, the tall slim beauty who was born in the small seaside village of Skegness in Lincolnshire, England, and who has some of the mystery of the deep in her wide-open sea-green eyes.

"Beauty," Miss Allan offered, "is universal. But the famous English complexion has a beauty aid all its own—our fogs. I know of no outdoor treatment that is better for a clear, fresh skin than walking in a slow, fine drizzle.

"It may be that this gives the English girl a 'something different' look, a fresh, alive look—which the camera does not miss. You would be surprised to know how many letters I receive, commenting on my 'English complexion,' and from American girls, too—who are the best-groomed in the whole world. They have a remarkable knack for knowing how to wear clothes and how to apply cosmetics with artistry."

As an outstanding example of beauty, dignity and poise, there is Diana Wynyard, the gracious lady of *Cavalcade, Reunion in Vienna, One More River* and other fine films, who is very popular with American audiences.

"Reserve is her chief charm," was Miss Wynyard's explanation of the British girl's appeal. "And her savoir-faire is another great asset. That is to say, the knowing how to do things—being to the manor born. In England, since it is a much older country, there is a certain respect and regard for old things, old customs, old families and old culture. English women, for many centuries, have developed this respect for traditions and it just seeps out in their every action. We are pretty much the product of our thoughts, and English women think more slowly, more deliberately than American women. This produces a certain poise and assurance that apparently have 'caught on' with Americans. Certainly, they can easily be acquired."

AND just one word from glorious Evelyn Laye, who, at the same studio as Miss Allan, recently co-starred with Ramon Novarro in *The Night Is Young*. Although she is famous on two continents for her beauty, you are still unprepared for her golden perfection in person. Her hair is light and soft and haloesque, her eyes china-blue, and her skin as pink and white and English as her charming accent.

"English women," Miss Laye assured me, "are essentially outdoor women. They spend practically all of their lives in the open and their charm is the result of walking on wind-swept moors, of riding across sunny meadows, or finding their amusements and pleasures under the sky. Houses are not steam-heated and the color and freshness are not sapped from the eyes, hair and skin. However, American girls, realizing that the rôle of sportswoman has beautifying tendencies, and knowing very well indeed how to *develop* their possibilities, are in a fair way to winning the title of 'the world's loveliest women.'"

There are countless British beauties who, having much to offer American audiences, are rapidly becoming American film favorites—and now do you understand why? To name a few—Heather Angel, Benita Hume (another of *Henry the VIIIth's* wives), Jessie Matthews, Madeleine Carroll, Pat Paterson, Ida Lupino, Wendy Barrie, Mona Barrie and a host of others, including exotic, auburn-haired Elissa Landi.

While we may point with justifiable pride to our Harlows, Gaynors and Crawfords, we must admit that our English cousins have a glamor all their own that we could very well make use of—bringing some of their enchantment into our own lives. Acquiring poise and intriguing reticence doesn't seem a half-hard trick, now that we have been told how, does it?

## Garbo Goes "Different"

[*Continued from page* 34]

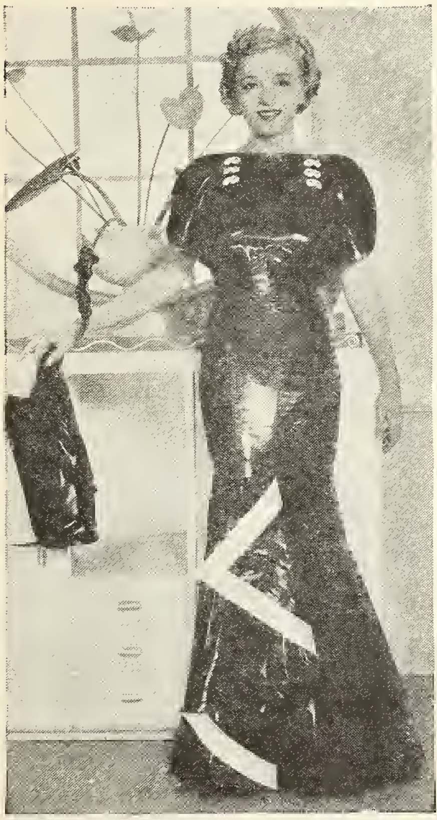
purely from photographic or dramatic reasons have often become national vogues of the fashion world. This choice of the unusual and new, however, has been built on a sounder basis than casual acceptance. When a style "clicks," it is because it is the psychologically right moment for it!

WHEN I speak of women making creations fashionable, I am not speaking of women in a general sense, but of a few women all over the world whose fingers are on the pulse of fashion and whose minds are alert to recognize when a thing is right.

These women—a few of them live in every great city—know every new fashion movement and style insinuation and do not run like frightened rabbits from something that they have never seen before. Instead, they have made such a study and art of wearing clothes and of good style that their receptivity of a new thing is almost as vital as its creation.

One is absolutely useless without the other, like a book without a reader or a play without an audience.

And so I say again that I have not the slightest idea what will come of these new clothes for Garbo. They are interesting—and different from anything she has ever worn before. The rest, *you* will have to judge.



**Speaking of things different, this is a front view of Dixie Lee's lacquered satin gown, seen in side view on page 43. Note the wing-shaped sleeve effect and the trimming of the draped skirt**

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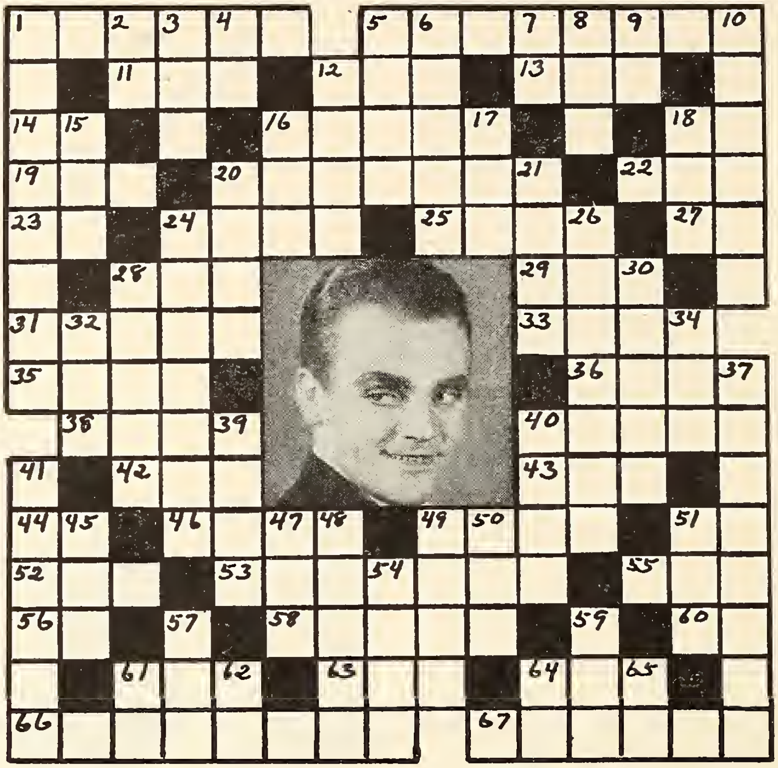
# For Moviegoers to Puzzle Over



## HORIZONTAL

1. Star in this puzzle
5. They are heard in musicals
11. Ne'er-do-well brother-in-law in *The Winning Ticket*
12. He was teamed with Ham in silent comedies
13. *She Loves Me* ————
14. Mr. Taylor's initials
16. *Home on the* ————
18. Initials of Sally Eilers' former leading man
19. He held *The Winning Ticket*
20. Pearl White starred in them
22. ———— *of Aran*
23. *Love* ———— *Bloom*
24. Claire's last name
25. Mae West's finger adornment
27. Initials of Mrs. Harry Joe Brown
28. Slang for moviegoer
29. *Grand* ———— *Girl*
31. Whose wife is Bebe Daniels?
33. Sound of an unhappy infant in talkies
35. Mr. Linden's first name
36. What stars like to receive from admirers
38. Vehicle used in snow scenes
40. Miss Sullavan's ex-husband now in films
42. Sign outside a crowded theatre
43. Jack La ————
44. Jeanette MacDonald's birthplace (abbr.)
46. We expect to hear one in a Bing Crosby film
49. What Baer and his opponents do in ring
51. Initials of elder Gish girl
52. Short for Mr. Cortez
53. Ex-Mrs. George Webb
55. Initials of star of *$10 Raise*
56. Maureen's nationality (abbr.)
58. Indian abode in Westerns
60. ———— *Louis Kid*
61. Lew Ayres was born in this month (abbr.)
63. Mrs. Walter Huston
64. *White* ———— (sing.)
66. *His* ———— *Gamble*
67. First name of a movie King

## VERTICAL

1. She played in *The Great Hotel Murder*
2. Genevieve's initials
3. He was lately divorced by Mercedes Sparks
4. Short for one who was father of *Wednesday's Child*
5. Star of *Black Fury*
6. First name of the comical Kennedy
7. *Two Heads* ———— *a Pillow*
8. Lightning is one
9. ————*Happened in New York*
10. Sylvia's surname
12. Ruth Roland's husband
15. Sidney Fox was born on this date in December
16. Color of Billie Burke's hair
17. Popular name for college which Rudy Vallee attended
18. First name of star in this puzzle (abbr.)
20. ———— *of Steel*
21. Remember Marguerite ————?
24. Stars such as Fred Astaire or Eleanor Powell
26. Constance Cummings starred in this film
28. They are used in fencing scenes
30. Her last name is Sinclair
32. Chic Sale's make-up adds these to his age (abbr.)
34. What Durante would call his hat
37. Burns and Allen cause this
39. Mary Morris was the villainess in *Double* ————
40. Short for Miss Drake or Miss Dee
41. *One More* ————
45. *West Point of the* ————
47. Mr. Pendleton
48. Whose role was that of *Eight Ball* in *Flirtation Walk?*
49. Star of *The Wedding Night*
50. Author of *The Raven*
51. ———— *Miserables*
54. Kind of short gaiter sometimes worn by actors
57. *The Captain Hates the* ————
59. ————*for the Lamps of China*
61. Katherine ———— Mille
62. Hepburn's home state (abbr.)
64. Article in Chevalier's native language
65. Estelle's initials

## Solution to Last Month's Puzzle

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | R | L | I | S | S | | | | G | R | A | C | I | E |
| D | ■ | A | L | E | C | | | | R | U | D | Y | ■ | V |
| R | I | ■ | L | E | O | N | | K | I | S | S | ■ | S | E |
| I | N | D | ■ | S | T | E | V | E | N | S | ■ | C | A | L |
| A | T | E | S | ■ | T | W | I | N | S | ■ | C | A | R | Y |
| N | O | A | H | S | | | | | | M | O | R | A | N |
| | | N | O | T | | | | | | A | L | L | | |
| | | | W | E | | | | | | D | B | | | |
| | | D | I | P | | | | | | G | E | R | | |
| E | V | A | N | S | | | | | | E | R | I | C | S |
| L | O | N | G | ■ | L | E | W | I | S | ■ | T | A | L | K |
| I | T | S | ■ | L | A | N | G | D | O | N | ■ | N | E | E |
| N | E | ■ | K | O | N | G | | A | L | A | N | ■ | W | L |
| O | ■ | L | I | V | E | | | | O | V | E | R | ■ | L |
| R | H | O | D | E | S | | | | S | Y | D | N | E | Y |

## What Dancing Can Do for You

[*Continued from page 29*]

ing sessions with let-downs between.

Now if dancing can make you lead a temperate life, impose no real hardships and still furnish plenty of thrills, it seems to me that every man, woman and child with the inclination should learn to dance.

I REALLY believe that dancing develops certain traits of personality, perhaps less obviously, but certainly more pleasantly, than many other forms of entertainment and endeavor. There are naturalness, self-discipline, sociability, alertness, resourcefulness and individuality, to name a few.

Dancing should be a form of self-expression. Whatever else you may do, don't make the mistake of being an unimaginative copyist. Be yourself. Express your own feelings and your own personality. Let the music speak through *you* in your dancing.

And here is another important angle—confine yourself to the steps and movements that suit *your* physical make-up. We all try to buy clothes that are becoming to us; and it is just as important to study our strong points and our weaknesses when we go dancing. While I am not setting down hard and fast rules, it is best, in general, for the tall person never to attempt to get kittenish; for the person with a heavy load of excess avoirdupois, it is wisest to stick to more conservative dancing; while the small person and the person of medium height and weight can get away with a reasonable variety of steps.

Naturally, you cannot surrender to the influence of music while worrying about what people are thinking of you. Let instinct govern your performance and you will evolve into a pleasing, *natural* person and a natural dancer, too, for self-consciousness is an insurmountable barrier to good dancing.

THE sociability phase of dancing is one that is readily appreciated. I hardly need to point out that a smooth, if not expert dancer, will always be welcome at parties, even if he or she is weak at bidding at bridge.

As regards resourcefulness, trigger-action and mental agility are required and developed in the dancer—particularly in the man.

For individuality, there is no substitute. Personally, I am rather a crank about this subject of choosing an *individual style*. I have made it a fetish to follow no set path, and always evolve my own dance routines, the latest of which are those I do in *Top Hat*.

Whether you are interested in dancing from a professional standpoint, or purely from that of personal enjoyment, I feel certain you will find it advantageous to choose what suits *you* best and then develop it as an expression of your *own* individuality.

"She Grew Beautiful Before My Eyes!"

What would you say if you saw yourself suddenly transformed to radiant new beauty? Your complexion so clear and fresh, so exquisitely soft and fine that you seemed to have a brand new skin? Your cheeks glowing with delicate, natural color? Blackheads gone? Enlarged pores refined? Wrinkles smoothed out?

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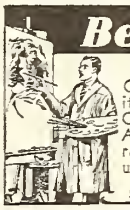

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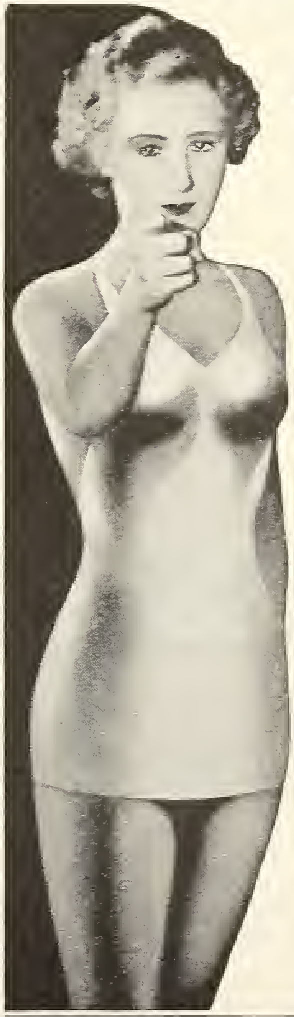

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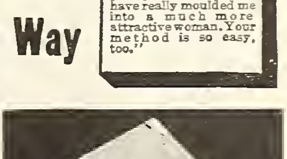

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# The British Like Our Style

[*Continued from page 31*]

Michael Balcon, brilliant young production head of Gaumont-British Pictures, who recently came to America for that specific purpose.

A dust storm of rumors spread over Hollywood before his arrival. It was rumored that he was out to sign up all the American talent in sight—that he was out to "raid" the studios. First of all, he had to counteract those ideas.

And it did not take him long. One or two actors' agents became convinced—and soon convinced others—that he was not interested in trying to tempt contract players away from their present studios. Producers, meeting him socially, discovered him to be a gentleman and a scholar, anxious to build up international goodwill.

HE SAID, on arriving, that he was interested in particular people for particular rôles—and when he left, his announcement of the players whom he had signed was proof that he had meant it. But one part of the announcement about the results of his visit carried an eventful surprise. It was disclosed that he had negotiated an arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, whereby that studio and Gaumont-British would be able to borrow each other's stars or contract players "whenever available." Never before in movie history have two studios made such a complete reciprocal arrangement.

Helen Vinson, accredited as one of Hollywood's best-dressed and most attractive women, was signed to play the only feminine rôle in *King of the Damned*—co-starring with Conrad Veidt. Noah Beery was signed to play her father in the same picture. Madge Evans was signed to play the feminine lead in *The Tunnel*. Richard Dix was signed for another important rôle in *The Tunnel*, in which Conrad Veidt, G-B star, will also appear.

Maureen O'Sullivan is to play the rôle of *Katie* in the G-B production of Kipling's *Soldiers Three*, for which C. Aubrey Smith (of *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* fame) will also sail to England. George Arliss will make a picture for G-B based upon the life of Samuel Pepys, the most famous of all diarists, whose part in the creation of the British Navy is less well known.

Boris Karloff will play the title rôle in *Dr. Nikola*, based on the famous tale by Guy Boothby. Walter Huston will bring Cecil Rhodes back to life in a picture based on the dramatic exploits of that colorful empire-builder and diamond king. Peter Lorre, now at Columbia to star in Dostoievsky's *Crime and Punishment*, will make *The Hairless Mexican* and *Secret Agent* for G-B, which hasn't forgotten him (who could?) in *The Man Who Knew Too Much*.

Five of the ten are Americans; four are British by birth—Miss O'Sullivan, Smith, Arliss and Karloff; Lorre is Hungarian. But the fame of all of them, with the exception of Lorre, is primarily associated with Hollywood.

These are not the first Hollywood players who have appeared in G-B productions, however. Esther Ralston, Constance Cummings, Helen Chandler, Basil Rathbone, Edward Everett Horton, James Gleason, Victor McLaglen and Sam Hardy have all done transoceanic pioneering. And only recently Fay Wray returned from a trip to the G-B studios to make two pictures, *Alias Bulldog Drummond* with Jack Hulbert, the ace English comedian, and *The Clairvoyant* with Claude Rains, well known in Hollywood.

THERE was a time when Hollywoodians were afraid to accept any English offers—lest they should be forgotten in America while they were abroad. Now, with the world-wide organization of Gaumont-British to ballyhoo them, that fear is killed; in fact, now it is a feather in their caps to be invited. Also, many players used to be under the impression that the British picture technique was far behind Hollywood's—an impression corrected by recent pictures. (*The Man Who Knew Too Much* and *Evergreen* and *Loves of a Dictator* are cases in point.)

London has glamor for anyone with an urge to see faraway places. And only a few hours away, across the English Channel, is Paris—convenient for glamor-conscious feminine stars. Though, if any American visitor should stay right in the studio at Shepherds Bush, she would have no fashion worries, what with such famous stylists as Lady Queensbury, Joe Strassner, Borleo and Schiaparelli designing for G-B Pictures.

If Hollywood is noted for its social life, so is London, with the Mayfair set, including nobility, partial to picture stars. If life is leisurely in California, so is it in England. In short, London has many of the same attractions for Americans that Hollywood has for English players!

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## You Have to Be Independent!

[*Continued from page 40*]

I wasn't popular in my adolescent years and was always a wallflower. I was a scrawny, lanky girl and not at all tactful. I had definite likes and dislikes and wouldn't change them. But my relentless ambition to accomplish something thrived on the loneliness that my unpopularity brought. I was thrown back on myself, and this did much to speed my development, for I spent the time reading and thinking, instead of playing and having a good time.

FOR years I have kept a diary. Every day I write down my thoughts and ambitions. And, writing them, I can be absolutely honest and frank. Nothing encourages me to be more independent.

I am not fond of dancing or of playing cards, and sitting around at a night club bores me completely, so I take little part in the social life. I much prefer to read, swim, play tennis, and take long walks. Also, I knit and weave, having learned to do both while attending a girl's camp the summer I was fifteen. I have a hand-loom such as my Scotch ancestors must have had, and the rhythm of its whir relaxes me; and I can weave and read at the same time, which delights my practical soul.

Much has been said about my economy. When I first started to make money I decided to live on a budget. I still do and always shall. Although I am saving, it is not because I am afraid of poverty, for I have been poor and happy at the same time. I want to round out my acting career with a "Little Theatre" of my own, and naturally, such a venture requires substantial capital.

I used to believe that the screen was merely a pale offshoot of the stage; but I have discovered that motion pictures require the best of acting. They require even more imaginative acting than the stage—since the audience is invisible to the players. And the number and variety of rôles that an actress plays in a year present a constant challenge to her abilities.

Because I walk right in and ask for certain parts, I am called independent by Hollywood, but I can't see why I shouldn't make the effort to get what I want when it means everything in the world to me. I don't mind what others may say because my employers understand me.

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* I was taking part in a fantasy. In the picture I have just finished—*Oil for the Lamps of China*—I have been involved in emotional drama in a Far East setting. And my next picture is to be *Captain Blood,* a picturesque, swashbuckling costume drama with that handsome English actor, Robert Donat.

Oh, yes, I always fall in love with my screen heroes—during the picture! It would be difficult for me to play love scenes with someone I didn't imagine myself romantic about, and I let myself believe all that the script says—for the time being!

*This much more in a*

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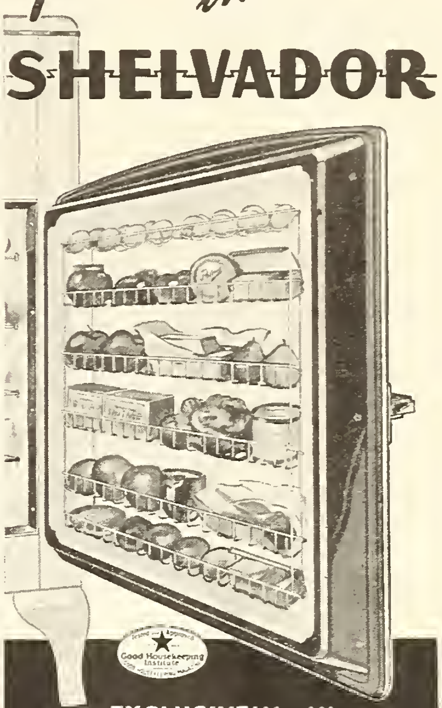

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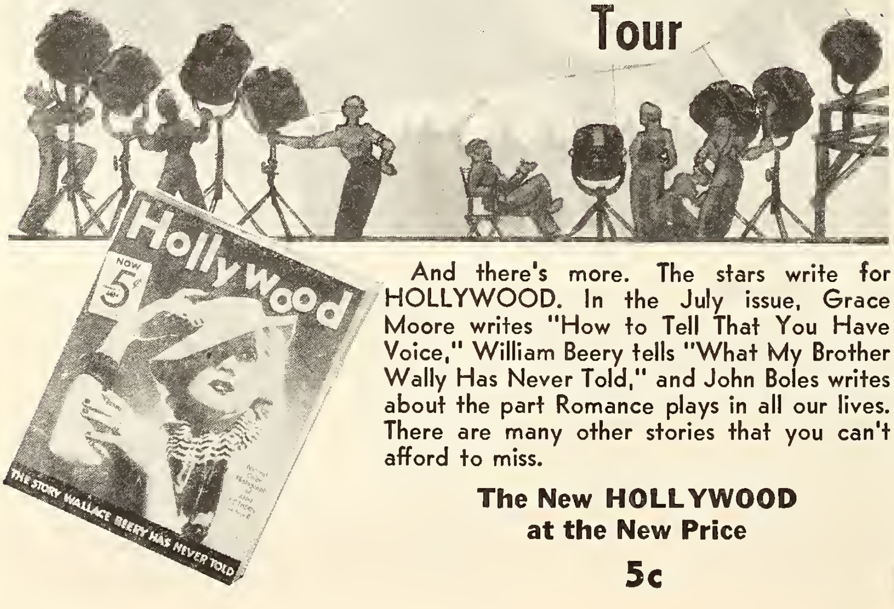
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## Hollywood's Heart Problems—and Yours

[*Continued from page* 15]

Garbo's most ardent admirers. She goes to see each of her pictures at least four times and among her most treasured possessions are the messages that Garbo sent to her through John after the arrival of the baby, Susan Ann.

Oh, it pays to be *big*—big of spirit and wholehearted. Nothing in life is worth growing narrow and morbid over. That, you see, injures no one else. Only you.

It would have been so easy for the little Bruce girl to let herself become embittered, a trifle hardened, when she saw her marriage failing in spite of everything she had done. She had fairly worshiped John Gilbert. Unquestionably, she still does. Even yet, Virginia would infinitely prefer being called "Mrs. Gilbert," rather than "Miss Bruce."

It takes many small heartaches to make the big heartache of divorce. No divorcing couple ever tells them all—or ever could tell them all. But few wives ever have filed suit for divorce more regretfully than did Virginia Bruce. There was no bitterness about the proceedings, no heated recriminations. It was apparent that it was not freedom for herself that she was seeking, but freedom for the man she had loved—a man so individual, so fired with the need for personal self-expression, that he just did not "fit into the domestic pattern."

It was not easy—closing what had been the greatest chapter of her life. But here is the secret that has helped her through the most difficult crisis a sensitive woman could face:

"Several years ago," she told me, "I promised myself that I would never let anything hurt me deeply again. Not *anything*. And I haven't. You can train yourself that way, you know, just as you can get in the habit of taking every trifle to heart. It was a comparatively small incident that made me do it. I had been scheduled for a part with George O'Brien and it didn't work out. I was so disappointed I was almost ill and I said then that I'd never let a single thing affect me like that again. It's true that I've had to be—well, numb at times; but I wouldn't sit home and brood . . . Sorry about my marriage to John Gilbert? *You can't be sorry about the most wonderful thing in your life!* Love and marriage—if I have anything to give the pictures now, it is because I've known them!"

After her divorce from Gilbert a year ago, it was a question whether Virginia would go to Honolulu or return to work. She was wise enough to decide on the latter. During that first picture, *Jane Eyre,* she worked eighteen hours every day—but it gave her an emotional outlet, something to fill up her days. Work—with it she has found not only stardom, but the greatest cure for heartache in the world.

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and
Bing Crosby as a
Husband
By DIXIE LEE
*are just two of the*
*big features in August*
MOVIE CLASSIC

## Seeing Things

[*Continued from page* 18]

direction. For his wife (Billie Burke) is stage-struck, becomes convinced that she can be an actress, and insists on starring in a home-town play. How he remedies her ambitions is amusing, but the high spots of the picture are his imitation of Bing Crosby and the presentation of the amateur play. Billie Burke has more chance to act than he does and delivers a devastating delineation of a flighty forty-ite.

● ● ● Goin' to Town *(Paramount)*, by and with Mae West of "Come up 'n' see me sometime" fame, proves—if any proving is needed—that she has not lost her knack of mixing mirth and melodrama (with the accent on mirth) . . . The story may be a little less believable than some of her others, but she still is provocative, curvacious (this time in modern dress) and able to make the male of the species look like no match for a smart woman . . . A "blues" singer in Texas, she inherits a million dollars from a suddenly deceased cattle rustler, and pulls up stakes for Buenos Aires, in pursuit of socialite Paul Cavanagh . . . who is decidedly worth pursuing. En route, she acquires a horse and a husband (Monroe Owsley), both intended to help her to social advancement. Of the two, the horse causes her the less trouble, while helping her to make the best shot of the picture. It is an amusing show, if not so racy as its predecessors. And Mae, as usual, is practically the whole show.

● ● ● The Bride of Frankenstein *(Universal)* is horror par excellence. It is entertainment as well as excitement. . . . Boris Karloff again is the monster created in a laboratory by a young scientist (a rôle played for the second time by Colin Clive)—a monster capable of anything when crossed, but now also capable of feeling a few of the more human emotions, particularly with a blind hermit who befriends him. And now, also—such is the inventive genius of Hollywood—a mate is provided for him, a mate as horrific as he is. (The part is played by Elsa Lanchester, wife of Charles Laughton, with a spell-binding portrayal.) . . . You may not have one chill as the drama and terror mount; you may not suppress one scream; but if you aren't prepared, the climax may overwhelm you.

● ● ● Vagabond Lady *(M-G-M)* is light-hearted—nay, flippant, even farcical—romantic comedy. Just the thing for a June night; or any other kind of night, if you are in the mood for laughter . . . And it unreels a real surprise in the transformation of the screen personality of Evelyn Venable. Heretofore a bit to the sedate, she plays a stenog who can't make up her mind between dignified, decorous Reginald Denny and his harum-scarum younger brother, Robert Young.

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| 29x4.40-21 | $2.15 | $0.85 |
| 29x4.50-20 | 2.35 | 0.85 |
| 30x4.50-21 | 2.40 | 0.85 |
| 28x4.75-19 | 2.45 | 0.95 |
| 29x4.75-20 | 2.50 | 0.95 |
| 29x5.00-19 | 2.85 | 1.05 |
| 30x5.00-20 | 2.85 | 1.05 |
| 28x5.25-18 | 2.90 | 1.15 |
| 29x5.25-19 | 2.95 | 1.15 |
| 30x5.25-20 | 2.95 | 1.15 |
| 31x5.25-21 | 3.25 | 1.15 |
| ...5.50-17 | 3.35 | 1.15 |
| 28x5.50-18 | 3.35 | 1.15 |
| 29x5.50-19 | 3.35 | 1.15 |
| ...6.00-16 | 3.75 | 1.45 |
| ...6.00-17 | 3.40 | 1.15 |
| 30x6.00-18 | 3.40 | 1.15 |
| 31x6.00-19 | 3.40 | 1.15 |
| 32x6.00-20 | 3.45 | 1.25 |
| 33x6.00-21 | 3.65 | 1.25 |
| 32x6.50-20 | 3.75 | 1.35 |

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| 6.50-20.... | 4.45 | 1.95 | 33x5....... | 3.75 | 1.45 |
| 7.00-20.... | 5.95 | 2.95 | 32x6....... | 7.95 | 2.75 |
| 7.50-20.... | 6.95 | 3.75 | 36x6....... | 9.95 | 3.95 |
| 8.25-20.... | 8.95 | 4.95 | 34x7....... | 10.95 | 3.95 |
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|---|---|---|---|---|---|
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| 30x3½.... | 2.35 | 0.75 | 33x4½.... | 3.45 | 1.15 |
| 31x4..... | 2.95 | 0.85 | 34x4½.... | 3.45 | 1.15 |
| 32x4..... | 2.95 | 0.85 | 30x5..... | 3.65 | 1.35 |
| 33x4..... | 2.95 | 0.85 | 33x5..... | 3.75 | 1.45 |

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# Just As You Say...

## MOVIE CLASSIC'S readers have the final word—and win prizes with their letters

**Nelson Eddy is the new man of the hour. We thought so after *Naughty Marietta*—but your letters confirm it**

### *$15 Prize Letter*

**Music Has a Future**—I have just heard one of the most exquisite musical films it has ever been my pleasure to enjoy. Jeanette MacDonald reaches thrilling heights of romantic song in *Naughty Marietta.* Scarcely less enchanting is the voice of Nelson Eddy, brilliant new baritone star. One has the feeling that the rich musical talent of the nation, long held down by the brash profanities of jazz, is bursting forth with greater range and power than ever before . . . This reviving delight in films of quality and beauty may be the renaissance of moving picture entertainment. The American public has been starved for this sort of thing.—*C. H. Ehms, 112 East 12th St., Junction City, Kans.*

*Editorial prediction: And when natural color makes films more beautiful to see, the music will have to be of a calibre to match!*

### *$10 Prize Letter*

**Converted at Last**—I have one of those cynical husbands whose oft-repeated speech is: "What, another movie? What do you see in the blamed things, anyway?" Last Monday I managed to induce the Anti-Cinema Boy to accompany the children and me to see *Sequoia.* He was spellbound by its beautiful scenes and the amazing story. When he drove us to the theatre on Thursday as usual, what was my amazement to see him get out of the car, too. The film was *David Copperfield.* When we got home that night, his comment was, "That was a masterpiece! Why didn't you tell me movies were like this?"

Saturday my spouse said, "I see the editor of MOVIE CLASSIC cheers loud and long for *Roberta.* Let's see if he's right." You were! Thanks. You helped to reform a hard-boiled movie cynic!—*Evelyn Fritzinger, 42 Birch St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.*

*If you know of any more movie cynics—we thought the species was extinct—the subscription line forms on the right.*

### *$5 Prize Letter*

**What Do You Think?**—Isn't there some way to determine whether or not double features are preferred to a well-balanced single feature program? Countless times I have refrained from seeing a good picture, due to the fact that it was a double feature program. Isn't the secret of good showmanship to leave the audience feeling they could stand just a bit more, instead of feeling they had had something crammed down their throats after they had yelled "Enough"?—*Wm. R. Hanks, 1837 Tutwiller, Memphis, Tenn.*

You *tell us—and we'll tell producers, who are debating the same question.*

### *$1 Prize Letters*

**Wants Less Music**—I wonder if there are not a great many like myself who would appreciate a let-up on the musical extravaganzas, theme songs, jazz bands and endless hoofing choruses with which we have been deluged for the last year or so? Keep up the good work of making pictures like *Ruggles of Red Gap, Lives of a Bengal Lancer* and *David Copperfield,* but for the sake of at least half of the movie-going public let's give music in every form a rest.—*W. N. Belknap, 207 Third St., Newburgh, N.Y.*

*Compare Reader Belknap's letter with Reader Ehms' (in the first column)—and see if you get into an argument with yourself. Hollywood would like to hear which side you take.*

**Ideas Worth Having**—Many people, even in this day and age, do not approve of motion pictures. They claim movies put ideas into our heads. And so, indeed, they do. Whenever I see Ann Harding, I long to have her poise and personality. I long to be able to wear clothes like Shearer, Crawford, and Lombard. I wish that I possessed just half the pep and vitality of lovely Ginger Rogers. I hope that I can grow older as beautifully as Claudette Colbert did in *Imitation of Life.* These are a few of the "ideas" I get from the movies.—*Marjorie Falkwroth, 1530 N. College, Decatur, Ill.*

**A Suggestion**—I think theatres should occasionally have a review week and reshow some of the splendid pictures of the past. For months now I have been raving about *It Happened One Night.* Next week it is coming back to a near-by theatre and, believe me, I'm telling it far and near so that no one misses it. A friend of mine never saw Marie Dressler and for my friend's sake, I wish that *Tugboat Annie* would come back some day. I feel sorry for those who missed seeing it, but I feel more sorry for those who never saw Marie.—*Mrs. P. M. Wolgemuth, Box 55, Hershey, Pa.*

**Should Reel Be Real?**—This general "back to the farm" movement in motion picture plots is getting me down. Must we have films that show home-life with its sorrow and simplicity? Home is a marvelous place and there's nothing like it, but when we go to the movies it's fun to forget reality. . . . I like to find myself in a world of glamor, with beautiful women, stunning gowns, and sparkling champagne cocktails. Usually, the object of a modern motion picture is to give the audience real entertainment and not remind them of the real trials of life.—*Dorothy Holcombe, Quarters No. 78-A, Fort Wm. McKinley, Rizal, P. I.*

*Here is practically an invitation to you realists to come to the defense of* your *preferences! (Personally, we like variety.)*

**MOVIE CLASSIC wants its readers to write their opinions of stars, productions, and movie conditions in general so that all readers may benefit by them. Each month MOVIE CLASSIC will offer these cash prizes for the best letters: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each. The editors will be the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write your letter now—to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Letter Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York City.**

Tattoo your lips!
F. FARKAS

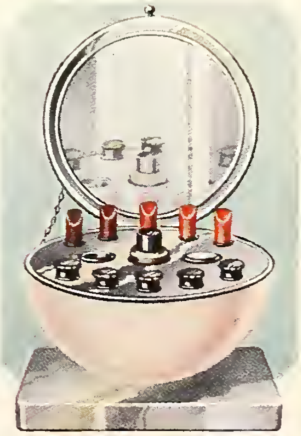
## a New Red from the South Seas

Hawaii brings you the glorious red of the wild Hibiscus flower in a really *new* kind of lipstick! Called TATTOO "HAWAIIAN." It's a *new* shade of red, unusually bright and luscious . . . almost a Chinese lacquer red, a shade that gives life, dash, and vivid individuality. It's brilliant, saucy . . . decidedly daring . . . yet not hard to wear because with all its vividness it imbues the lips with a soft, sincere, feminine warmth they have *never* had before. This shade has been dreamed of ever since indelible lipsticks first were made, but because it would turn purple on the lips, could not be used. Now, TATTOO, and TATTOO only, offers this stunning shade in an infinitely *indelible*, extremely *transparent* stick which positively will not turn even the *least* bit purplish. It can't! Only "HAWAIIAN" gives you this gorgeous *new* red that *stays* red. Go Native!

**ACTUALLY TRY IT AT THE TATTOO COLOR SELECTOR**

*Your favorite toilet goods dealer invites you to test, on your own skin, all five shades of* TATTOO *at the Tattoo Color Selector, illustrated here and readily found wherever fine toilet goods are sold.*

TATTOO IS $1



TATTOO "HAWAIIAN"

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# We asked Society Women why they Prefer Camels

*"No Nerves!"* "Every one is gay now and almost every one is smoking Camels," replied Mrs. Allston Boyer. "I can smoke as many as I want and they never upset my nerves. Lots of people have told me the same thing. And I notice that if I'm tired, smoking a Camel freshens me up."

*Flavor!* "In the enjoyment of smoking, Camels certainly make a difference," answered Miss Mary de Mumm (below). "Their flavor is so smooth and mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. I'm sure that's one reason they are so extremely popular." More expensive tobaccos!

No bothered nerves for Mrs. Allston Boyer

"Refreshing," says Mrs. Robert R. Hitt

"Flavor," says Miss Mary de Mumm

*Mildness!* "Camels have such a grand, mild flavor, and that's because they have more expensive tobaccos in them," said Miss Dorothy Paine (below). "Every one is smoking them now."

Women do appreciate mildness in a cigarette, and the additional happy fact that Camels never bother the nerves! Camel's more expensive tobaccos make a real difference . . . in mildness, flavor, and pleasure.

*So Refreshing!*

"Sometimes you are apt to smoke more than usual," said Mrs. Robert R. Hitt, "and I notice that Camels never upset my nerves. In fact, if I'm a bit tired, I find that smoking a Camel rests me—I have a sense of renewed energy."

Camels give you just enough "lift." They contain finer, more expensive tobaccos . . . Turkish and Domestic . . . than any other popular brand. Smoke one and see.

*Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:*

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MRS. LANGDON POST, *New York*
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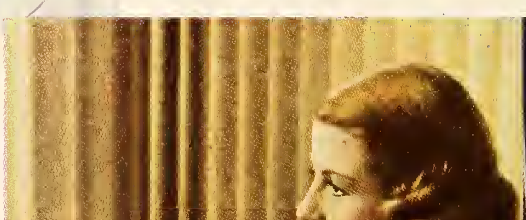

Mildness is what Miss Dorothy Paine prefers in Camels

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MOVIE
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August

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DOLORES DEL RIO
*Photographed in
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AS A HUSBAND
by DIXIE LEE

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CODE of LIVING

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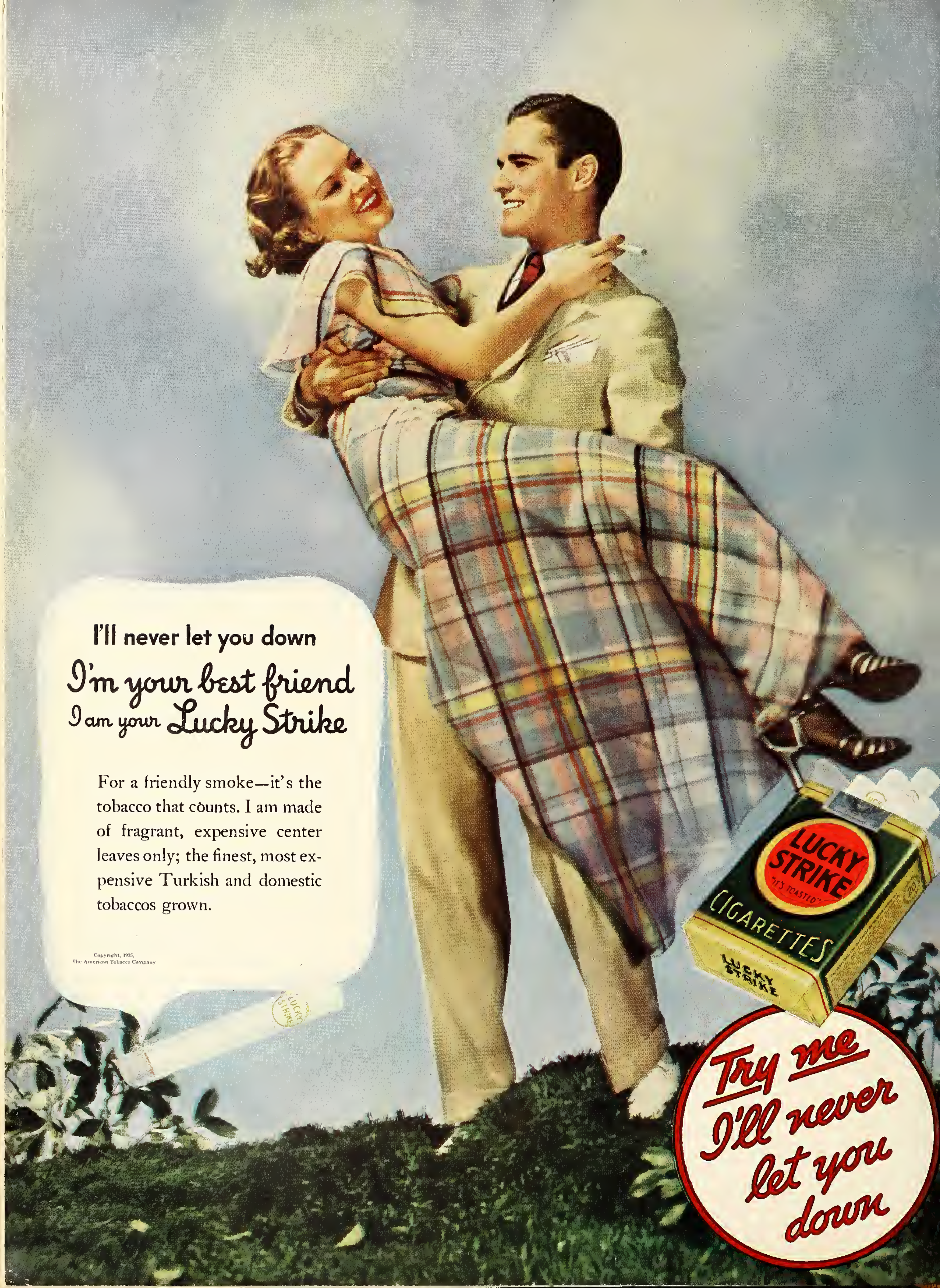
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"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20
LUCKY STRIKE
Try me
I'll never let you down

**I'll never let you down**

*I'm your best friend*
*I am your Lucky Strike*

For a friendly smoke—it's the tobacco that counts. I am made of fragrant, expensive center leaves only; the finest, most expensive Turkish and domestic tobaccos grown.

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# STILL her ADORER

THE years are adding up . . . soon their children will be grown . . . yet he is still her adorer . . . she holds him as completely as when they were first married. More women should know her secret.

* * * *

How wise is the woman who realizes the importance of keeping the breath always sweet, wholesome and agreeable! After all, nothing mars a personal relationship like halitosis (bad breath) whether occasional or habitual. It is ridiculously easy to keep the breath inoffensive. Simply use Listerine, that's all—a little in the morning, a little at night, and between times before social engagements. Listerine instantly halts halitosis; deodorizes longer than ordinary non-antiseptic mouth washes. Keep a bottle handy in home and office. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

**LISTERINE halts halitosis (bad breath)**

***Deodorizes Longer***

# Discovered

## IN A HOLLYWOOD PROJECTION ROOM!

**Together, A GREAT STAR and a NEW STAR**

The hush in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer projection room turned to a muffled whisper...the whisper rose to an audible hum... and in less than five minutes everybody in the room knew that a great new star had been born—LUISE RAINER—making her first American appearance in "Escapade", WILLIAM POWELL'S great new starring hit! It was a historic day for Hollywood, reminiscent of the first appearance of Garbo — another of those rare occasions when a great motion picture catapults a player to stardom.

## WILLIAM POWELL *in*

## *Escapade*

*with*

**LUISE RAINER**

FRANK MORGAN
VIRGINIA BRUCE
REGINALD OWEN
MADY CHRISTIANS
A Robert Z. Leonard Production
Produced by Bernard H. Hyman
*A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture*

William Powell adds another suave characterization to his long list of successes...and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer swells the longest list of stars in filmdom with another brilliant name —Luise Rainer!

Aristocrat, sophisticate, innocent — one wanted romance, the other wanted excitement — but one wanted his heart — and won it!...Sparkling romance of an artist who dabbled with love as he dabbled with paints...and of a girl who hid behind a mask — but could not hide her heart from the man she loved!

JUL -6 1935
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AUGUST, 1935 VOL. 8 No. 6

# MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK

JAMES E. REID
Editor

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

J. EUGENE CHRISMAN
Western Editor

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH OF DOLORES DEL RIO BY EDWIN BOWER HESSER

Marian Marsh hails August—month of vacations and new vistas

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# Color—and You

NEARLY a hundred years ago, a French artist named Daguerre found a way to make a portrait more realistic than any portrait ever had been before.

And a woman of that day, looking at a daguerreotype of someone she cherished, was satisfied. She said, "It is so lifelike, so natural . . . it almost speaks."

She could not imagine photographs that would actually show all the movement of life, itself.

She could not imagine photographs that would actually have voices.

● YOU have such pictures, and you marvel at them, very conscious of what you have. "So lifelike, so natural," you say.

Then, one day, you go to see one of these pictures that move and talk, and you discover that they have not had all the reality that it is possible for them to have.

You discover that, like the woman of a century ago, you have been using your imagination to supply extra reality.

For now the pictures that moved and talked also have color—all the hues and tints of life, itself. Flesh now is flesh-color; lips are red; eyes are blue or brown or black or hazel; hair is blonde or brunette or titian. Clothes are as colorful as clothes really are. And Nature looks natural.

● WHETHER or not you like *Becky Sharp*, first full-length feature picture in "natural color" (and the chances are that you *will* like it), you cannot but wish success for it—because of what the development of color films will do for you.

Color films, planned by artists, will tell you what colors are most effective with your type . . . and give you new ideas about color combinations that you can safely attempt. "Lovely to Look At" cannot help but become your theme song, if you absorb what you see in color films.

You will find film styles going even more practical than they are today—and you will be following them even more than you do today.

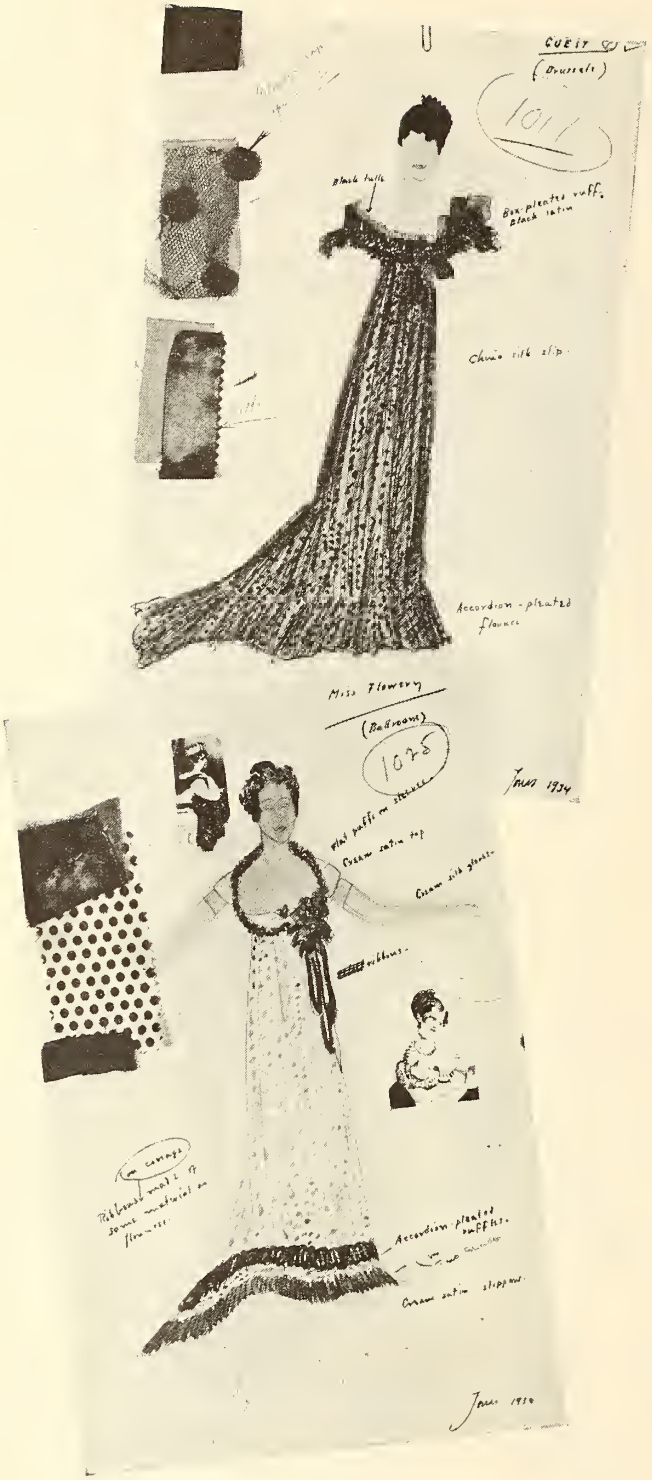
More than ever, you will take make-up hints from the movies—for normal make-up is worn before the color camera.

You will get new inspirations for home decoration, seeing the color harmony of carefully planned movie sets.

As if you were there in person, you will see far, romantic places that you have longed to see.

And the development of color photography in Hollywood is making color films practical for your own use in home-movie camera or pocket portrait-camera. Every picture of yourself may soon be as colorful as *you* are!

James E. Reid


Guest
(Brussels)
1011
Black tulle
Box-pleated ruff.
Black satin
Chine silk slip.
Accordion-pleated flounce
Miss Flowery
(Ballroom)
1025
Jones 1934
Flat puffs on sleeves
Cream satin top
Cream silk gloves
ribbons.
Ribbons made of same material as flounce.
Accordion-pleated ruffles.
Cream satin slippers.
Jones 1934

Robert Edmond Jones, noted stage designer, whom Miriam Hopkins calls "the Emperor Jones, King of Color," was chosen to work out the color possibilities of *Becky Sharp*. As long ago as last year, he began his planning, sketching costumes. Above are two reproductions of his sketches, with his notes, samples of material, and illustrations of period costumes.

# "Accent on Youth"

Should a girl marry a man of her own age or should she choose a more mature husband? Can a girl in her twenties find happiness with a man twice her age? Granted that May and December are mismated; but what about June and September?

Millions of girls for millions of years have asked themselves these questions and attempted to answer them in their own lives.

Now the question—and one of the several possible answers—has been made the theme of one of the most charming screen romances of the season, Paramount's "Accent on Youth". . . As a stage play "Accent on Youth" won acclaim from the Broadway critics and tremendous popularity with the theatre-goers. Opening late in 1934 it promises to continue its successful run well into the summer of 1935.

Sylvia Sidney plays the screen role of the girl who comes face to face with this age-old question. She is adored by young, handsome and athletic Phillip Reed and she is loved by the brilliant and successful but more mature playwright, Herbert Marshall . . . Which man shall she choose? . . . That is the question around which the entire plot revolves and to answer it in print would spoil the delightful suspense which the author, Samson Raphaelson, developed to a high degree in his original New York stage success and which Director Wesley Ruggles maintains with equal success and charm in the screen play.

In the supporting cast are such well-known players as Holmes Herbert and Ernest Cossart. The latter is playing the same role on the screen as that which he created in the original Broadway stage production.

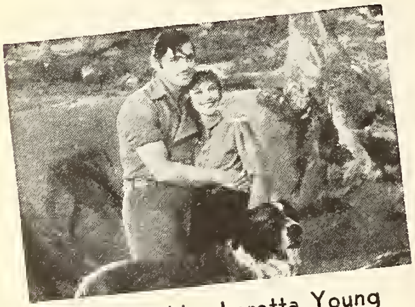
# Speaking of Movies...

## MOVIE CLASSIC reviews the new pictures from a feminine viewpoint

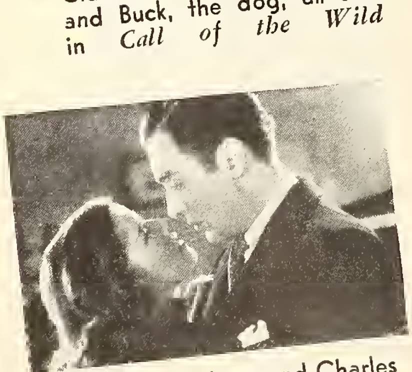
Elisabeth Bergner proves what charm is in *Escape Me Never*

MOVIE CLASSIC'S reviewers, for your guidance, rate the new pictures as follows:

- ● ● ● ● Exceptional
- ● ● ● Excellent
- ● ● Good
- ● Skip it



Clark Gable, Loretta Young and Buck, the dog, all star in *Call of the Wild*



Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer have an emotional time of it in *Break of Hearts*

● ● ● ● **Escape Me Never** gives Elisabeth Bergner another chance to show, with the movement of a hand and the flicker of an eyelash, the incomparable artistry that belongs to genius. She is made of sunlight and moonlight . . . she changes the pace of her temperament with mercurial rapidity. Here is no sugary sweetness, no manufactured allure, no fascination built on a foundation of a glamorous wardrobe. Instead, Elisabeth Bergner is a plain creature wearing a shawl, or shorts, or ugly coat, and with her straight hair falling in her eyes. She is a grand lesson to all girls that charm is a vital spark within. As *Gemma Jones*, an unwed mother with rabid loyalty to her baby, she weds an erratic genius (handsome Hugh Sinclair), and sticks to him despite his faithlessness. Constantly, she gives plausibility to an otherwise weak story. In Europe Bergner is regarded as the greatest actress of them all, and since this will probably be almost her last picture (according to her) one should not miss it . . . if one appreciates real acting ability. (United Artists)

● ● ● ● **The Call of the Wild** has appeal, all right, what with your being able to picture rough, rugged Clark Gable waiting at the end of the trail for you—as he does here for Loretta Young. He is the fighting, man-powered Clark, in the sort of picture that makes him "tops" in feminine fancies. Loretta is very beautiful, particularly with the fur hood that frames her face so fascinatingly; Jack Oakie, who has grown out-size since last seen, is most amusing; and Buck, the dog hero, is marvelous. What a canine he is! No little house pet, but a great, big, confidence-inspiring outdoors dog. The story is of the gold rush, in which Clark and Oakie find Loretta left on the trail, believing her husband has been killed. Together they locate a fabulous lode, and are extremely happy together, when the husband reappears. The ending is sad, but you don't believe the future will leave it that way. The world is waiting for the rise of more pictures like this one for Clark. Jack London's daughter said she was sure that Gable was the actor her author-father would have chosen to play this part . . . and we think so, too! (20th Century)

● ● ● **Break of Hearts** presents the lean, longing Miss Hepburn, but where has fled her vividness? She is handicapped by the story. As a struggling young musician she falls violently in love with Charles Boyer, destined to become a great conductor. They are married, honeymoon in Europe, and end up in Reno when Boyer wanders from the fold. But Katharine, who has taken it pretty bitterly, herself, runs to his rescue when he becomes a drunkard, and aids him back to the heights. How do you like it? . . . Katie has a new haircut that you'll admire. The hair goes smoothly back from the face to about the ears, and then zips out in curls all over the back of her head. The clothes are pretty neat tricks, too, including one gold affair, and an interesting evening gown that has fans of pleated net coming up from the bodice, almost to the chin-line. Boyer, the new French heart-throbber, is likable in this picture, but certainly not the feminine menace he was in *Private Worlds*. Oh, you'll enjoy it all, if you're a Hepburn follower, but you'll wish they had given Katie a stronger, more fascinating story. (RKO-Radio)

● ● ● ● **Paris in Spring** is as light as a ballet dancer's veil, as gay as a champagne supper, and as subtle as a sophisticate should be. It's musical and a bit mad; different and delightful—if you can appreciate humor that is as far from slapstick as the stratosphere is. The two stars are Mary Ellis, whose sense of comedy is every bit as excellent as her voice, and Tullio Carminati, whose suavity and poise add something new to Latin love-making. She is a night-club singer; he is her lover, who rushes to the top of the Eiffel Tower, intent on suicide, [*Continued on page* 10]

# *An Intimate Subject*... but thousands of women asked me to explain why Kotex

## CAN'T CHAFE—CAN'T FAIL—CAN'T SHOW

### "CAN'T CHAFE"

*Means much on active days*

To be happy and natural one must be comfortable. The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. You see, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But mind you, sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

### "CAN'T FAIL"

*Is important, too*

Security means much to every woman at all times... and Kotex assures it! It has a special center layer whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. This special center gives "body" but not bulk—makes Kotex adjust itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 *times* more absorbent than cotton.

### "CAN'T SHOW"

*Gives evening peace-of-mind*

The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines. What an aid to self-confidence and poise. The ends of Kotex are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.

IT'S only natural that women should be vitally concerned about this intimate subject. And I've discovered this: once women understand the 3 exclusive advantages that only Kotex offers, most of them will not be satisfied with any other sanitary napkin!

By reading the facts presented here, you can learn what I believe every woman has a right to know. You need never have times when you're ill at ease. For now there is a simple way to carefree, perfect poise on the days it's hardest to attain. Here's a modern sanitary napkin—Kotex—that has removed all annoyance from women's most perplexing problem.

Kotex brings women 3 gratifying comforts that you can understand by simply looking at the construction of the pad itself.

With all of these extra Kotex advantages costing so little, there's no economy in accepting ordinary kinds.

For greater protection on some days depend on Super Kotex. For emergency, look for Kotex in ladies' rooms in West Cabinets.

Mary Pauline Callender

*Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"*

## WONDERSOFT KOTEX

BUY THE NEW KOTEX SANITARY BELT. Narrow and adjustable. Requires no pins.

### QUEST

**the positive deodorant powder for personal daintiness**

A new scientific discovery makes possible the perfect deodorant powder for use with Kotex... and for your every need! Quest, sponsored by the makers of Kotex, is a dainty, soothing powder, pleasant and safe to use. Quest assures all-day-long body freshness. Buy Quest when you buy Kotex... only 35c for the large 2-ounce can.

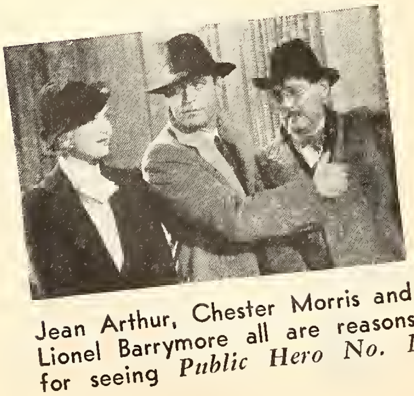
# Speaking of Movies . . .

[*Continued from page* 8]

Mary Ellis and Tullio Carminati (without dress suit!) make *Paris in Spring* gay

Bette Davis is pert and personable, but none too happy as *The Girl from Tenth Avenue*

Warner Baxter goes gaucho—and Soledad Jiminez adds to the fun in *Under the Pampas Moon*



Jean Arthur, Chester Morris and Lionel Barrymore all are reasons for seeing *Public Hero No. 1*

when she rejects his proposal of marriage. There he encounters cute Ida Lupino, also suicide-minded, because of a broken affair with young James Blakely. To make the others jealous, Tullio and Ida take up together; but to make matters worse, Mary and James discover each other—and Ida's grandmother, hard of hearing, gets it into her head that everybody is married. (Jessie Ralph is priceless in this rôle, as is Akim Tamiroff in his few, but voluble scenes.) However, the picture belongs to the stars—particularly to Miss Ellis, gorgeously gowned, alertly amusing, and in grand voice. (Paramount)

● ● ● **The Girl from Tenth Avenue** doesn't sound glamorous, but it reveals Bette Davis in some smart clothes and her hairdress is very becoming. While this isn't one of the best things she has done, it is amusing and well-acted, though none of the characters actually excites your sympathy. As the girl from Tenth Avenue, which in New York is like living on "the wrong side of the railroad track" anywhere else, she marries a man who has been jilted and who is far above her socially. She studies, she becomes a greater lady than he is a gentleman, and finally all is well between them. You'll like the taffeta dress that rustles and rustles, and makes Bette look like an old-fashioned doll. There's another washable striped dress, with a white coat and white hat, that's most becoming. The man in her life in this picture is Ian Hunter—who is new, English, and likable. (Warners)

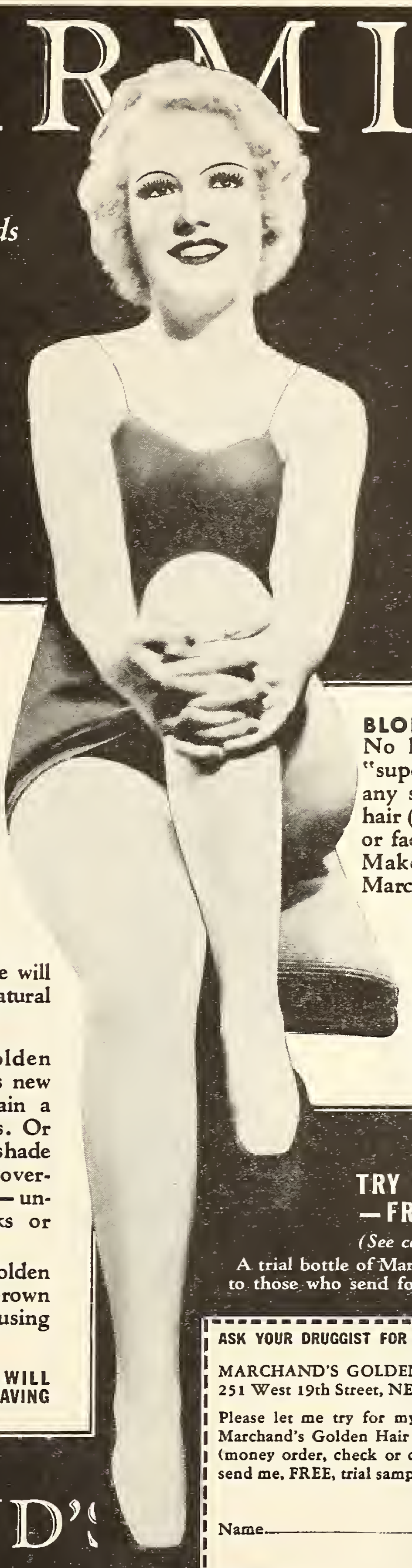
● ● ● **Under the Pampas Moon** is romance in a midsummer mood—light, airy, amusing. It finds Warner Baxter a gay gaucho again. And when Warner goes gaucho, with a lush Latin accent and a smile full of teeth, he is irrepressible—not to say irresistible. A South American cowboy, he promptly forgets the pampas girls—chic little Armida, among them—when his eye lights on a French songbird, played by Ketti Gallian. She steals his heart while John Miljan is stealing his horse—and to get both of them gack he goes off to the big city (Buenos Aires). He takes his impulsive peasant mother (Soledad Jiminez) with him, and the efforts of the two of them to acquire that urban manner are the most amusing thing about the picture. The pretty Miss Gallian has slight chance to do anything eye-catching in her slight rôle—but you suspect that she has possibilities. Warner sings a gaucho song, Ketti sings a solo, and Veloz and Yolanda, of ballroom fame, do a tango that will have you crying for more. (Fox)

● ● ● ● **Public Hero No. 1** is M-G-M's contribution to the current cycle of sagas about government agents—and it's one of the most exciting and amusing films you'll see this summer. It's in the same mood as *The Thin Man*, if you know what we mean. The picture details how the notorious "Purple Gang" was broken up and made a pale mauve. And, like the picture, the cast is full of surprises that you will be talking about. Chester Morris proves that with a real rôle he can be any girl's idea of a he-man hero. Joseph Calleia, brand-new to films, looks like the next "romantic menace"—giving an illusion of restrained power. Lionel Barrymore, as a drunken doctor whose patients are gangsters, is elegantly, amusingly real. And Jean Arthur—who scored a minor triumph in *The Whole Town's Talking*—scores a major one as the heroine of this piece. She has pert charm and a sense of humor to go along with it. "Intriguing!" men will call her. "Worth watching!" women will add—to themselves. (M-G-M.)

● ● ● **In Caliente** emphasizes what a gorgeous woman Dolores Del Rio is, and how utterly smart all of her clothes are. White is her color, and this wardrobe is mostly as pure as the lily in tone, besides illustrating why Designer Orry-Kelly thinks the Grecian line is the most flattering of all to a woman's figure. There's an enticing hostess gown of white satin and net that should make masculine hearts go flippity-flop. And the way Del Rio whiffs her perfume around on curtains and cushions, and herself, would meet with all feminine approval . . . if every one could afford such delicious luxury . . . Edward Everett Horton, as a wealthy publisher, tires of the peccadilloes of the editor of his smart New York magazine, Pat O'Brien, and whisks him off to Mexico, with Glenda Farrell, gold-digger de luxe, in hot pursuit. Glenda is her usual delightful self, aware of all the right answers. (She's a honey, anyway, don't you think?) At Caliente, Del Rio dances into view, and that is the end of our hero's heart. There are some amusing mix-ups, some elaborate dance productions, and a highly funny ending. It's all very light, but puts everybody in a good mood. (Warners.)

# CHARMING

Sunny *Golden Hair!*
*Compliments from my friends*



Lustrous golden hair softens and flatters your head and face — gives that fresh, bright clean look so admired by friends. Whether blonde or brunette, use your hair to bring out all the natural beauty and charm you possess. Rinsing with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash will make your hair the most important, most fascinating part of your attractiveness.

**BLONDES** — is your hair darkened, faded or streaked? Marchand's Golden Hair Wash used as a rinse will restore its former lightness and natural sunny golden hues.

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Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in the new gold and brown package at any drugstore. Start using it today.

**MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH WILL NOT INTERFERE WITH PERMANENT WAVING**

**BLONDES and BRUNETTES** No longer any need to risk "superfluous" hair removal of any sort. Blend "superfluous" hair (whether on your legs, arms or face) with *your* skin coloring. Make it unnoticeable with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Only with Marchand's can you retain as Nature intends, the attractive softening effect of scarcely noticeable hair. Start using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash today.

**TRY A BOTTLE —FREE!**

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A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE—to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

## MARCHAND'S
## GOLDEN HAIR WASH

**ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON**

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Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. I am enclosing 50 cents in stamps (money order, check or coins accepted) for a full-sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

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# They're the

Joan Crawford, of ***No More Ladies*** fame, has scored another fashion "scoop" . . .

● JOAN CRAWFORD has done it again—scored another fashion scoop that has set the town a-twitter. *For each of her suits, Joan now has a backless taffeta slip with a false front!* But wait until you hear the details. . . . The slips are made with a pleated ruffle around the bottom that matches the ruffle at the neck so that every time she takes a step you hear the thrilling "swish-swish" that only taffeta can make. You see, the real idea is to eliminate the bother of a shirtwaist—especially on warm days. The front of the slip is fashioned to take the place of it—and the amusing part is that you can wear the slip as a backless summer frock, if you add one of these clever new suède belts to it. . . .

● FOUND! A *classic* health drink that is not only tasty, but tantalizing. And do you know who told us about it? Mae West, no less! Before she went away on that cruise vacation, Mae gave us one of those slide-away glances of hers and said, "You want something to take away that tired feeling, to make you want to 'go to town' because you feel so frisky? Then get yourself *one pound of prunes. Wash them, put them in a large bowl and add a grapefruit that has been quartered, rind and all. Over this, pour one quart of cold distilled water. Then just set it away in the icebox for twenty-four hours and afterward draw off a glassful to drink each morning."* It does wonders for the system and for clearing the skin, so Mae says—and Mae always looks "tops."

● AND speaking of looking "tops"—Clara Bow has never, and we mean *never*, looked so beautiful as she has since she has let her hair go back to its natural dark shade. Now that half of Hollywood—including Claudette Colbert—has gone red-headed, the girl who first set it afire has quietly gone brunette-ish again. She is down to picture weight and we know at least three producers who are ready to have her sign on the dotted line.

Mae West has a recipe for a health drink that inspires that "go to town" mood . . .

● "WILD Hollywood?" It makes us think of the strawberry festivals back in Plain River to see Clara—ex-Flapper queen, and It Girl—and her cowboy actor hubby, Rex Bell, and the Bell heir riding along the countryside with the Bing Crosbys and *their* heirs. They do it in the Crosby station wagon with Bing at the wheel and Rex crooning (it sounds twisted, but that's correct). The two mamas just manage the children and look as pleased as Punch. Clara always dresses her baby in the same colors she is wearing. The last time we saw them, they were both in pink poke bonnets and pink dresses, and what a picture *that* was! Dixie Lee Crosby "tags" her twins by putting one in pink and white and the other in blue and white. . . .

● ALAS, for romance! Janet Gaynor was on the verge of asking Henry Fonda to one of the parties her little crowd gives, when a columnist spouted out that they were in love! Bang! Down went the Gaynor reserve curtain. And to make matters worse, Henry was assured he would "fall" for Janet as soon as he started working with her in *The Farmer Takes a Wife*. Consequence: Two very nice young people being *very* careful to avoid each other between scenes. But since the completion of the picture, they have met at a dinner party—and spent the whole evening together. Maybe romance gets an inning, after all.

● INCIDENTALLY, dinner parties are getting more and more romantic in setting. It's the thing now to give them in "foreign versions." Norman Foster, for instance, recently had a "Chinese chow" gathering in honor of "the Rimplegards." That is his name for the Young clan because he says they are as gay, devoted and irrepressible a family as the *Rimplegards* of *Three-Cornered Moon* fame. Polly Ann and sister Sally Blane did pretty well with the Chinese soup spoons, but Loretta practically carved a new career for herself with the chopsticks. Two little Chinese boys in native costumes served the food and all the decorations were Oriental. The only American note was a ring of ice cream with "To the Rimplegards" inscribed on top.

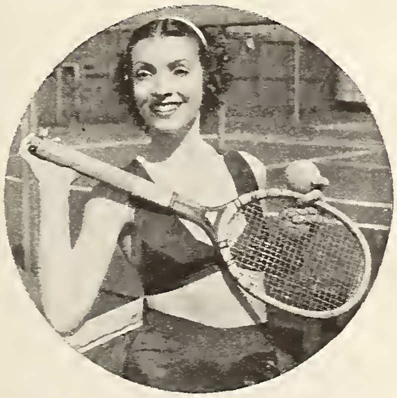
● ELISSA LANDI crashed through with a SCRUMPTUOUS Italian supper for brother Anthony and his wife. If you can believe it, the centerpiece for the table was a replica of a Venice canal! A mirror plateau did for the canal part of it and tiny Italian houses rose up on either side. Two gondolas floated gracefully in manufactured moonlight. We can give the menu served, but don't ask us what it means! We know only that it tasted *dee-vine*. . . . There was antipasto, minestrone, ravioli, piselli, polenta and, to finish it off, cioccolato Italiano and caffe. The nicest compliment possible to Elissa's artistry was paid by Tullio Carminati—who is Count di Bambrilla in Italy—when he told her that for the first time in four years he felt at home!

# Topics!

## New notes on personalities who are always good news!

● BUT it takes the Countess di Frasso to glorify the lowly bean. Here she is—the most cosmopolitan person in Hollywood, socialite, and owner of a palace in Rome—serving good old Boston baked beans and angel cake at every big formal dinner she gives! The butler and footmen carry them around as if they were Olympian nectar and even the most fastidiously gowned women do justice to them as such! Dolores Del Rio, for example, in a maharani costume of striped chiffon; and Loretta Young in a silk tulle of a glorious fuchsia shade with a very full skirt and a tulle cape she keeps on right through the evening. But in Loretta's case it can be understood. . . . Her favorite food is baked beans. . . .

● NOTED ALONG THE BOULEVARD—Gail Patrick's *crocheted* shoes. You crochet them very tightly, then have them soled and varnished, and the result is ultra-smart! . . . Conchita Montenegro playing tennis in stitched taffeta shorts and halter of her own design. . . . For the latest thing in cocktail dresses, page Joan Blondell. She has an adjustable collar-and-cuff set of rhinestones that "dress up" a frock in a jiffy and look particularly well with those new tunic gowns. . . . The *"Little Colonel"* evening gowns are the rage of the moment. They carry you right back to the 1870's with their off-the-shoulder necklines and ruffled skirt-trains. Ginger Rogers has one in a flowered dimity that is as quaint as a daguerreotype, and she wears hand-crocheted semi-formal gauntlets in black. . . . Fay Wray brought a *glass* fan back with her from London. The glass is polka-dotted and it has a gold handle with a cord to loop over the wrist. *And* does Fay know how to use it! Every man was clamoring for her attention at the party Dolores Del Rio gave for her. The marriage statistics ought to perk up, now that the feminine world is becoming so conscious again of what eyes over fans can do.



Conchita Montenegro designs her clothes herself. E.g., this halter-and-shorts set . . .

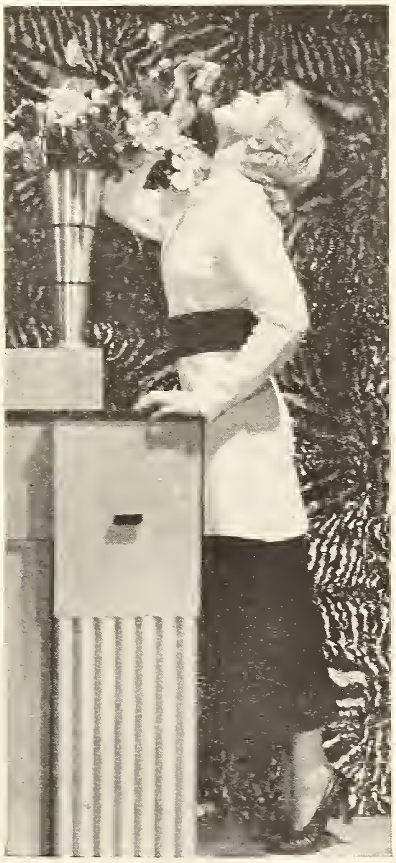
Clara Bow Bell is brunette again. She and Rex Larbow Bell wear the same colors . . .

● FANS, feathered and fancy, are going to be one of *the* big fashion vogues this fall, says Adrian, the designer. And from his sumptuous modernistic office out at M-G-M, he gives a further preview of what the autumn will bring: GORED SKIRTS, twelve to fourteen inches from the floor. Fullness concentrated in FRONT of the SKIRTS. FUR TRIMMING with the accent on the collars. BIG sleeves, with the batwing version very popular in afternoon dresses. A NEW LEASE OF LIFE for CAMEL'S HAIR SPORTS COATS. They will be straight and have small, military collars.

● NO wonder the Princess Katherine of Greece thought Hollywood was "beautifully child-minded" at parties. She expected a sophistication more intent than that of Continental Europe—and everywhere she went of an evening they played games. The most popular at the moment is SALVOS. James Cagney and Pat O'Brien became so intent over it the other night in Pat's den that they broke a valuable vase.

SALVOS is warfare on paper. You draw horizontal and vertical lines on a sheet of paper so that you have one hundred squares, ten each way. Devote four squares to battleships, three to cruisers and two squares to destroyers. Arrange the secret positions of your boats in the squares, then your opponent starts off the game by calling any number from one to a hundred. It's a "direct hit" if he calls the number that one of your boats is occupying. Numbers are called alternately and each player may move his ships around during the "battle," a square at a time, to fool his opponent—putting them in squares already called and so on. But they must not move while the number is being called. The one whose "fleet" stays up the longest wins.

● HOLLYWOOD is all excited over the news that Noel Coward—author of *Cavalcade* and *Design for Living*, and hero of *The Scoundrel* (which was made in the East)—has signed a Hollywood starring contract. And they say he has asked for Julie Haydon as his leading lady—and who could blame him? . . . Other new screen faces the movie town is excited about belong to the Countess Liiv de Maigret, from Paris; Frank Shields, the former tennis champion; and Gladys Swarthout, from opera and radio.



Are you Julie Haydon-conscious since ***The Scoundrel?*** She has talent and a future . . .

BRIGHT EYE-DEAS

by Jane Heath

**SUMMER EYE-OPENERS**

Probably your face is a picture in your mirror at home—but how does it look on the beach in the sun? You have only to look at your friends to know! *You can't trust nature unadorned!* Sunlight makes eyes, especially, look pale, small and "squinched up." But that's easy to remedy! Slip your eyelashes into KURLASH! (It costs only $1.) A few seconds' pressure curls them into lovely fringed eye frames which catch entrancing shadows making eyes look far larger and brighter.

Sun Shades

So much color and sparkle in the sunlight! What can you do to keep your eyes from looking faded and "washed out" in contrast? This: apply a tiny bit of green or blue SHADETTE ($1) on the upper lids to reflect the colors of the landscape! So subtly, it restores the lovely color, depth, size of your eyes!

and Shadow

Beauty on the beach is simply the art of *looking* natural. Certainly eyelashes that disappear in the sun must be darkened! Liquid LASHTINT (it's waterproof) does the trick so convincingly! Use it more heavily in the evening. Black—brown—or blue. $1.

Kurlash

*Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Dept. F-8, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y., or at The Kurlash Company of Canada, Toronto, 3.*

# HOLLYWOOD'S Heart Problems —and Yours

## How to hold romance after twenty-one? Every girl faces the problem. And this is Jeanette MacDonald's own solution!

As told to MARGARET DIXE

**Editor's Note:** *For every emotional problem in your own life, there is a counterpart in Hollywood life. And Margaret Dixe, in this frank series of articles, is telling you about some of the problems that the famous have faced—and solved.*

*What question would you, personally, like one of her articles to answer? She invites you to write to her—to tell her.*

*Meanwhile, don't miss the answer that Jeanette MacDonald, of the glorious singing voice, has found to the question: "How can a girl hold romance after twenty-one?" That answer follows below:*

When cynics call romance "a gesture of the teens," it makes my blood boil. Romance—the genuine, lasting kind of romance—only *begins* at twenty-one. Before then, the little flurries you have with it are like a fascinating overture leading to the real theme.

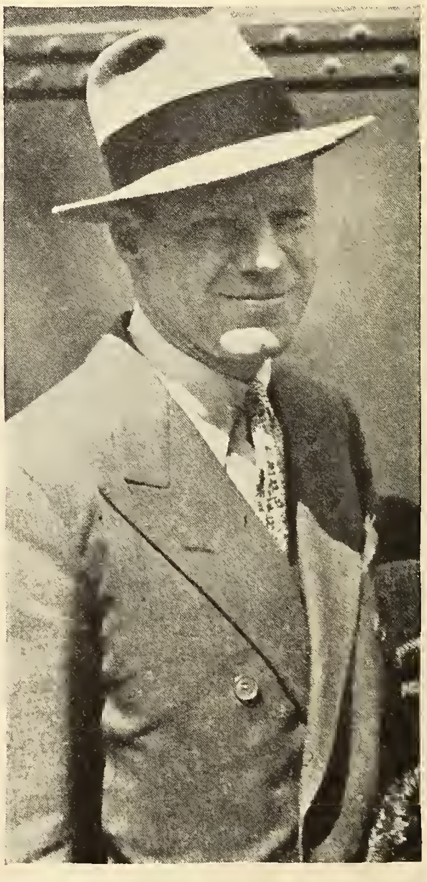
You are simply introduced to romance in the teens. But you live it in the twenties and it depends on how you handle it then whether or not you will be able to keep it as long as you live. And what girl wants to lose it—ever?

*I think the most dangerous moment in a woman's life is when she forgets to be softly feminine.* Because at that moment she is losing her hold on romance.

I know a young person of twenty-six who is facing that disaster right now. She is clever in everything—except in being a womanly woman! Her features are sharpening. So is her voice. She has been in business for eight years and she is letting it make her brittle. It's a wise woman who has the "six o'clock habit" of putting away her tailored office frock for flimsy chiffon! She is still wiser, if she retains a certain mystery about herself.

And no woman can have that "certain mystery" unless she also has a certain amount of reserve. It's true that you must let a man *think* he is in on your inner secrets—but he mustn't be.

You see, romance is a game—the greatest in the world. And if a woman plays it skilfully, she and the man she marries will never be parting.



**Robert Ritchie and Jeanette MacDonald than five years—and Jeanette tells why**

● I NEVER have approved of the technique whereby a girl makes a man believe she is completely mad about him. Man, remember, is instinctively a hunter, impelled by the thrill of the chase. You must not be too easy to catch. I have let boys think I had dates when I had none, just so they would not consider me too accessible. And it never did any harm.

Of course, it's all right to be wholesomely praising. We can do a lot of thriving on very little praise, ourselves—and so can men! Be as affable as you like. But don't reveal your emotions too quickly. Exercise some will power in not showing your feelings at the very beginning—for every male born is intrigued by something that baffles, while interesting him.

In Paris I once saw one of those minor tragedies—a beautiful woman who had never bothered to learn the most important rule in this game of romance. As a clever French statesman summed it up, *"She breaks down all her glamor by talking too much!"*

I have known wives who do that, too, with deadly consistency. They literally chatter away a man's love. By the time they have been married three months, their husbands know every thought they have ever had—or probably ever will have! Exit, romance. . . .

But when a man is convinced that you are the best companion in the world, when you make a point of being sincerely interested in the things *he* likes, there is small chance of losing him. And *he* will respond to *your* interests.

Says Jeanette MacDonald: "The genuine, lasting kind of romance only *begins* at twenty-one"

*Wide World*

have been "happily engaged" for more
she is "in favor of long engagements"

I remember what a gypsy told a friend of mine who was a bride: *"Never* let things be different from the days when the spell was new. Dress as carefully for *him* as for your most important guest. *Never* remind a man of anything more than once. If he forgets—shrug your shoulders, but do not repeat your reminder. Concentrate on what you like in him, not on the ashes he spills on the floor!"

A girl doesn't need to believe in fortune-tellers to see how right the old gypsy was. She knew human nature. I might add that this girl took her advice to heart with the result that her husband just about worships her.

● NATURALLY, men like it when you enter into their favorite sports with them. I admit, however, that there *are* certain drawbacks. In my own case, for instance, I tried to take up golf because my manager and fiancé, Robert Ritchie, happens to be a little golf-mad. Within two weeks I dropped it. Why? Because he was discovering my temper for the first time. Instead of learning how to hit the ball, I was learning how to swear—much to his amusement. And I couldn't let him think he was getting a virago for a wife! So now we ride horseback and swim together and I let it go at that.

It's a fact that we have been engaged a long time, Mr. Ritchie and I. But I am in favor of long engagements in spite of all the arguments used against them. They give time for a complete understanding and prevent many a disaster. If I had eloped with the first boy I was engaged to, as he wished, I can see now what heartbreak we would have had. It couldn't have worked out. Young marriages so seldom do. . . .

OH, I went through what a hundred thousand other girls go through every day—wondering what "life" is really like, wondering if they are going to lose love if they don't see the "broadminded way of living." All I can say is that I am more thankful than for anything else in my life that I *didn't* see it! When a girl lets romance become only an issue of sex, it never amounts to anything else, no matter how it is camouflaged. Let the boy go with "the other girl" if he is so inclined. If he feels the right thing for you, he will be back. If he doesn't—well, you are the gainer.

At eighteen I doubt if anyone knows about love. Even at twenty-one, it [*Continued on page 71*]

# New Shopping Finds!

**MOVIE CLASSIC'S Shopping Scouts have been keeping their eyes open again this month . . . looking for new gadgets, clever novelties, useful conveniences to make life more zestful. They tell you about a score of them. More next month!**

****Hats à la stars! How would you like a hat like Ginger Rogers' in *Star of Midnight,* or Mae West's in *Goin' to Town,* or Marlene Dietrich's in *The Devil is a Woman,* or Nancy Carroll's in *I'll Love You Always?* Easy enough, thanks to the Picture Star Fashions, presenting duplicates for about $4. Pretty nice to be able to pluck the stars' headgears right off their heads and onto ours for that low price! Mighty becoming, too!

****What! No more wrinkles in our favorite dresses? Kleinert's have practically brought the millennium—with their new "Softex" seamless sanitary apron, as delicate as sheer chiffon hose. Maybe you have thought sanitary aprons were good ideas, but didn't like the heavy, rubbery-smelling ones you have been offered in the past. Well, this is different . . . for it is rubberized *silk* and weighs less than an ounce. It may be washed and ironed without fear of cracking or peeling. Put one on under your tightest dress, and it won't show a mite, while keeping the back of your dress as smooth-looking and wrinkleless as your own skin! $1 only! .

****Ever heard of a "Picnitable?" Let us introduce you then to one of the cleverest tricks of the season . . . a combination suitcase and picnic table. Pack your lunch in it, and it's a good-looking carrying bag. Arrive at your favorite spot, let down the folding legs and presto! you have a handy picnic or card table, 22x18. Set-in hinges insure a level top, and all through the summer this "Picnitable" will help you enjoy your picnics. $1 only at department stores —or from the Barnett Bank Co., New Brunswick, N.J.

****It can be done! With this new 2-in-1 Empire Shower-and-Shampoo Spray, you can take a shower without wetting your hair! Here's a gadget that will fit any bathtub or basin faucet, and you can change its location, for it is portable, and eliminates the necessity for shower curtains. What an invention! The Empire Hair Spray is made of rubber with a rust-proof, needle-point spray that stimulates the scalp while washing the hair. Be smart, and send $1.59 to the Empire Merchandising Corp., 414 Broadway, New York, or get it C. O. D. if you wish. We don't care, just so long as you enjoy its conveniences!

Are you wearing a hat like Ginger Rogers'? Shops have them!

****Do you have a nephew or a niece who is expecting a gift from you? Then here's a hint: There is a new Mickey Mouse pen that is not a toy, but a regular Ink-D-Cator fountain pen, with the feature of a slit of a window that indicates how much ink is left! Believe it or not, it sells for $1.

****How about a game of tennis? Or a sail? Or beach fun? You can take your choice if you're wearing Kayser's cotton knits that are cool and comfortable, pack like a hanky and don't crush easily. The sweaters are short-sleeved, green or blue with white, rose, cream, $1.25. The slacks are chocolate, navy, cream, $1.65. Sizes 14, 16, 18. Ask for "Kayser Knitted Hits."

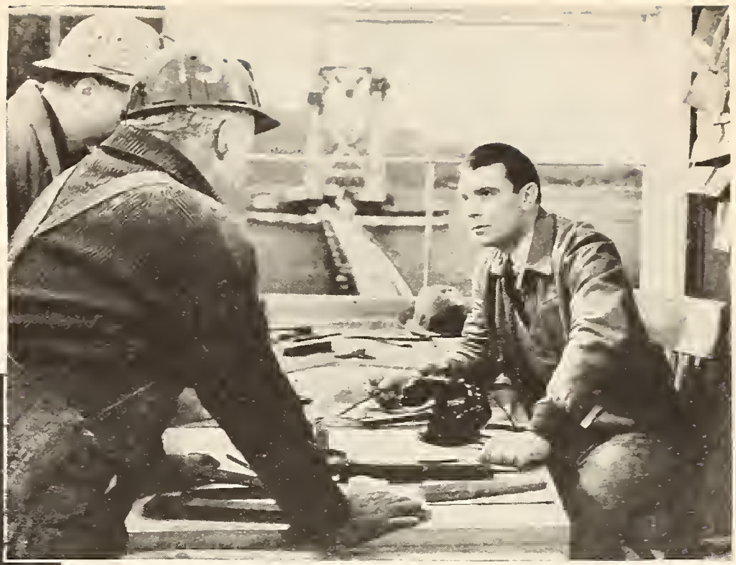
****Haven't you always wished there was such a thing as an oven that didn't heat a kitchen in the summer? There *is* one—called the Kwik-Bake Oven—which is light, portable, plugs into any light socket and starts baking instantly, with no pre-heating necessary. It uses no more current than your electric iron, is simply perfect for camps, apartments, or summer cottages, and ideal for baking delicious pies, biscuits, meat loaf, cakes, baked potatoes . . . stop . . . we're hungry! It's 13 inches wide, 11¼ inches high, 10¾ inches deep, and weighs only 7½ pounds, and carries a money-back guarantee. It's made by the world-famous Griswold Cooking Utensil Co., Erie, Pa. Free recipe booklet, too. Cost, only $5.95!

****What happens when "Scandals" go feminine? They become fascinating "Scandalettes!" A while ago that minimum of undergarments for men called "Scandals" stirred up things quite a bit, but really nothing as compared to the excitement greeting these feminine versions. So cunning . . . cut like baby pants, knit of cotton and rayon, fashioned so that there is not an inch of surplus, yet full of stretch and spring. Now we ask you . . . isn't that the perfect pantie? No more "borrowing" brother's or husband's shorts, for Reis has made men safe from these invasions by packing these "Scandalettes" in smart Cellophane packages, making them in small, medium, or large sizes, in white or tea rose, and pricing them at only 50c!

****How would you like to have "Joan"

[*Continued on page 73*]

# Just a Few Introductions



See the structure in the distance beyond George Brent in this scene from *Stranded?* It's something you haven't seen before—the new Golden Gate Bridge in the making!

You may see Eleanor Powell tap-dance her way to stardom in *Broadway Melody of 1936.* Meanwhile, you see how a dance queen keeps fit!

Meet Jeni Le Gon (right)—dusky dancing sensation of *Hooray for Love.* Now she steps into *Broadway Melody of 1936*

BULLETIN
MAKE WAY FOR MY SISTER

David Holt takes a neat way of telling you to be looking for his cute sister, Mary, in films. She's three

On the screen, you will meet Helen Gahagan in the exotic title rôle of *She.* Off the screen, she is Mrs. Melvyn Douglas and mother of Peter, aged two

Elissa Landi is flower-conscious, as every charming woman is

# Say "*Charm*" with Flowers!

Whenever you handle flowers, you are telling charm secrets . . . as Elissa Landi does here

WHENEVER you go out to Elissa Landi's beautiful Santa Monica canyon home, you are sure to come home with an armful of flowers. And what an armful! Her mother, the Countess Zanardi-Landi, and Elissa herself urge you to take more, and more, and no matter how many dozens of flowers you pick, you don't alter the appearance of that broad expanse of nodding rainbow hues.

Not all of us can have beautiful gardens to putter around in and to look upon with pride, but all of us can and should have some few flowers in our houses or apartments at all times. Flowers should hold an important place in any woman's life. They express her womanly charm, and they are also a barometer to her artistic sensibilities.

Some women know instinctively what to do about arranging flowers to the best advantage. Elissa is one of them. But, being just as human as the rest of us, she is constantly on the lookout for new ideas, new suggestions. And, like every flower-lover, she eagerly shares her own enthusiasms.

● "FIRST of all," said Elissa, when I asked her to tell me about some of them, "is the new method of floating flowers without their stems in flat, low bowls. This fashion is particularly widespread in California, and it is a lovely one . . . and as practical and economical as it is effective. Because, if you are very frugal, you can leave a standing order with your florist to buy all his broken-stemmed flowers. Look at this lovely bowl of pansies, here on the coffee table. Did you ever see anything more stunning?"

I hadn't. A great mass of dark-centered pansies, floating in a flat silver bowl.

"Garden roses are lovely this way, too, especially when the petals begin to fall off, and drift on top of the water. As a matter of fact, you can use almost any kind of flower this way . . . gardenias, magnolia blossoms, geraniums. This low, flat arrangement is particularly smart when used as the center piece of a formal dinner-table setting . . . because you don't have to look 'around' and 'over' it, as you have to do with a high arrangement of stemmed flowers.

● "IF you do use a group of short-stemmed flowers, such as sweet peas, for your table decoration, place them on top of one of those smart round mirrors, suitable for this purpose. These have come down in cost in the last few years. And they do [illegible] the pleasing effect that the flowers make, by reflecting them.

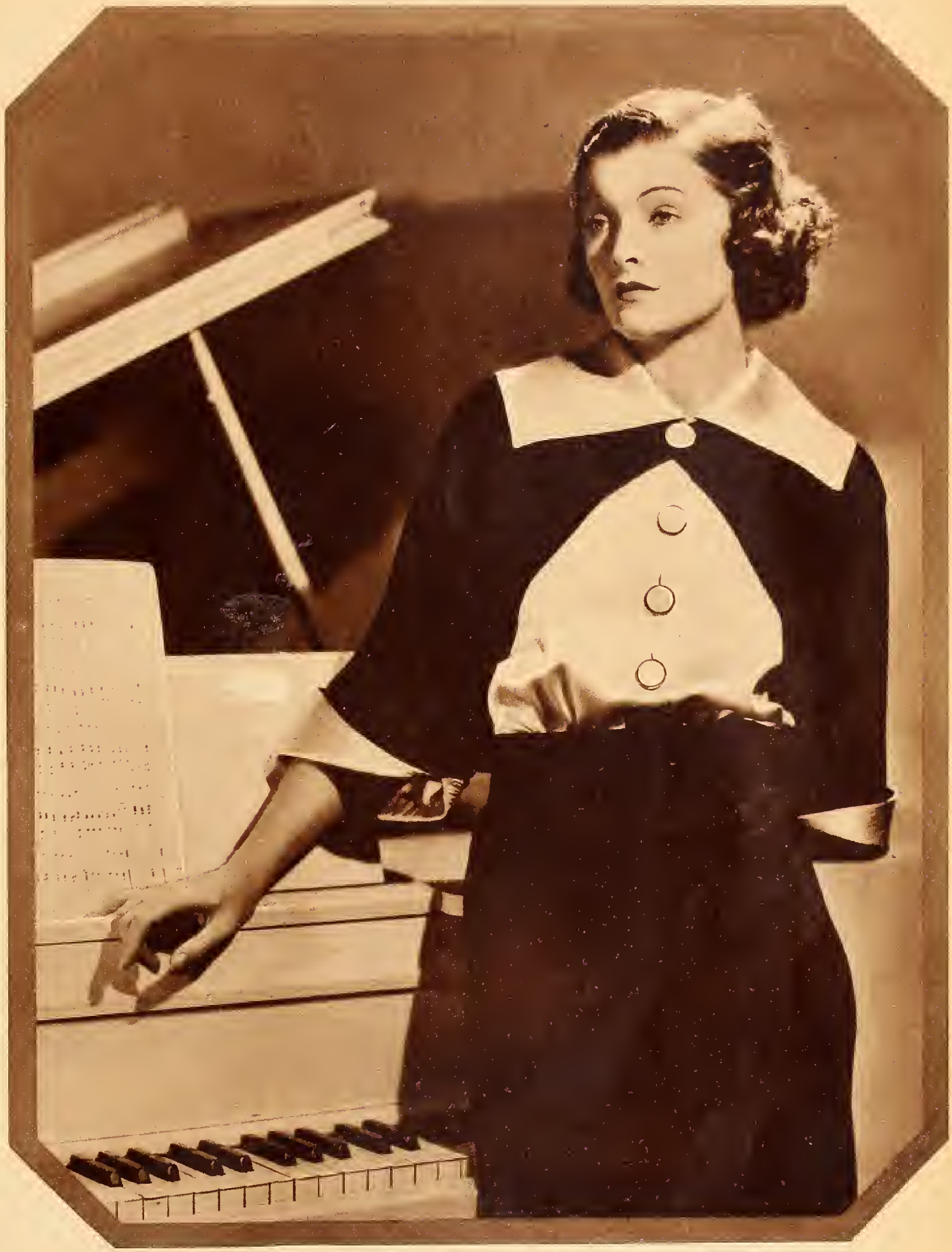
"And, speaking of mirrors, wherever you may have one in your house, that place is a perfect spot for flowers, if arranged on a small table in front of the mirror. Flowers, against a mirror background, have twice their usual effect. In the entrance hall, where a guest mirror usually hangs, is an ideal spot for flowers, since there they seem to extend a cheery greeting.

"Even if you have no extensive garden of your own, it is not necessary to spend a great deal of money at a florist's. Too many people fail to realize that 'snips' of ordinary shrubs and greens, which probably grow right outside your door, are lovely when brought into the house. Great sprigs of a blooming snowball bush, massed in a large bowl, are beautiful and effective. And you can even use twigs of a privet hedge to make a very few flowers seem like a great many. Even the lowly wild rhubarb plant comes into its own in the living room. The great, shiny, dark-green leaves are beautiful and graceful, all by themselves, but they wilt quickly if placed in a too-warm room. So don't bring them in until just before your guests arrive.

"And I can even tell you how to grow a beautiful fern from a sweet potato! Look! Would you ever guess that that luxuriant green fern over there . . . see how prettily it curls and twists out of that brass bowl . . . started from a plain, ordinary sweet potato?

[*Continued on page* 63]

BY HELEN HUTCHINSON



Portrait by C. S. Bull

## Chic and Clever

No one on the screen has more chic than Myrna Loy. No one else has ever been clever enough to escape "charmer" rôles and become a charming heroine. And this svelte sophisticate has just been east of the Rockies for the first time! She wanted to see New York, the setting of "The Thin Man," whose sequel she and William Powell are about to make

# Grace Goes Calling

Grace Moore completes her new picture, "Love Me Forever," and decides to pay a visit to Europe . . . Whereupon Europe pays homage to Grace such as no other feminine screen star ever has received . . . No other ever sang as she can!

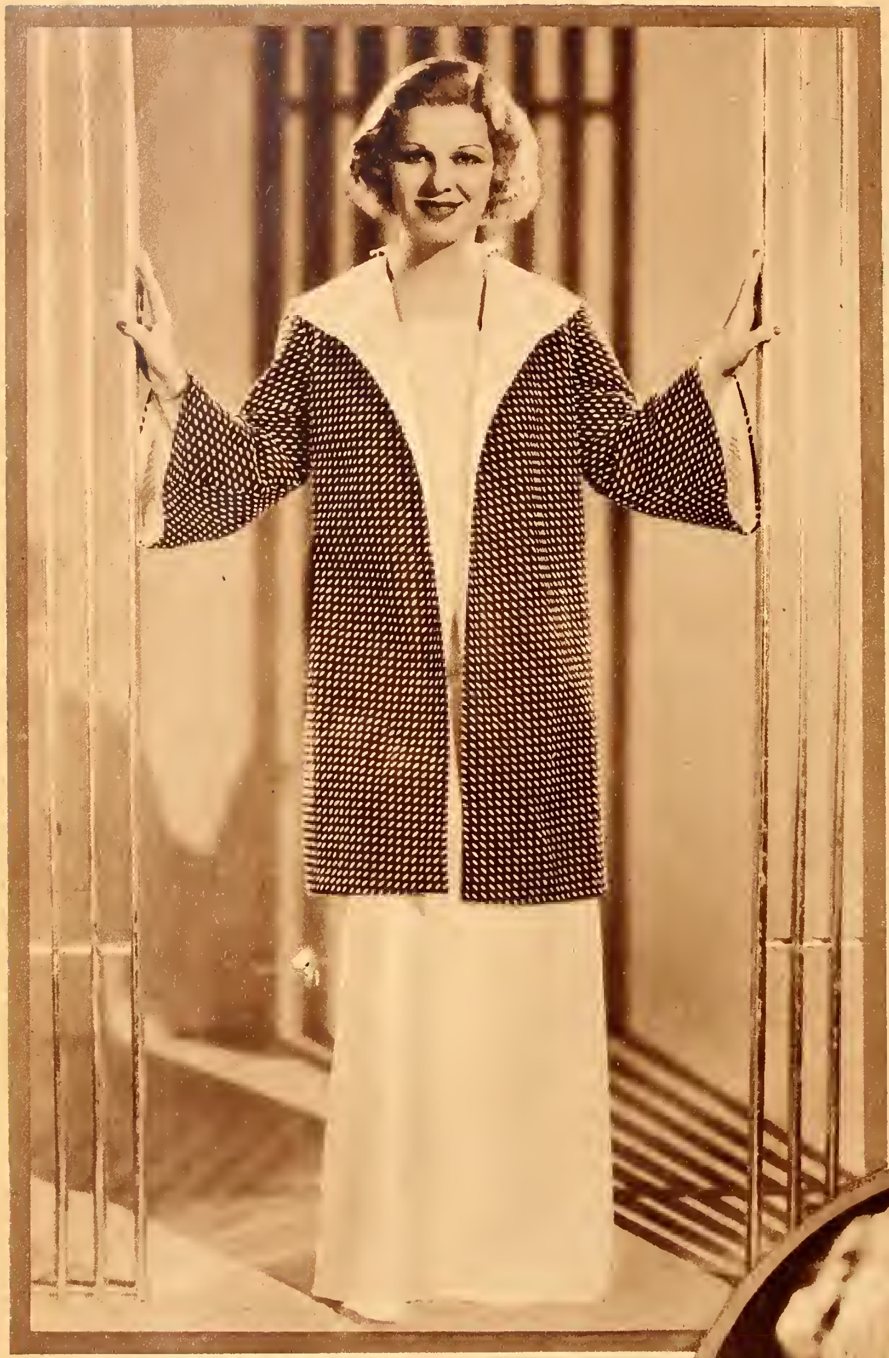
# On the Right Path

Plain horse sense and a good long look ahead should convince Robin that he is in the best of company, appearing with Ginger Rogers. The girl is heading along one of the brightest paths in films. She is a pert singer, a nimble dancer, a clever comedienne, a smart style-setter. And in "Top Hat," co-starring with Fred Astaire, she reveals that she is also an agile equestrienne. But, best of all, she is natural!

# Water Nymph of the Newsreels

Movie beauties may look like mermaids in swim suits, but when a mermaid looks like a movie beauty—that's news. And Eleanor Holm Jarrett (she is the wife of Arthur Jarrett, the singer) rates headlines any way you look at her. As a swimmer, she not only gets her hair wet; she is a champion—recently breaking the world's record for the backstroke. And she is the prettiest girl athlete in newsreel history—pretty enough to receive Hollywood offers, which she has given up to continue her swimming career. But the studios still are trying persuasion!

*Photos by Wide World*



Portrait by Welbourne

## Smart Comedienne

The easy way for a comedienne to get laughs is to play "dumb" and dress the part. But Glenda Farrell has opened the gates to stardom by delivering smart dialogue and wearing smart clothes. (This evening ensemble is the newest thing—washable white piqué, topped by a navy jacket dotted with cotton tufts and lined with piqué.) She is currently co-starring with Joan Blondell in "We're in the Money"

## A Head for Close-Ups

When an actress can take close-ups as Claire Trevor does, she merits more of them—especially when she can also act as Claire does in "Dante's Inferno." So a movement is afoot to star her!

# Small Boy—Big Appeal

Freddie Bartholomew, ten years old, may be a great child actor, but he is also all-boy. (Note the pocket collection of fountain pens!) He was irresistible, as well as completely real, in "David Copperfield"—and why should he be any less so as Garbo's son in "Anna Karenina"?

# Up to the Top in One Leap

Nelson Eddy made a number of concert tours and was always politely applauded. Then the blond baritone played a leading rôle in one picture—"Naughty Marietta"—and see what happened! Overnight, he was a sensation, a star. He is now starring in—and living up to the title of—"Americans Can Sing"

*Portrait by C. S. Bull*

# Ann Sothern's ADVICE to Modern Girls

This is something that every ambitious girl should read. It tells the secrets of success that sensational Ann Sothern had to learn to get where she is today

By CARLA MADISON

Ann Sothern is leading candidate for the title rôle of the film, "The Girl Friend"

ANN SOTHERN settled herself comfortably in the depths of a large easy chair, looked at the ceiling, and pondered my question.

"What would I advise the modern girl who wants a career? That's rather a large order. I am hardly the one to offer pointers for a career, you know, for mine was more or less just an accident."

But, accident or not, Ann has stored away a vast array of valuable knowledge during her eight years as an actress. And under a barrage of questions this golden-haired, gray-eyed girl who looks like a next season's débutante gave me a vivid verbal text-book on the subject of success.

"Perhaps some careers are planned. I don't know." Ann admitted. "Mine wasn't—it just happened. My mother was a concert singer and it was only natural that she should guide me into a musical education.

"Like any other young girl, I played a lot and worked a little. I suppose I had the vague idea that some day I would like to step into Mother's shoes. But I never dreamed of screen work.

"After three years at the University of Washington, I visited my mother in Hollywood one summer. She was then working as a voice coach at Warner Brothers, and on my first visit I was just as interested as any avid movie fan in the miracles of a movie studio. But I didn't get the idea of trying to land a job until Bill Koenig, a studio worker whom I had known previously in Minneapolis—I grew up in Minneapolis, you know—asked me if I wouldn't like to take a test. Naturally, I liked the idea. And I was pretty much surprised when it came out well.

"I didn't begin to do much of anything except draw my seventy-five-dollar-a-week check until later when Metro gave me a test and the late Paul Bern took me under his wing. He was a sincere friend and did a great deal to help me along. After that, I just kept on working until here I am."

Ann's careless gesture dismissed her achievements as minor indeed. But it is a habit of hers not to magnify her own importance. She did not tell of the many disappointments she suffered as she saw others, perhaps less talented, walking off with choice rôles. She did not tell how she became determined to make a name for herself; how she quit Hollywood for a period of rigid training in Ziegfeld shows on Broadway; or how she returned to Hollywood to climb rapidly to the top, meanwhile changing her name from Harriette Lake to Ann Sothern.

"So all a girl needs for a successful career is a few friends inside the studio?" I asked dubiously.

Ann smiled. "Oh, I'll admit I

[*Continued on page* 60]

# SUCCESS *is my* REVENGE *says Bette Davis*

Are your ambitions always being belittled? And do you "take it"? Bette Davis didn't. That's how she became famous as an actress

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

SOMETIMES the secret of success is found as the result of diligent search, of driving ambition. Others say it is luck that brings them fame. Others, that it is self-sacrifice. Bette Davis says that her success is based on *revenge!* That is a very frank explanation. But Bette is frank. This particular example of her frankness was brought about by her reading an observation that Gertrude Atherton, the novelist, had made. "Success," Mrs. Atherton had written, "is the greatest form of revenge."

Bette bounded out of her chair. "And don't *I* know it!" she cried. "Just last week I had a chance for revenge that I had been waiting for, for *years*, and only my success made it possible!

"This particular case had its beginning years ago when I was just a schoolgirl. In Boston, where I lived, I went for one year to the public high school. Then I went to a private school for three years. This so depleted the family funds that, when I returned from school, it was decided that I would have to help at home for a year.

"I loathe housework. I have always loathed it. That is one of the reasons, I suppose, why I was so unhappy, and so bored, during that year. Every day, the girls whom I had known three years before at the public high school passed by our house. But do you think any of them ever stopped in to chat with me? *No!* It was as though I had never been a part of their lives. They went by, laughing and chatting gaily, so taken up with their own little world that they didn't remember I had once been a part of it. Yes, I was envious as I watched them. But I was also stubborn. If they did not want me, I did not want them.

●

"There was one girl who was a ringleader in that high school crowd. During the year that I went to school with her I became very fond of her. And I thought she had become fond of me. But she was one of the first to forget me. Yet—and it's always the case—she was one of the first to write me after I had achieved a certain degree of success as the result of my rôle in Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*.

"Do you think I answered her letter meekly and mildly and in a 'I-was-so-glad-to-hear-from-you-again' manner? I did not. I wrote her one of the iciest, most sarcastic letters of which I was capable. And got a big kick out of it, too!

"Oh, I know it may sound silly and petty and childish, but nevertheless it's human, and I'm human, and I couldn't help myself in this case. As I think about it now, however, I can see that this motive for 'revenge' goes much deeper and is of much more importance than when it merely expresses itself in a letter to a schoolgirl friend. My whole career is based on it, really.

"You see, when I wanted to go on the stage, my whole family threw up its hands in [*Continued on page 62*]

# BING CROSBY as a H*usband*

What are Bing Crosby's private ambitions? Dixie Lee, who ought to know, springs this as one surprise in the revelations opposite: "He wants, eventually, to be a short-story writer and intends to study writing seriously when, as and if the day of crooning wanes" by Dixie Lee

### ...who married the movies' most popular crooner five years ago, still is super-happy about it, and is willing to tell why—in detail

**Dixie Lee, smiling across the page at her famous husband, gave up a promising screen career to marry him. (And he wasn't a movie star then!) Recently, she has returned to films—currently appearing in *Redheads on Parade***

"THAT crooner kills me!" Not only is that one of my favorite expressions, but Bing Crosby does, actually, cramp my style. As a husband, I wouldn't trade him for Mr. Mellon, even if Mr. Mellon were one of the Mdivani princes; but as a co-worker I'll have none of him, thank you!

Recently, when we were both working at the Paramount Studio at the same time, I simply could not have him on the set during action. He made me nervous. After all, it *is* something to have a world-famous crooner standing there doing some personal worrying over you, isn't it? So I just saw to it that he was not allowed on the set. And the other night, when I was scheduled to do a radio broadcast, Bing was all prepared to take me to the station, but I could not have that either. So Bing listened in at home, just as I do when he broadcasts; and I think that is the best way.

You see, there are two Bing Crosbys—Bing, the crooner, and Bing, the husband, and to know either very well, you must know both . . .

● WHEN Bing and I were "romancing," I was appearing in pictures and Bing was singing at the Cocoanut Grove. To me, he was just another bathroom baritone, out of water. I couldn't see him. Of course, he was attractive with his blue eyes and blond hair—and husky, too, both as to physique and voice; but he was the typical ex-collegiate playboy and I admired men who had ambition—who were workers.

Then, when he was singing his way to comparative success, he became so involved in contracts and had mortgaged his future to such an extent that when his brother Everett took over the management of Bing's career, it cost that young singing simpleton exactly $35,000 to regain his own freedom! You see, he simply cannot say "No." He has learned to say, "Yes—if it's all right with Ev," which is as near as he will ever get. Even today Bing has no more idea of the value of money than our babies, but he has quieted down, and he is more settled and more level-headed. (In fact, he is pretty much of the sort of person he appears in his films—and perhaps that explains why he is so popular!)

But to get back to when I first knew him: Soon I began to think Bing was just the grandest ever, until he would do some ridiculous stunt like giving an agent a cut-in on his services for a year for enough spending money to be a good fellow. That used to cause arguments that made the fracas at Ypres look like a sham battle. Then I would go to the Grove with a party of friends and Bing would sing "I Apologize" and "I Surrender, Dear" with practically all of Hollywood listening in to what we imagined was our very private romance!

When we actually were alone, Bing was tongue-tied most of the time, like some awe-struck little boy. He did not, I assure you, croon to me as he does to Joan Bennett in "Two for Tonight!" Maybe that was what appealed to me most. His feelings were written all over his honest face. With the exception of Richard Arlen, Bing is the most naïve person in the world! He believes everything anybody tells him and he gets terribly flustered when he finds out he is being kidded. It is a lovable quality. You simply could not turn down a boy like that—now, could you?

● IT WAS 1930. He had not entirely proved that he could be serious and stick to the job, but I said "Yes!" We were married in September of that year. Bing finally was at liberty to go East and to accept a twenty-one-week contract on a national hook-up. At the same time he was doing five shows a day, making personal appearances and was knocking out records on the side. Those records made records of their own—grossing top for sales. Bing was incorporated—doubly incorporated—for now he was Bing Crosby, Limited, Incorporated! And at the conclusion of his first air contract he hurried back to Hollywood, where he had previously made a few "shorts." The town was conscious of him now!

At last I was convinced that Bing was really the man I had sensed beneath all that easygoing, what-the-heck attitude. He still insists he is lazy, that he does not like to work, but he will get up at six in the morning just the same to play a round of golf and have a romp with the babies before going to the studio. But saying he is lazy is just a defense mechanism with him today, because, as anyone associated with him will [*Continued on page* 70]

HOW SHE HAS CHANGED

**"I have an entirely new outlook on life," says Claudette Colbert in this interview. "Perhaps I've developed into what you might call a fatalist. Almost one, anyway. . . . I used to think, 'Claudette, you have to keep struggling, you know—or sink!' It didn't occur to me that you move much faster when you swim with the current. I swam against it. I tried to force issues—but it didn't pay. It was the very things I was pushed into against my will that were the most successful."**

# CLAUDETTE
# *New · Code*

Everyone has seen the change in the star who was 1934's "best actress." But it hasn't been explained till now!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT has changed more during the last six months than any other person in Hollywood. Everyone has noticed it. All of her friends are discussing it.

Cecil B. De Mille, who directed her in *Sign of the Cross* and *Cleopatra* and was the first to give the world a hint of her versatility, told me, "Claudette has unfolded. It has been a very wonderful thing to watch. I don't know what is in back of it all, but she has a new serenity about her that makes her even more beautiful."

The French actor, Charles Boyer, who has known her for years and recently played opposite her in *Private Worlds,* was vehement about the change. "It's as if something, some tight little reserve that kept the real Claudette half-hidden, had at last been broken. You have seen the petals of a flower gradually loose their hold? It is like that . . ."

The glowing rays of success, of course, are apt to make most people blossom—especially if it is the overwhelming, prize-winning kind of success that she has had. (She received the Academy award for the best feminine acting of 1934 with her performance in *It Happened One Night,* and she is now near the top of the Top Ten Box-Office Favorites.)

But I have known Claudette long enough and well enough to realize that this could not begin to be the explanation for her change. The explanation, I felt, went back farther—because the change is far more fundamental than that. And it all came to light in a wholly unexpected way, as such things usually do.

● WE were talking, desultory fashion, in the sunroom of the house she has rented until her own lovely

**Claudette Colbert, seen in a flowered cape, with hat and sleeves trimmed to match, has "blossomed out" in other ways. She is now making *She Married Her Boss***

# COLBERT'S *of Living*

## BY VIRGINIA LANE

Georgian home is completed. Claudette had just ordered tea when her private telephone burred softly. It was a call from the studio. I saw her face light up as she listened, but she said, demurely enough, "Very well, if you think so. We'll have another story conference at eleven tomorrow then." But when she hung up, she took "Smoky," that black-as-black French poodle of hers, and danced him around the room. "There, that proves it!"

She dropped lightly on the couch. "A year ago, even six months ago, I'd have been in a dither over this. But now—I've given up worrying. I try to keep calm and let things right themselves. They usually do. This is a case in point. I wasn't particularly happy about the story material offered me—but I decided to wait a while and say nothing about it. Now they tell me they have discarded that story. They have another that is much better . . .

"The truth is, I have an entirely new outlook on life. Perhaps I've developed into what you might call a fatalist. Almost one, anyway. You see, it came to me a short time ago that practically everything of importance in my life has been shaped for me. It has happened in spite of anything I have done.

"I used to think, 'Claudette, you have to keep struggling, you know—or you'll sink!' It didn't occur to me that you move much faster when you 'swim with the current,' so to speak. I swam against it. I tried to force issues—but it didn't pay. It was the very things I was pushed into against my will that were the most successful.

● "WHY, if you'll believe it I didn't even want to do *It Happened One Night!* The only reason I played in it was because it gave me an opportunity to work with such a grand director as Frank Capra and such a fine actor as Clark Gable.

"And look at the circumstance that led to my being chosen for the part! Some time before, I had made *Three-Cornered Moon*—very much against my wishes. Everyone else in the cast was expert in the comedy line and I had never tried comedy. In fact, for the two years previous they had wanted nothing but tears in my eyes on the screen! So when the opportunity came to break away from that, I naturally was in a quandary. I had the jitters, really. I practically had to be forced into the rôle—and if I hadn't been, Mr. Capra would never have thought of me in a thousand years.

"So you can see why I've stopped fighting Fate! Oh, I don't mean I'm going to sit back passively from now on. Hardly! You have to take some initiative. For instance, everything that's being offered to me now is comedy. It's up to me to guard against an overdose of it because I like variation in my work. That's why I did *Private Worlds.* It was so different from the other pictures I've been in lately. But I do feel that you have to comply with circumstances and get the utmost out of them if you want to get the utmost out of life!"

CERTAINLY, circumstances have molded the Colbert career.

She wanted to sing—and Fate robbed her of the chance. It took away her sweet singing voice and gave her, in its place, the rich speaking voice with its unique throaty quality that today holds audiences fascinated.

She was engaged to be married at seventeen. A thrilling shipboard romance. Promises made under a summer moon. She was ready to leave everything she knew and set up cottage-for-two housekeeping in Georgia as Mrs. Davenport. Came a change in her family's fortunes and Claudette forgot matrimony in the bewildering business of making a living.

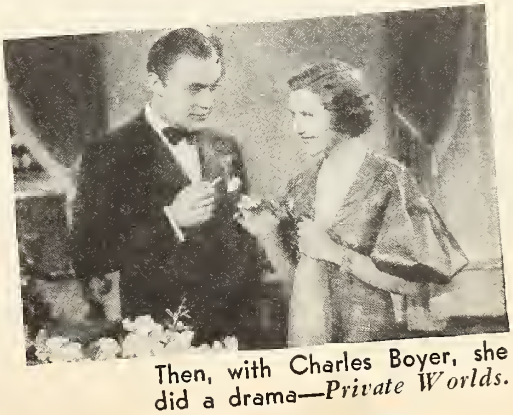
She expected to be a painter. For five years she [*Continued on page* 58]

Richard Arlen and Claudette in *Three-Cornered Moon,* which led to—

*It Happened One Night,* with Clark Gable as her co-star.

Next, *Cleopatra.* Then, a maternal role in *Imitation of Life.*

Fred MacMurray aided her light comedy in *The Gilded Lily.*



Then, with Charles Boyer, she did a drama—*Private Worlds.*

# Ten *Always Charming*

BY B. F. WILSON

To be always charming, a woman has to be naturally charming, says the famous woman artist, citing varied celebrities as examples. One of them may be your own type

"I CAN'T do it," said Neysa McMein, emphatically. "I can't name 'THE ten most charming women.' I have too many personal friends—I know at least a hundred women whom I consider charming. How could I select a limited number?"

America's most famous woman artist frowned. She was busy—very busy. She had interrupted a heavy morning's work to see me. She had just returned from a trip to India, where she had spent several months big-game hunting with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and her work had piled up to the point of distraction.

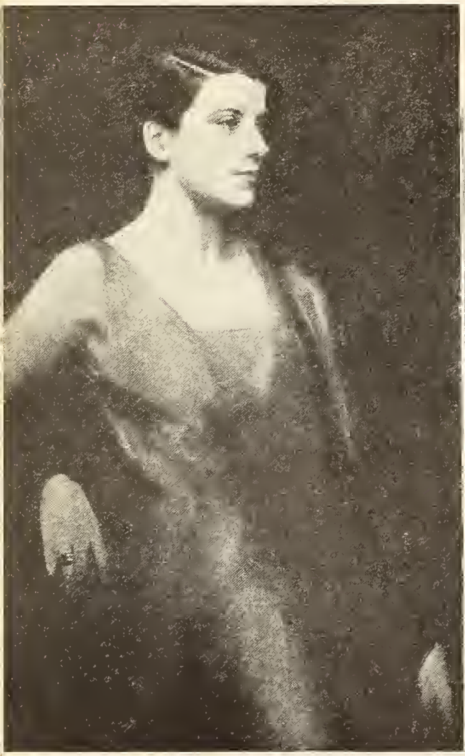
She walked over to the windows of her beautiful studio on Central Park West, in New York. After a few moments of thought she turned and said:

*"I think that the most outstanding trait in all the charming women I know is their utter simplicity, their naturalness.* All of them have it. All of them show it, even those from whom you would expect complexity because of their position in life.

"Take Katharine Cornell, for example. No one questions the fact that she is one of the best of the younger actresses in America. Her name is the biggest box-office attraction in the theatre all over the country. Yet, in private life, she is as opposite from any of the glamorous stage characters she portrays as anyone possibly could be. Off stage, she is one of the least theatrical of actresses.

● "SIMPLICITY is the keynote of her character. If you passed her on the street, you would never recognize the famous star in the plainly dressed, quiet-looking young woman out for a stroll. Her simple little hat, stuck anyhow on her head; her plain, tailored suit; her sensible walking shoes make her look more like a young schoolteacher than anything else. She is the studious type and spends most of her leisure hours reading. She has an indefatigable thirst for knowledge, and the very names of the books she reads would give the average woman a headache.

"When you visit her at her country home—which she loves, and away from which no party on earth could drag her—you find the real woman: charming, intelligent, wholly human."



**Beatrice Lillie (painted by Neysa McMein) "casts a spell over everybody who knows her"—by being uniquely natural**

**Claudette Colbert is "frank in speech, far more intelligent than the average girl, delightfully human"**

**Helen Hayes "is intelligent and, at the same time, has a quality of simplicity that is fascinating"**

# Women

# *as named by*

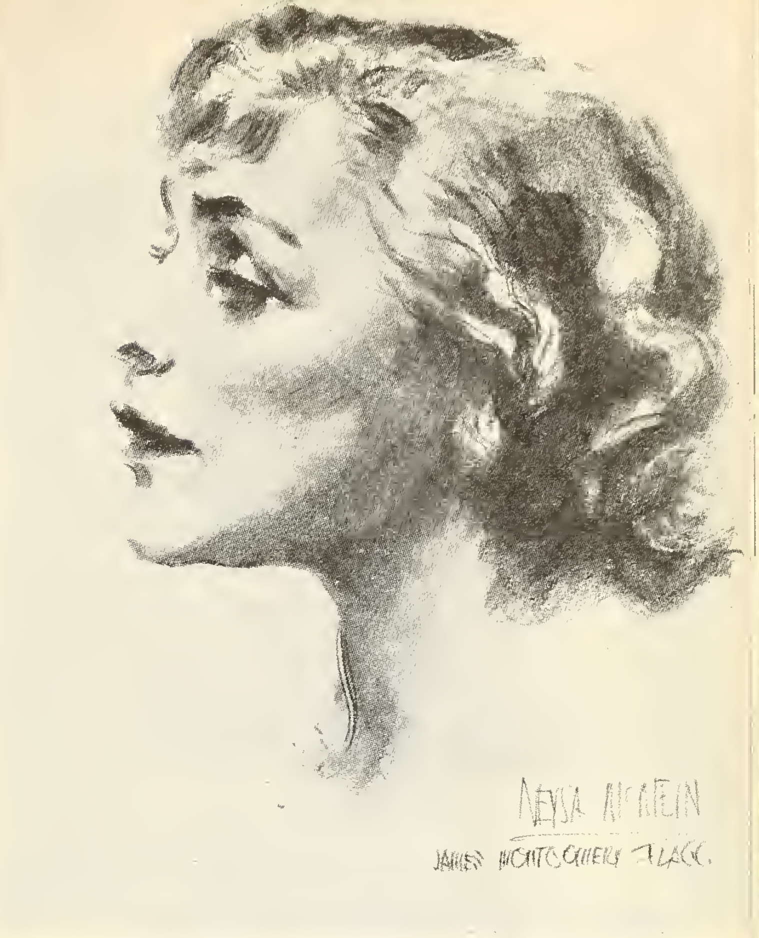
# NEYSA McMEIN

She walked away from the window, with her capable, strong-looking hands thrust into the pockets of her smock, which looked as if it had been worn constantly for years. Her eyes narrowed as she critically surveyed the last finished product of her paint-brush. It was the head of a girl—a lovely face, beautiful in coloring, and intended for the cover of a magazine.

For more than fifteen years Neysa McMein has been receiving national recognition as a painter of beautiful and charming young womanhood. She started drawing when a mere youngster and received seventy-five cents for her first effort. She is now the highest-paid commercial artist in the country. You have seen her work innumerable times—in the advertising pages of all the leading publications, on billboards, on posters, and on magazine covers.

● THEY say that every artist resembles his work. As I watched her move around her studio—restless, smoking a cigarette—I realized the truth of the old saying. Her portraits all carry something characteristic of the artist. Her coloring, for one thing, is unusual. Blonde, heavy masses of hair crown a strong face with regular features and gray-blue eyes circled by dark lashes. The line of the brow is almost masculine

[*Continued on the next page*]



**Above, Neysa McMein, herself—as seen and sketched by another famous artist, James Montgomery Flagg. Highest-paid woman artist of the day, she is as individual as her paintings**

*Mitchell*

**Hope Williams is "super-sophisticated in appearance . . . utterly natural beneath"**

**Katharine Cornell is "one of the least theatrical of actresses."** (Vandamm photo)

**Virginia Bruce has "softness of youth . . . a sympathetic nature . . . a sweetness of disposition"**

in its straightness. She is the type who makes a distinct impression upon first encounter—as her drawings do.

"Of course, all of the people I find charming, both male and female, are slightly mad," she continued, turning away from the portrait, and smiling. "That's why I like them. But the maddest, most delightful one of the crowd, perhaps, is Beatrice Lillie, the English comedienne. Her personality is so unusual; her sense of humor so priceless; her keen little face so perfectly fascinating to watch, that she casts a spell over everybody who knows her. I painted a portrait of her, and every sitting was like being at a circus. You know that feeling—the suspense of not knowing what is coming next? Her charm is unlike any other that I have ever found in a woman. She's unique.

"Hope Williams, of Park Avenue and Broadway and the movie, *The Scoundrel,* is a little bit like her. They both have the same sort of finished-product effect. Super-sophisticated in appearance, but, at the same time, utterly natural beneath. Hope has a ranch out West, and she prefers it to any other place in the world. She loves animals, rides like a cowboy, and spends more time with her horses than she does with her family or friends. Her charm is more the athletic type—fresh, breezy, almost brusque. She's like a day spent out of doors.

● "HELEN Hayes also has a charm that is peculiarly her own. I don't know any other woman like her: a great artist as an actress, a devoted wife and mother, a fine, idealistic character whom you admire and respect with all your heart. And a natural, human young woman with all the emotional reactions of the most ordinary person. She is intelligent and, at the same time, has a quality of simplicity that is fascinating.

"Did you know that Helen is an expert swimmer?" she asked abruptly. "We both tried to swim Long Island Sound once last summer. Someone dared us to do it, and off we started from in front of my house. We swam across all right, but had to be helped back. She's a grand diver, as well, and the funny thing is that very few people know anything at all about her athletic prowess. She's such a little mouse of a person, ordinarily—it is only when she is on the stage, before the cameras or starting some tremendous task that she [*Continued on page 74*]

Foley

Mrs. Harrison Williams —"a beautiful woman, with unaffected poise"

Kathleen Norris is "genial, kind, witty, brilliant"

Gallo Studio

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, the novelist, now more than seventy, has "wit, vitality, magnetism"

Talbot

Mrs. William Randolph Hearst has "a spiritual beauty that leaves an indelible impression"

# Hollywood HERO No. 1—Fredric March

### He is the man of the movie hour. And he has reached the top by a route no other hero has taken!

BY VALERIE GAY

As *Jean Valjean* in *Les Miserables*

As *Count Vronsky* in *Anna Karenina*

CLARK GABLE, Gary Cooper, James Cagney, Bing Crosby, George Raft, Paul Cavanagh . . . these are the Hollywood heroes Mae West recently named as "the six most romantic." But when the word gets around, ten million women are going to ask: "And what about Fredric March?"

He is the actor who is tops today—Hollywood Hero No. 1—so far as Hollywood, itself, is concerned. And Hollywood isn't in the habit of thinking *anyone* is tops—until the feminine ballots have been counted.

Greta Garbo just voted for him. She wanted Fredric March, and no one but Fredric March, for the masculine rôle opposite her in *Anna Karenina;* moreover, to have him opposite her, she was willing to share star billing with him. And the ten million, after seeing him in *Les Miserables,* can understand why.

Women, it seems, have always liked Freddie. But now they are beginning to appreciate him.

Looking over the field, they have suddenly paused to reflect that here is one handsome hero who is different—not only from every other handsome hero, but from himself, as they last saw him. They knew it all along. They just hadn't stopped to think about it before.

But now that they *have* stopped, looked, and listened, they will be *staying* March-conscious!

● THE first time they ever saw him (which was in 1929), their pulses started racing, and they could have "gone" for him in a great big way—if he had just let them get close to him. But he had other ideas.

He kept changing his rôles—and, with them, his appearance and his personality. He didn't build up any trade-marked image of himself that they could worship.

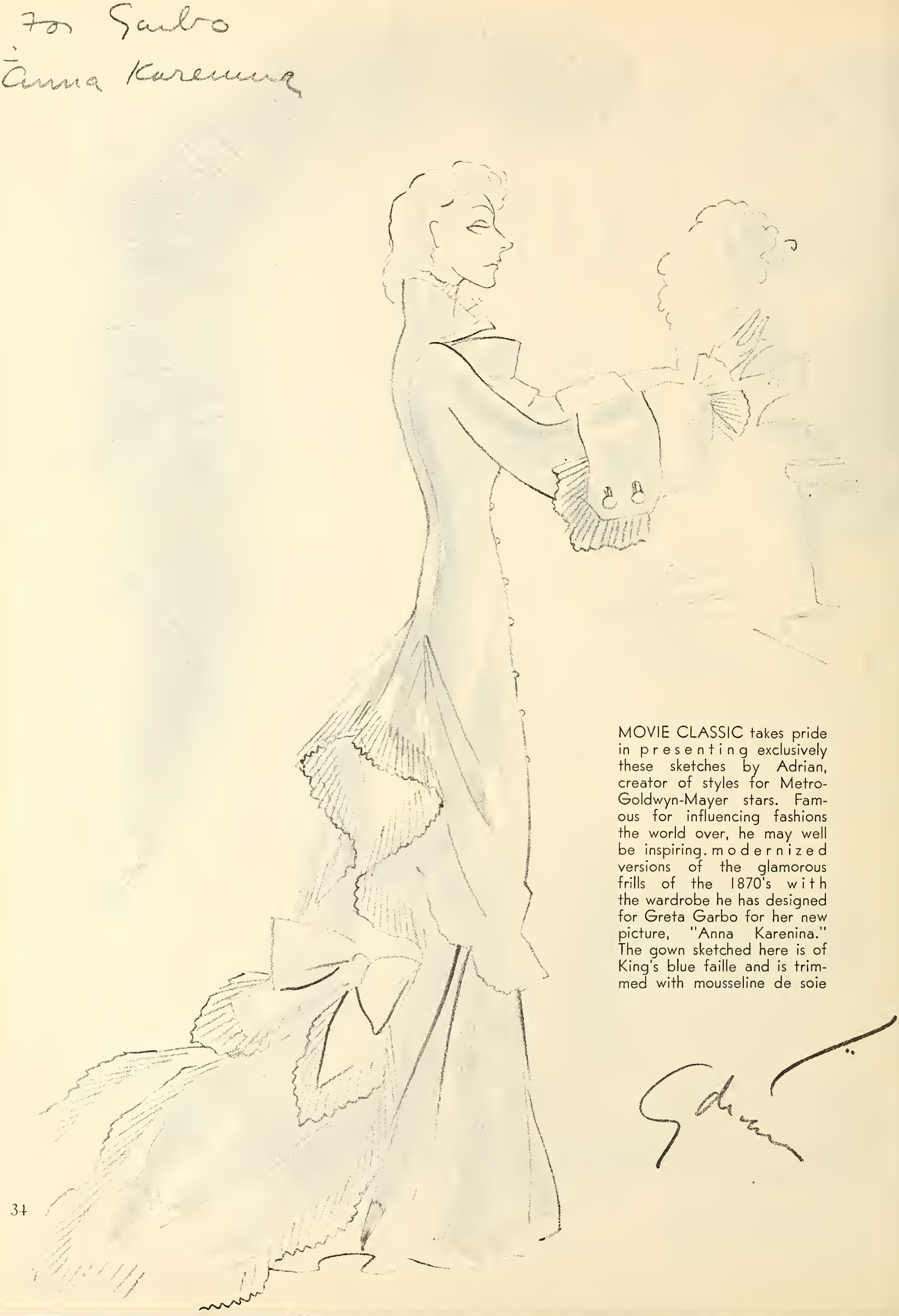
He didn't specialize in being romantic or looking romantic. He was not only handsome *Dr. Jekyll;* he also dared to be hideous *Mr. Hyde.* He never let the girls get the illusion that they knew Fredric March, the person, after seeing Fredric March, the actor.

So they kept on liking him and going to see him—but they spread their passionate hero-worship around among the lads they could get to know more quickly. And when new faces and new types came along, they frequently shifted allegiances.

As each new object of their affections zoomed into high popularity, it looked like a great break for each of the boys in turn. And so it was. But it also had its drawbacks.

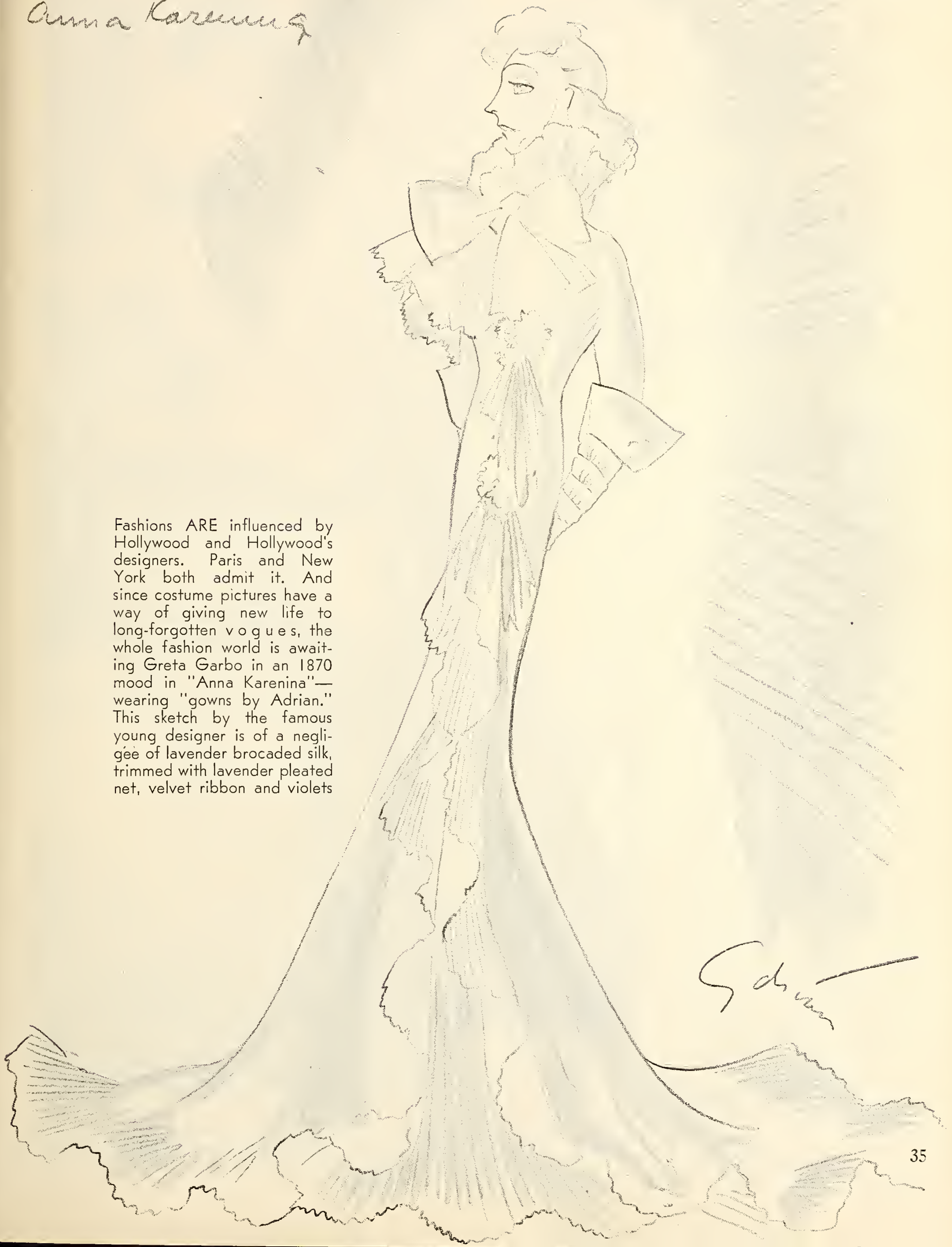
For when an actor made a hit with the girls in a certain type of rôle—a rôle that seemed to mirror his own personality—they didn't want him to be a totally different kind of person in his next picture. At least, they didn't think they wanted that. And the new favorite decided [*Continued on page 76*]

**Greta Garbo had her choice of heroes—but insisted on Fredric March for *Anna Karenina*. Moreover, he is co-starred with her**



MOVIE CLASSIC takes pride in presenting exclusively these sketches by Adrian, creator of styles for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars. Famous for influencing fashions the world over, he may well be inspiring. modernized versions of the glamorous frills of the 1870's with the wardrobe he has designed for Greta Garbo for her new picture, "Anna Karenina." The gown sketched here is of King's blue faille and is trimmed with mousseline de soie

negligée –
for Garbo –
"Anna Karenina



Fashions ARE influenced by Hollywood and Hollywood's designers. Paris and New York both admit it. And since costume pictures have a way of giving new life to long-forgotten vogues, the whole fashion world is awaiting Greta Garbo in an 1870 mood in "Anna Karenina"—wearing "gowns by Adrian." This sketch by the famous young designer is of a negligée of lavender brocaded silk, trimmed with lavender pleated net, velvet ribbon and violets

# Fay Wray—Pert Pioneer

It's hard to keep track of Fay. First she's in Hollywood, next in New York, then in London—setting styles in independence!

By Carol Craig

UNITED AIR LINES
UNITED

Fay Wray was one of the first film stars to travel by air—commuting between Hollywood and New York

Now Fay is making life even more varied by crossing the ocean between pictures

FAY WRAY surprised me. I expected to find a reserved, inclined-to-be-serious young actress—very conscious of being an international star. Instead, I found a pert, sprightly, and completely human young modern, eagerly alive and very eager to talk anything or anybody except Miss Fay Wray, formerly of Wrayland, Canada, and now of Hollywood, New York, and London.

She had returned only the day before from London, where she had made two pictures for Gaumont-British. Now she was ensconced in a suite on the thirty-some floor of the Hotel Pierre on New York's Fifth Avenue, overlooking New York's Central Park, with a row of distant skyscrapers as a "back-drop" for the scene.

The green of the park was an anodyne for eyes tired from looking at walls of buildings, walls of rooms. But turning from the window to look at Fay in her grass-green hostess gown was another restful experience. Perhaps you can picture the effect of that particular shade of green with dark reddish-brown hair and very dark blue eyes.

As she sat down on a divan, her hand came in contact with a folder lying there. Amused that an interviewer should find her with it, she explained that it was a souvenir of her visit in England—a booklet about astrology. Everyone in England, so Fay said, was furiously engrossed in the subject—trying to learn from the heavens about their lucky days, so that they could bet shillings on horse races and collect in pounds. (The same eagerness to get-rich-quick has just manifested itself in America with chain letters, with Americans trusting in human nature, instead of astrology, to bring them riches.) Her maid had insisted that she bring the book along, so that Fay could have no excuse for not knowing what was in [*Continued on page 77*]

# "I Thought He Wasn't *My Type!*"

"I insisted the man I married wouldn't be an actor," smiles Frances Dee

Hurrell

Did you ever say this—and then fall in love with just that man? Frances Dee did—with Joel McCrea!

### BY GRACE MACK

"OH, I wouldn't care for him—he isn't my type!" How often have you heard girls say that? Maybe you have said it, yourself—as Frances Dee once said it about Joel McCrea.

Most of us have a mental picture of the sort of man we would like to marry. We visualize him as light or dark, gay or serious, quiet or dynamic. In our mind's eye, he may be a bit like Ronald Colman—or Clark Gable—or Gary Cooper—or Robert Montgomery—or James Cagney—or some other highly romanticized screen hero. Whatever the picture, we doll it up with the masculine virtues that most appeal to us individually and each of us labels it "my type of man." Then comes the business of keeping our eyes open for somebody who matches the picture.

Hurrell

For three years, Frances Dee insisted Joel McCrea wasn't her type—and avoided meeting him. Now she says: "I wonder how I could have been so blind"

But being too insistent about fitting that picture to an individual may be a perfectly sure way to miss Mr. Right-Man when he does come along. That, at least, is the contention of Frances Dee. And Frances knows whereof she speaks.

For three years, she evaded meeting Joel McCrea—all because she felt that he was not her type. They had mutual friends and some one of them was always saying to Frances: "You simply must meet Joel—he's such a grand person. You two really ought to know each other."

And Frances would reply, "Sorry, but I'm not the least bit interested in meeting him." When pressed for a reason, she would explain, "Well, he just isn't my type of man, that's all."

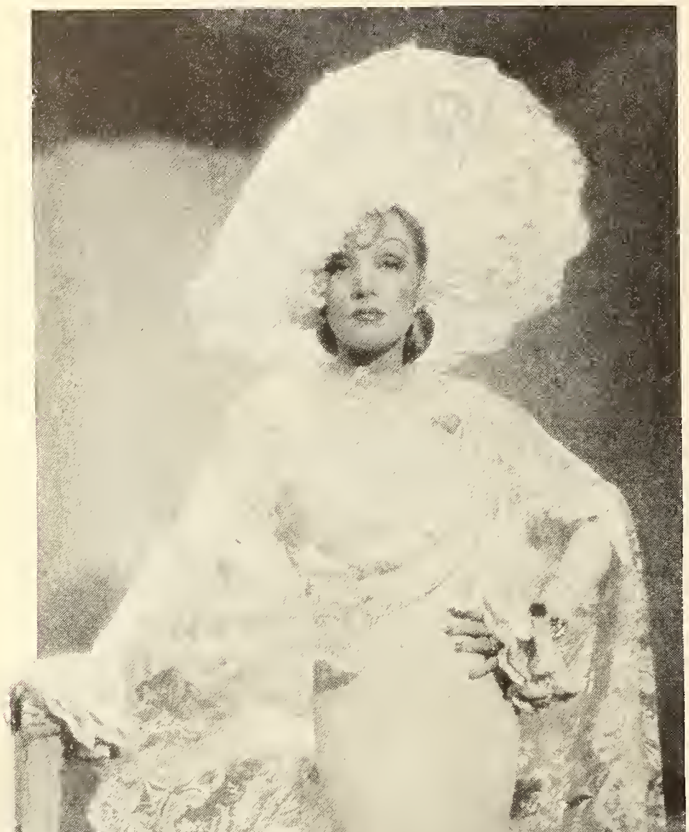
● FRANCES thought she knew what her type of man was, and Joel McCrea certainly bore no resemblance to it. She had seen him at various movie gatherings. She knew that he was rated Hollywood's most eligible bachelor and she was even willing to admit that he was extremely good-looking. But she was sure that he was spoiled and conceited and that he was the sort who would take it for granted that any new girl who loomed upon his horizon would fall for him in a big way.

"And the more my various friends tried to convince me that I would like him if I really knew him," says Frances today, "the more positive I was that I wouldn't care for him at all."

But what Frances did not know was that Joel felt the same way about her. You see, the mutual friends who had been trying to "sell" Joel to her had also been trying to "sell" her to him. Joel was completely frank in saying that Miss Dee did not appeal to him at all. For one thing, she was "high-hat."

It seems that one day when he was driving along Hollywood Boulevard, he drew up [*Continued on page* 78]

# Not the *Best-Dressed*—But the MOST IMPORTANT



What other woman could wear this exotic gown, as Marlene Dietrich did in *The Devil Is a Woman?* Yet, since she did wear it, styles have adopted Spanish and lace motifs!

HAVEN'T you wondered why Marlene Dietrich has never been suggested for the title of "best-dressed screen star?" Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Grace Moore, Dolores Del Rio, Adrienne Ames, Genevieve Tobin, Verree Teasdale—all of these and many more have been "mentioned" for this coveted and much-disputed honor. But never Marlene Dietrich. Why? Because she holds a much more startling and vital title.

Marlene Dietrich is recognized as *the most important fashion influence in the world today.* More than any other actress, she starts trends that millions of women follow. It is her extravagant imagination, which swings from one daring extreme to another, that claims this ranking for her. And it is part of the explanation for the fact that, after three successive pictures that were only mildly popular, she has just signed a new and larger-than-ever film contract.

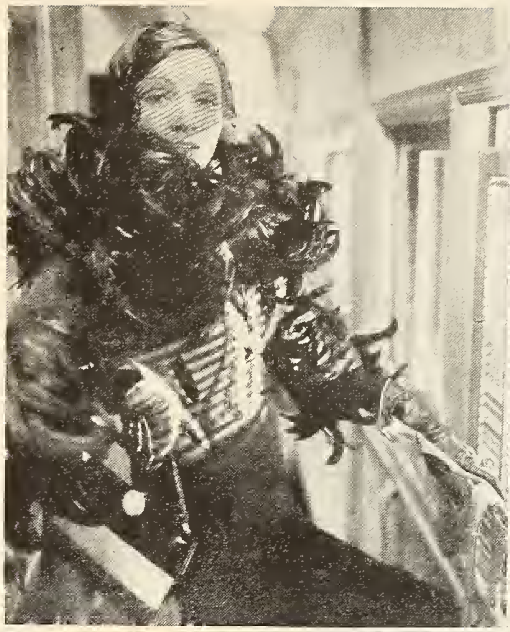
"The most important fashion influence in the world today!" That is a pretty broad statement, but there are some pretty precise facts to back it up.

● LAST May, for example, the socially élite of New York turned out in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria to attend "The Lace Ball." The *piece de résistance* of the elaborate affair was the American Designers' Revue. All of the Hollywood designers and all of the important New York designers—Kiviette, Dorine Abrade, Lisbeth, Clarepotter, Helen Cookman, Elizabeth Hawes, Mabel Manning, Gladys Parker, and others too numerous to mention—had "showings." The gowns were applauded enthusiastically. But there were two presentations that climaxed the rest. Everyone went mad about them.

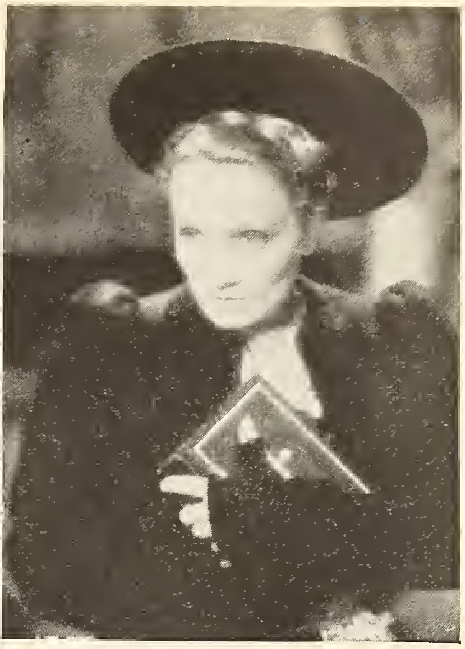
Back of all the styles that Marlene Dietrich starts is a man—Travis Banton, famous Paramount stylist

## MARLENE DIETRICH does not always follow the decrees of fashion. But fashion has a habit of following the dramatic Dietrich—more than any other star!

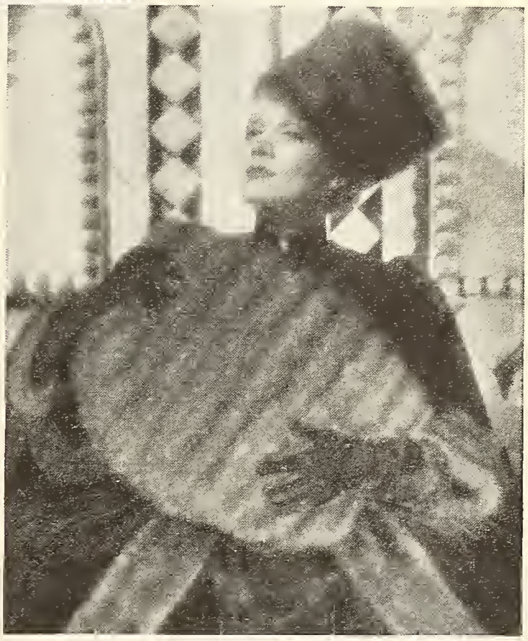
### BY KATHARINE HARTLEY



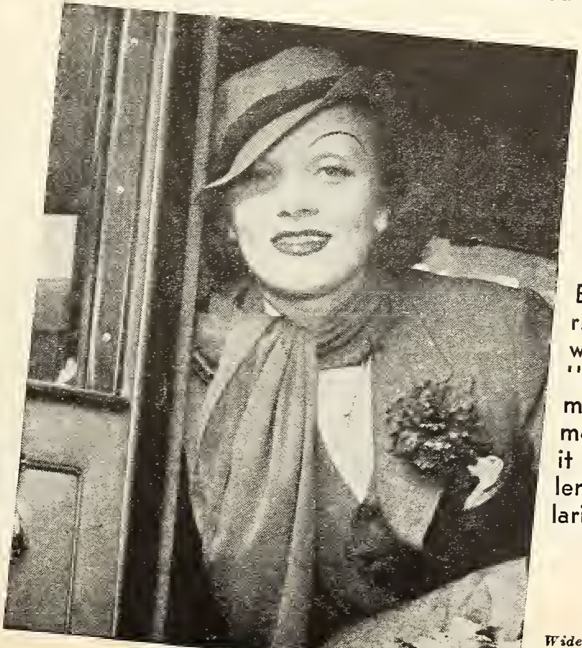
In *Shanghai Express,* Marlene Dietrich was "smothered" in coq feathers. A feather deluge followed!



In *The Song of Songs,* she introduced the coronet braid . . . and a hat pushed far back on the head



In *Scarlet Empress,* Marlene wore Cossack hats and carried muffs—and soon the whole world followed suit



Before Dietrich, a few women wore "modified masculine modes." But it took Marlene to popularize them!

Wide World

One was a Spanish creation designed for Marlene Dietrich in *The Devil Is a Woman* (shown at the left). The other was a bridal party, dressed by Kiviette—and the bridal costume, probably for the first time in modern history, was *Spanish* in influence. The gown was made of lace, Spanish *peau d'ange,* and the bridal veil was draped, mantilla fashion, over a Spanish comb. Kiviette frankly gave credit for her inspiration to the gowns that Marlene Dietrich wore in *The Devil Is a Woman.* Likewise, Irene Hayes, who created the flower modes for the bridal party, credited the picture with the inspiration for the fan of carnations carried by the bride.

The clothes that Marlene Dietrich wore in that picture were designed especially for her by Travis Banton, famous Paramount stylist, who has fashioned all of her picture clothes and many of her personal ones, since she came to America.

And Mr. Banton told me, "Frankly, the gowns that Marlene wore in that picture could never be worn by anyone else. On the average woman, they would look ridiculous. They were too eccentric, too individual. But in modified versions, they will become the fashion of the season. Her fringe dress, for example, was the inspiration for Spanish shawl-like evening dresses that are already appearing in London, Paris, and New York. The lace stockings, the lace parasols, the lace mantillas, too . . . They have already become the vogue. Oh, yes, and the carnations! Because Marlene wore or carried carnations throughout the picture, this blossom has become the flower fashion of the year.

● "THE fact that I design for Marlene Dietrich," added Mr. Banton, smiling, "seems to be my greatest claim to fame. I made a trip to Europe recently, you know, and wherever I went, the name of Dietrich was on everyone's lips. Women haven't forgotten that it was Dietrich who brought coq feathers into the world of fashion—or that it was Dietrich, with her funny little peasant hat in *The Song of Songs,* which she wore on the back of her head, that started women to pushing their hats backward. They haven't forgotten a thing . . . and I could almost go down the list of her every picture, and show you that in each she has started a new fashion ball rolling."

"Let's go down that list!" I begged him.

We did. And here are my gleanings:

It was in *Shanghai Express* [*Continued on page* 79]

# You'll Be Fond of FONDA!

Above, a close-up of Henry Fonda, who made the acquaintance of Lady Luck. In his first picture, *The Farmer Takes a Wife,* he plays opposite Janet Gaynor

### BY J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

HAVE you ever heard of Henry Fonda? . . . Perhaps you have; perhaps you haven't. But you soon will hear of him—in a great big way. And like him!

Theatre managers who never heard of him yesterday will be spelling out his name tomorrow in letters a foot high—on their billboards, on their electric signs. For he is the News of the Month in Hollywood, and what is good news to Hollywood soon becomes good news to the rest of the civilized world.

His entry into films was so unusual and so unprecedented that it rated headlines, and would have had headlines, if he had been willing. (He most decidedly wasn't.) In his first picture, which followed hard upon his first major success on Broadway, he was given the leading rôle opposite the most popular feminine star of the day. Now he has made good on his big chance—and even he cannot halt the headlines that are bound to come.

HENRY FONDA may be new to films and new to you, but it's time you were informed about him. You will be talking about him!

The name of the picture is *The Farmer Takes a Wife.* The name of the feminine star is Janet Gaynor, Feminine Favorite No. 1 by actual box-office count.

The name of another lady who, he thinks, has played a large part in his recent life is Lady Luck. It is the first time, really, in his short, but eventful career, that he has made the lady's acquaintance. And he is finding the experience a bit bewildering, as well as exciting.

● NOT that he will talk about the experience. He is as reticent as he is refreshing to meet—as modest as you have always said you would be when Fame came *your* way. There is nothing of vainglory or ostentation about him. It takes no time at all to get the idea that he would much rather have his acting speak for him than do any talking for publication, himself.

In short, interviewing him is a tonic—a challenge—to an information-seeker. It takes verbal excavating to draw even the facts of his own immediate life from him. And if the interviewer is not on constant guard, he will find his quarry eluding him by talking of aviation or badminton or something else that the quarry *wants* to talk about.

Stand- [*Continued on page* 81]

# RAQUEL TORRES Invites *You* to
# A HOLLYWOOD PARTY!

## You have always wanted to see one. Now you can be honor guest at one. And this will be just one of a thousand treats on the Movieland Tour!

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Ames
cordially request your presence
at a party in your honor
at their home
August 13, 1935
R. S. V. P.

IT'S to be a party—and you're invited! The cordial invitation above comes from none other than those popular young social leaders of Hollywood, Raquel Torres and her husband, Stephen Ames.

But how, you ask, are you going to get to Hollywood? Simple! Just join CLASSIC's Movieland Tour!

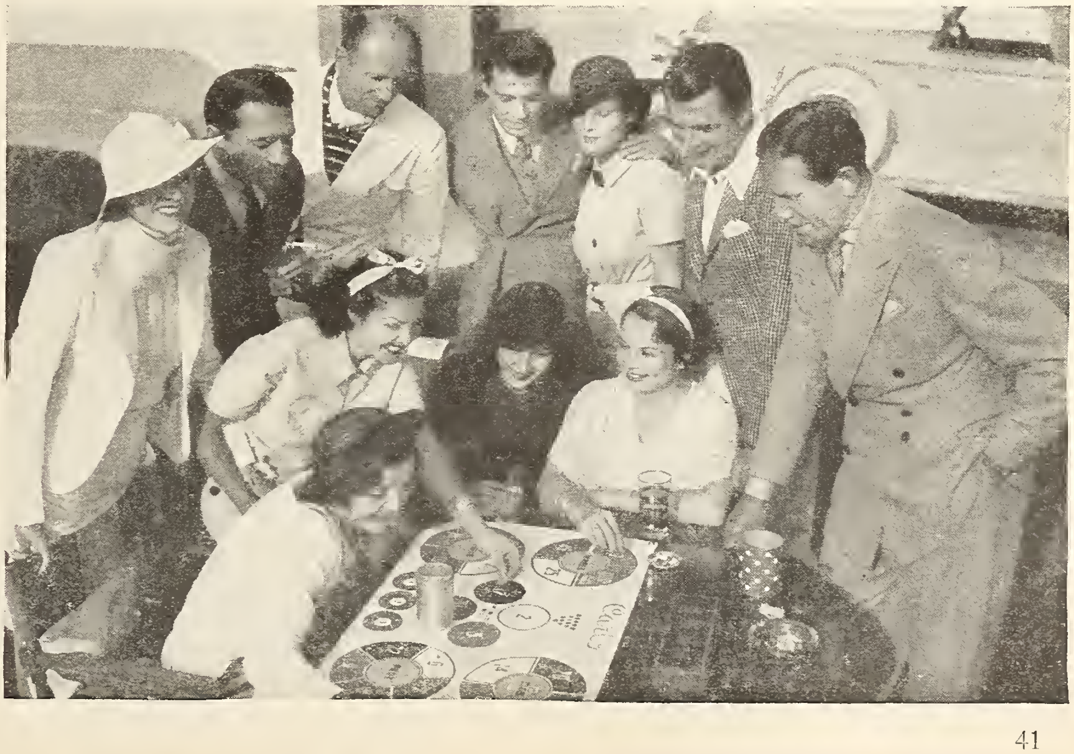
There still is time to make your reservation for the most exciting vacation you have ever dreamed of—an eye-filling, unforgetable trip by special train from Chicago to Hollywood through the Great Northwest, starting August 4th and returning to the starting point August 18th. Two solid weeks of joy!

The moment you climb aboard the Special, you can forget dull care. All expenses, including stops at the best hotels, are included in the low cost of the trip. There will be no baggage bothers, no schedules to worry about. A trip manager will see that everything is cared for—all at a price that will fit easily into your vacation plans.

Now, to explain more about the parties and tours planned for Hollywood. The first thing you will do after you arrive is to see a studio—as few others do—from the inside. And all that is arranged with Universal, oldest and largest of Hollywood studios. Autos will pick you up at the Roosevelt Hotel, headquarters for the Hollywood stay, and whisk you away over the famous Cahuenga Pass into Universal City.

Guides in each car will point out everything of interest, identify stars and sets, and see to it that everyone's questions are answered. You can snap your friends by the huge sets, get out and personally inspect scenes where famous pictures have been made. Then luncheon with Universal stars at the studio [*Continued on page 67*]

### BY
### JACK SMALLEY

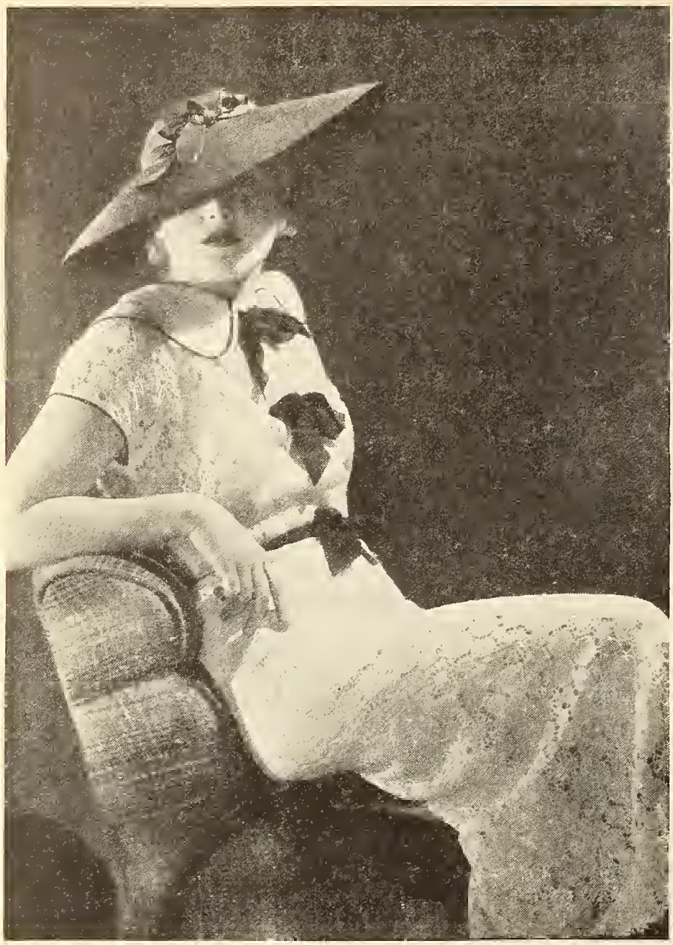


Right, a group of famous guests playing "Carlo" at Raquel Torres' home. Seated are Nancy Carroll, Raquel herself (on the arm of Nancy's chair), Dorothy Libaire and Mona Rico. Standing, Benita Hume, Donald Cook, Jack Dunfee, Jack La Rue, Binnie Barnes, Walter Johnson and Paul Cavanagh

*(Exclusive photo by Rhodes for MOVIE CLASSIC)*

# Fashion Foreword

BY GWEN DEW



*From the Lace Ball*

**It's a lace summer! This stunning white linen lace street dress, with trimming of blue sheer silk, was recently presented at the American Designers' Revue in New York by Clarepotter. The navy Leghorn hat, with modish low crown and wide brim, is by Sally Victor**

AT LAST—it's summer! So let's join the parade of the latest fashions, and see what we want for long warm days and for balmy, starry evenings.

We should be midsummer night's dreams, indeed, with all of the charm of the centuries lured into the dresses that have been created for us. Soft and shirred . . . that seems to be the pattern. If you are going dancing, for example, there is a flattering chiffon with high waist and quaint puffed sleeves in a heavenly shade of "angel blue." For a very blonde "you," there is an emerald-green dress of crisp floating organza, dramatically accented with wax-white Calla lilies bunched on the bosom. The skirt is shorter in front, thus marking it very summer 1935.

TAFFETA continues to rustle its way into the very best places, and the skirts are very wide, the bodices very tight, and the gowns are often worn under quilted taffeta three-quarter-length coats. Lace continues to gain applause and is the veritable princess of fashion. There is a favorite New York style that has a graceful crossed ruffle on the front of the bodice, and a low-cut halter neckline. It is made of pale pink silk lace over pink satin, and has a softly full skirt that spreads out into a demure little train.

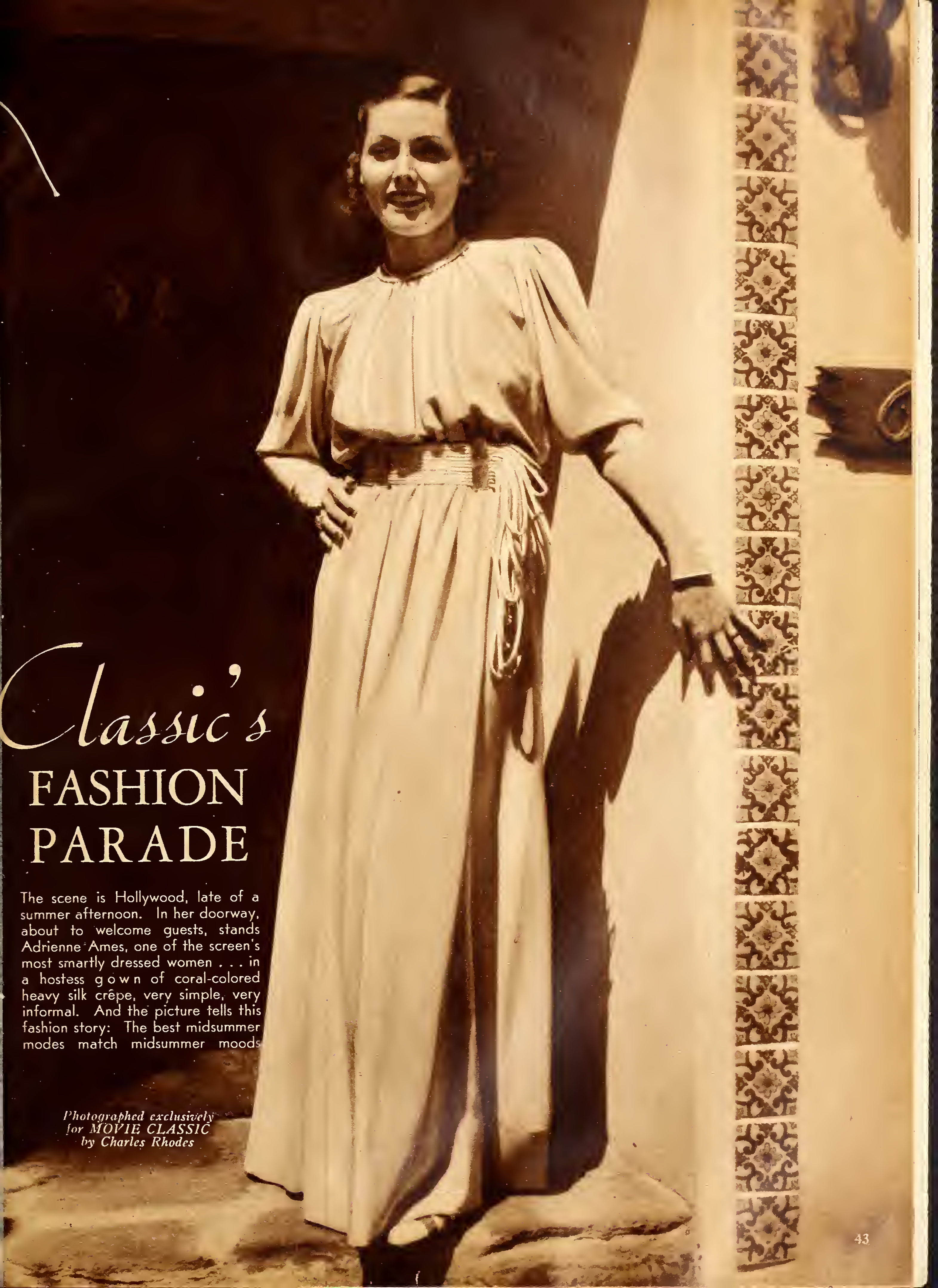
Then, whether you are going to vacation at the beaches, or are staying home to dance on local roof gardens or at neighboring lakes, you will be tempted to take to the cottons, just as the smartest of young Manhattanites have. There are adorable white embroidered organdy dresses, almost little-girl-like in make . . . with huge sashes of brilliant blue or crimson that are completely lovely, and will intrigue the most cynical of masculine eyes. Other evening things include cunning dotted Swisses, stunning black organdies, regular cotton prints, and white piqué dresses with halter necks that have simply snatched the fashions right off the beaches and into the ballroom!

WHAT'S going to be your port of call during vacation time? The beach, the tennis court, the golf links, or just a-lazying? The styles are so utterly comfortable this summer that one hates to wear anything else. There are cunning play suits made of gingham, Tahitian prints, or of jersey. They may be outfits made up of separate shorts and tucked-in blouses or sweaters, or they may be one-piece affairs with halter necks. I saw one white jersey with a soft blue woven in the belt, and a cunning collar that ended in being the strings of the halter.

But the neatest trick of the month is a creation by Clarepotter, one of the smartest [*Continued on page* 75]

## Highlights

● The rustle of taffeta continues. ● Lace is the super-smart mode of the moment. ● Cottons are going to all of the best places—daytime and evening. ● Linens have gone more colorful . . . and where are the wrinkles of yesteryear? ● The cleverest play suits are complete vacation outfits. ● Combining colors is the new glamor game. ● And coolie hats are all the rage. Clever, those Chinese!



# Classic's FASHION PARADE

The scene is Hollywood, late of a summer afternoon. In her doorway, about to welcome guests, stands Adrienne Ames, one of the screen's most smartly dressed women . . . in a hostess gown of coral-colored heavy silk crêpe, very simple, very informal. And the picture tells this fashion story: The best midsummer modes match midsummer moods

*Photographed exclusively for MOVIE CLASSIC by Charles Rhodes*

All photographs by
Charles Rhodes, for
MOVIE CLASSIC

Above, with complete ease, Merle Oberon gains that ethereal effect—in white chiffon beaded in silver, with chiffon "angel" sleeves. Left, without the sleeves, she becomes the décolleté sophisticate

# MERLE OBERON Wears Everything Well

As Designer Omar Kiam points out, Hollywood's newest star "can be the height of sophistication or completely demure." And we produce the proof!

By VIRGINIA LANE

IT WAS the Persian tent-maker, Omar Khayyam, who went into a dither about "a loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou" . . . But he had nothing on the Hollywood *style-maker,* Omar Kiam, who can go into a dither, himself, about "a design, a bolt of material, and you." And, of course, he means Merle Oberon—newest of screen stars, most exciting of all recent Hollywood importations, and famous as a well-dressed woman even before her arrival from abroad.

America first saw her as *Anne Boleyn* in that best-remembered of all British pictures, *The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth.* After that, in rapid succession, she was in Douglas Fairbanks' *Private Life of Don Juan,* also made in England; opposite Charles Boyer in *Thunder in the East,* which was made in Boyer's native France; and then opposite Leslie Howard in the British picture, *The Scarlet Pimpernel.* About that time, Hollywood claimed her—to appear opposite Maurice Chevalier in *Folies Bergere.*

"She is one of the easiest women in the world to design clothes for," Omar Kiam told me. (And he ought to know, having designed for queens and American empresses and a good number of the screen's favorites.) "Miss Oberon has the type of face and figure that can be outfitted for a variety of types. She wears everything well. She can be the alluring exotic—or the ingénue; she can be the height of sophistication—or completely demure. Here, glance over these and you will see what I mean."

He showed me drawings of the costumes he had made for her for her rôle of the svelte Parisienne in *Folies Bergere*. Excitingly bizarre, as you remember, the dresses were labeled "woman-of-the-world" in every way.

Then he handed me another group of drawings. "But these dresses couldn't be for the same girl!" I protested.

"But they could!" he challenged. "They are for the new Merle Oberon you will see in *The Dark Angel*—a sweet, ingenuous young person with a spiritual air."

"Then what on earth is the real Merle Oberon like? How does *she* dress?"

"Why," suggested Omar Kiam with an un-poetical twinkle in his eye, "don't you find out?"

●

So I did—going ten miles to the beach house she has rented, within a stone's throw of Norma Shearer's. On the way I wondered if I should find her draped on a silken couch in one of those devastating Hindu costumes that everybody seems to be wearing—perhaps in a Nile-green chiffon *sari* banded with gold cloth. Hadn't she lived in India for seventeen years before she first saw England and the interior of a film studio—and shouldn't some of the exotic mystery of the Far East cling to her? After all, she played a glamorous Oriental—and played the rôle convincingly—in *Thunder in the East*. . . .

Thus were my thoughts running when—*bang!* All those neat little pre-conceived ideas exploded into the Pacific.

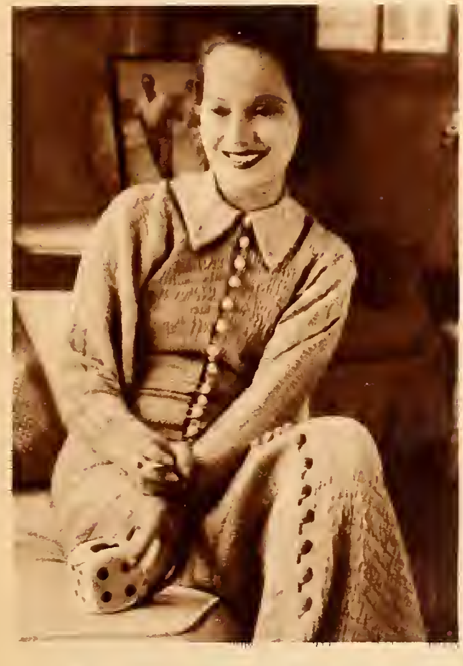
A girl was coming across the sand of her front yard to meet me—floundering across, really, because the sand was deep. She had the impish smile of my twelve-year-old niece—and the same frank, friendly manner. *And* where was that *sari*? Where was the sleek black hair? This girl had soft reddish-brown hair that was brushed back in a loose, comfortable wave. She looked alarmingly young for an exotic. Moreover, for an exotic, she was surprisingly costumed — in white flannel slacks and a blue polo shirt, both with zipper fasteners. But maybe that is actually the most alluring type of woman. A woman who is charmingly feminine—even in white slacks—and has a wholesome, unaffected way with her. . . .

"It's so delightful here at the beach. Look at my suntan!" she was saying. We compared tans. We compared notes on a number of things and discovered that we were both crazy about *Peter Ibbetson* and sketches and life in the country. People were coming for tea and she excused herself to dress. "Now," thought I, "we'll get a glimpse of this International Fascinator."

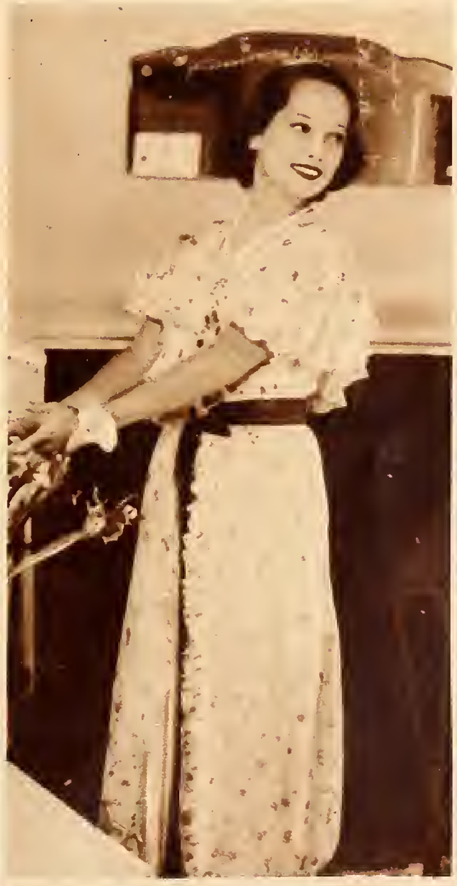
●

She was a Fascinator, all right, when she returned. But *quaint!* Adorably so in a summer hostess gown that would thrill any girl—to say nothing of the men. . . . It was one of those lovely white mousselines printed in field flowers, with ruffles down the front and all the way around the bottom.

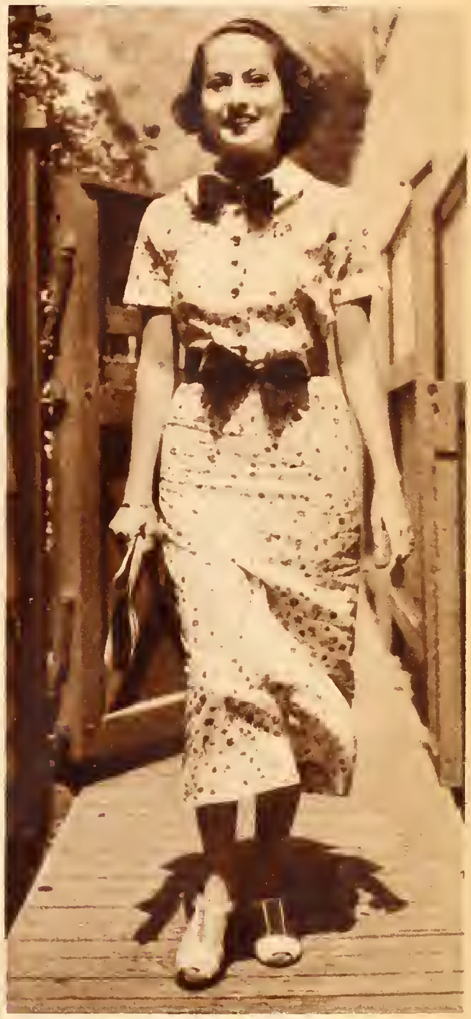
An old-fashioned fichu gave it a delightful air, and the sleeves were full, slightly puffed. There was a short train and a Kelly-green velvet ribbon supplied the belt and bow. Altogether, it was the most picturesque frock these eyes have seen in many a day. You put [*Continued on page 66*]



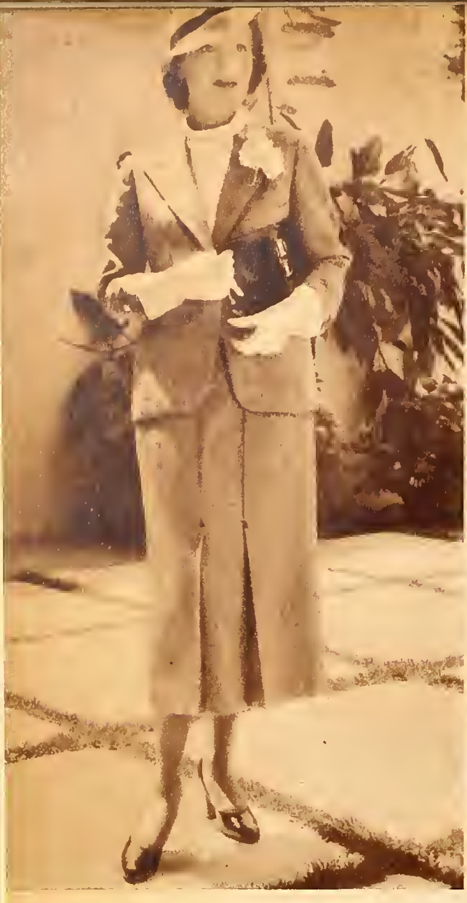
Simple, but stunning is Merle's turquoise-blue crêpe dinner gown—a novel semi-shirtmaker style with bat-wing sleeves



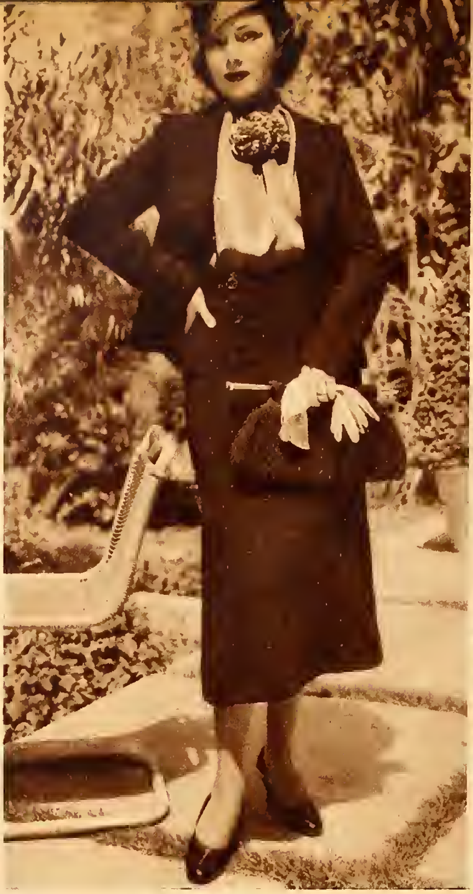
Fascinating and quaint is her summer hostess gown—white mousseline printed in field flowers, luxurious with ruffles



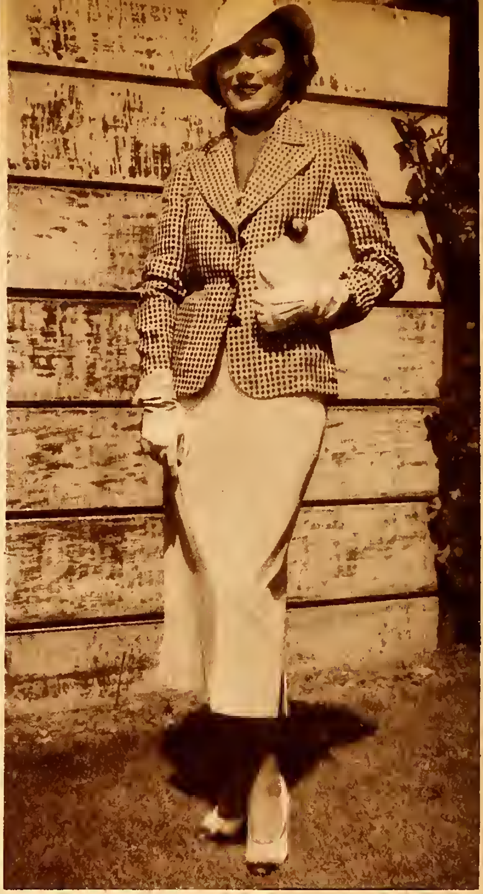
The young girl going out for the afternoon—Merle in a one-piece printed crêpe with sapphire-blue velvet bows



**Traveling**—a gray "tailleur" of the same hardy material as a man's suit



**Afternoon bridge**—a black ribbed silk crêpe, with novel matching bag

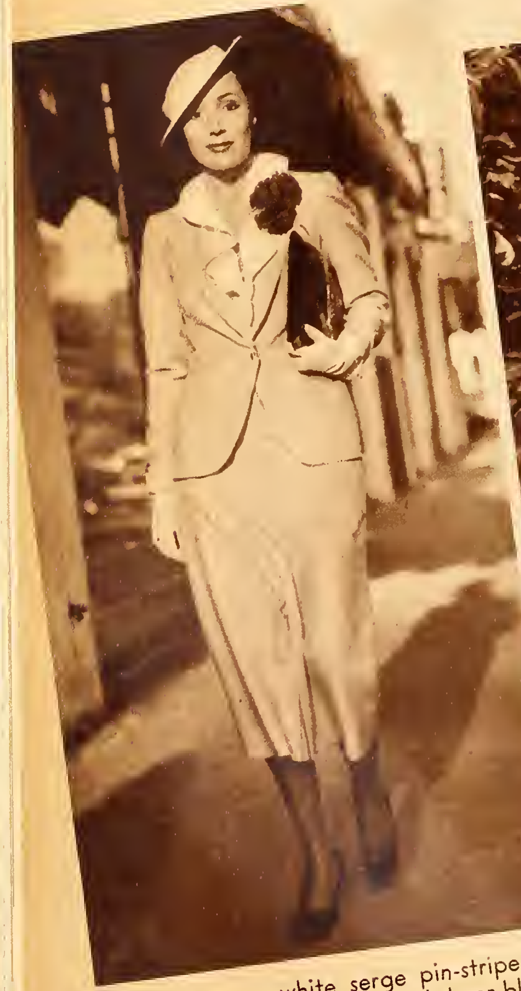


**Spectator sports**—a white flannel skirt, brown and white checked coat

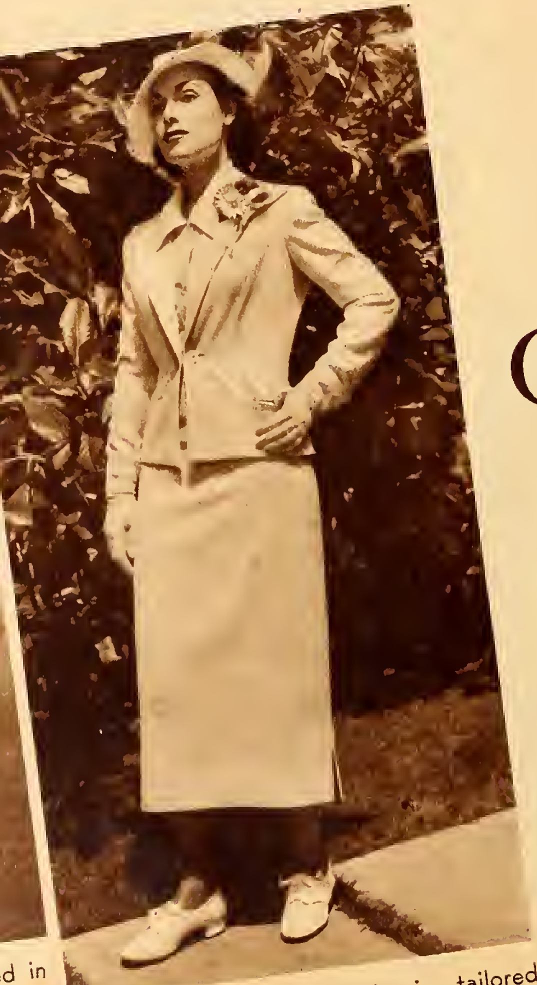
# Suited to the Occasion

DOLORES DEL RIO—who adorns this month's cover—is Hollywood's smartest example of "the tailored trend." Here are five reasons why

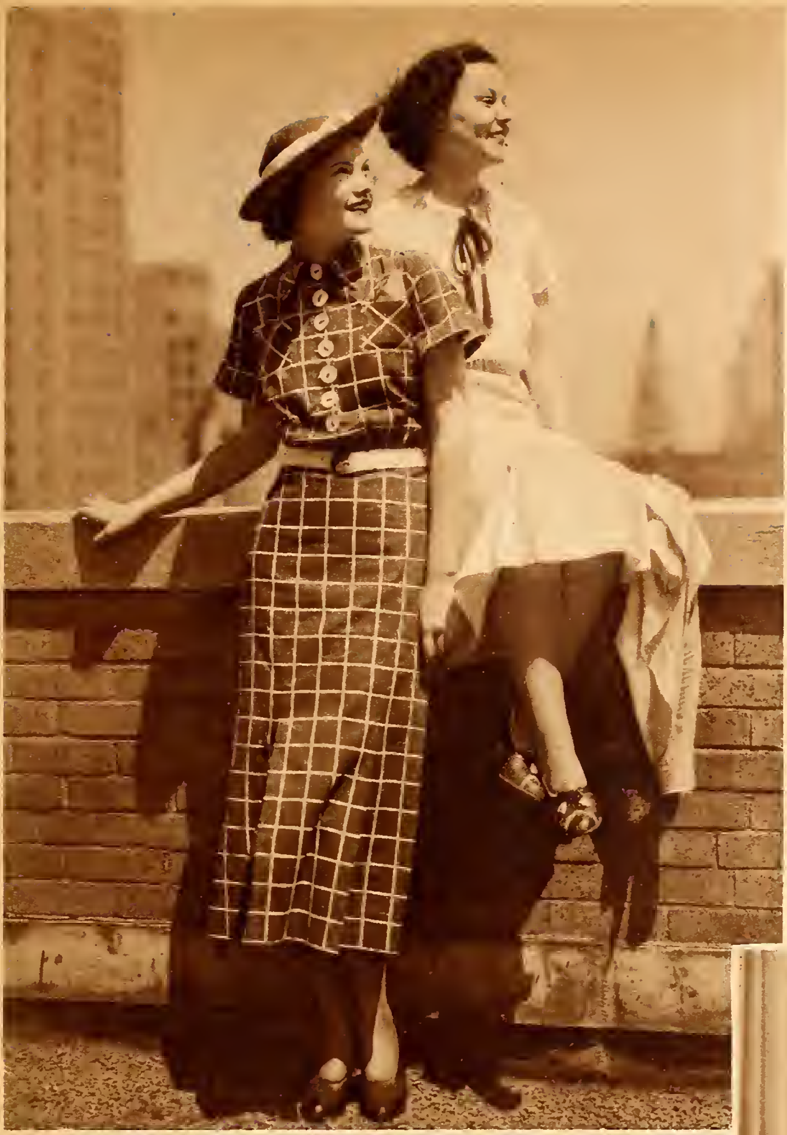
All photographs by Charles Rhodes, for MOVIE CLASSIC



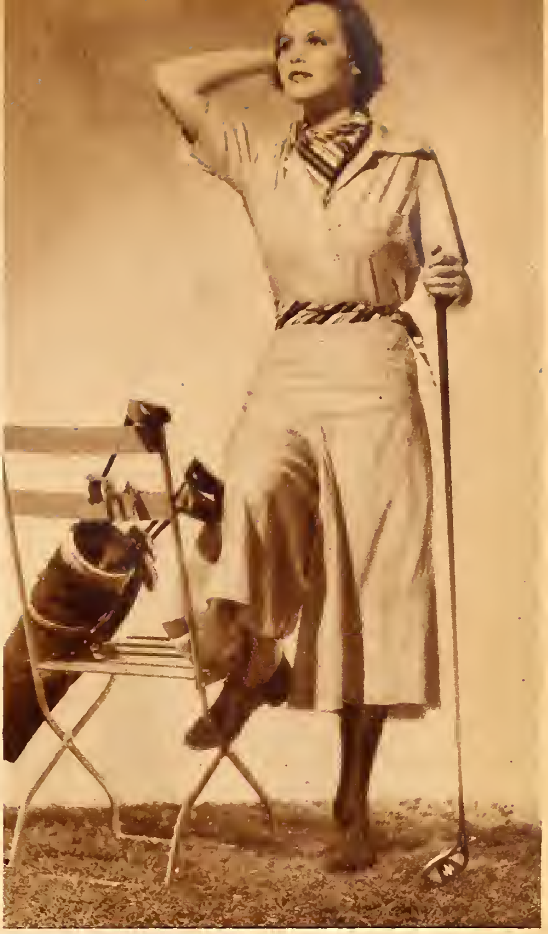
**Luncheon**—a white serge pin-striped in blue, with a feminine ruffled sheer blouse



**Garden party**—a rhapsody in tailored white, with a gay field-flower boutonniere



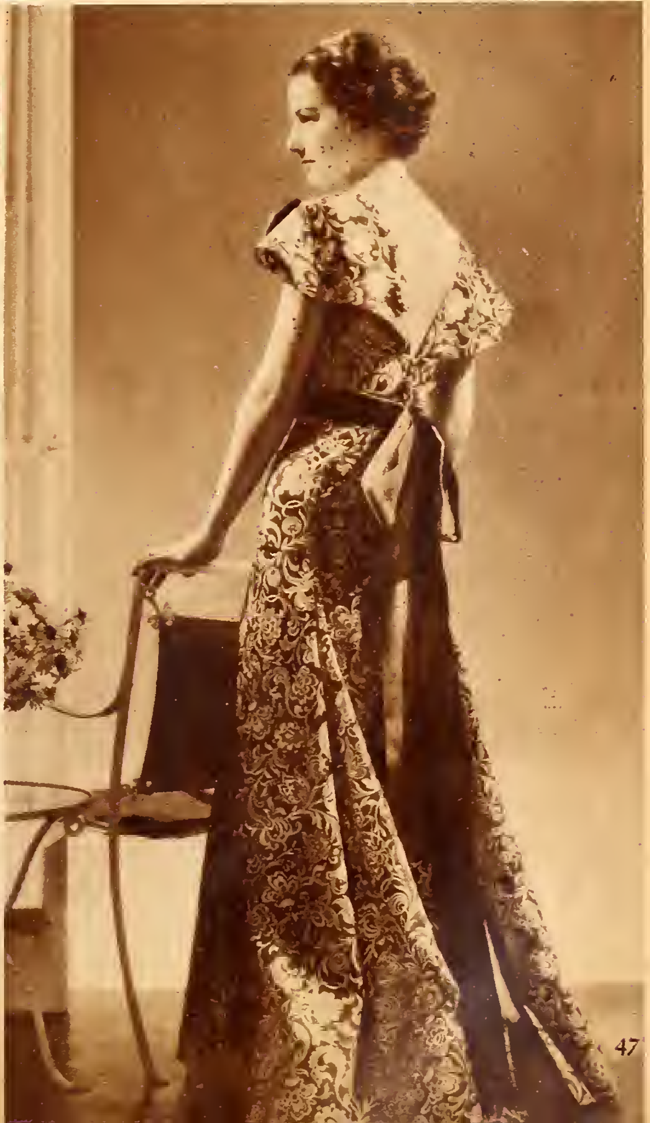
Summer sunshine in Manhattan brings out the smart younger set in cool-looking frocks of simple lines . . . such as this many-buttoned cotton frock and jacketed rough crêpe outfit, which fit everyday needs and 1935 pocketbooks! (Macy's, New York)



Play hours find this year's smart girl in a linen shirt and culotte. (Bloomingdale's, New York)

# Accent on Simplicity

East, as well as West, this is the style note of the smart, practical (and comfortable) young moderns



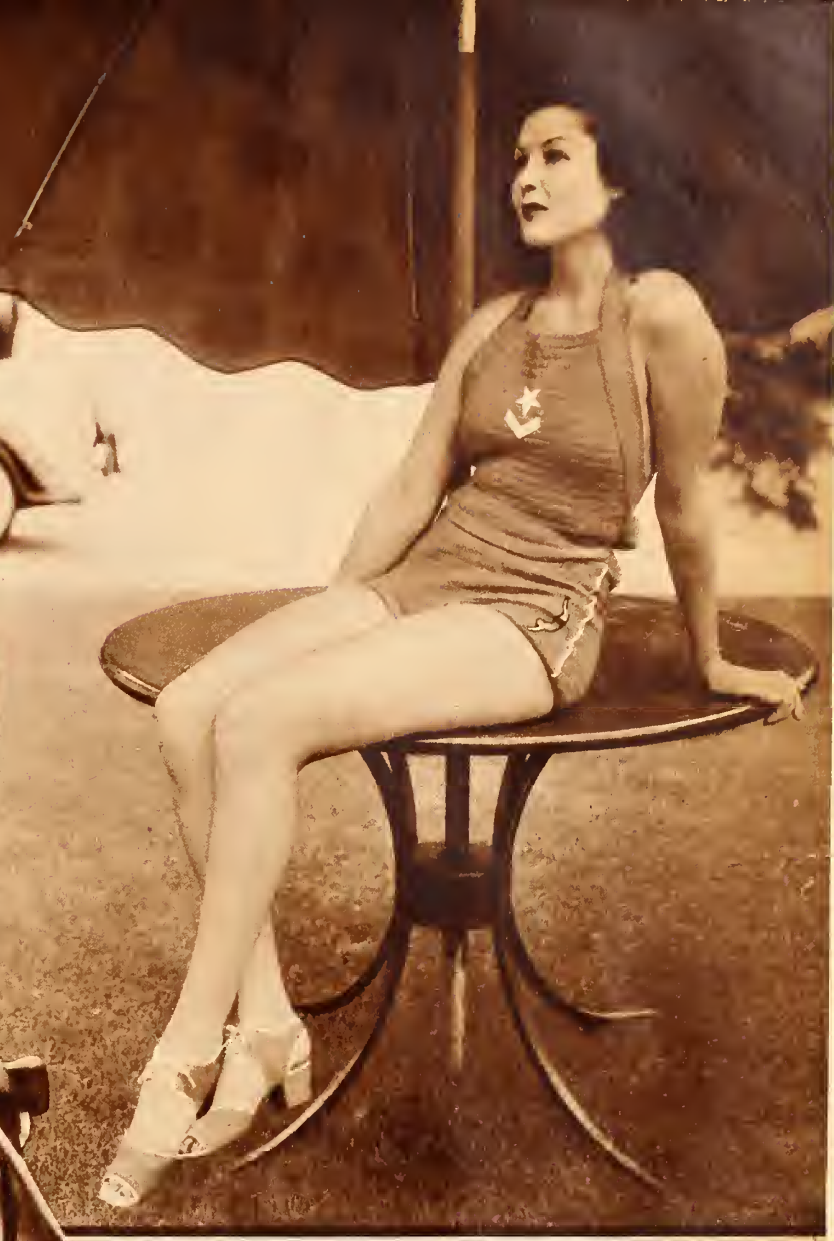
Evening hours find this young Manhattanite in Everfast native print gown, with the new neckline and a velvet girdle. Youthful, inexpensive and chic! (Best's, New York)

Jean Fontaine (left), is cultivating that Hollywood pool-girl complexion, and the white at the top of her Jantzen suit—which is one-piece, as well as halter-style—presents a neat bit of contrast with her new suntan

Plenty of dots and plenty of dash—these are what Mona Maris has when she strolls down Malibu Beach in her novel Banda-Wikies. Halter-and-shorts are a new beach rage

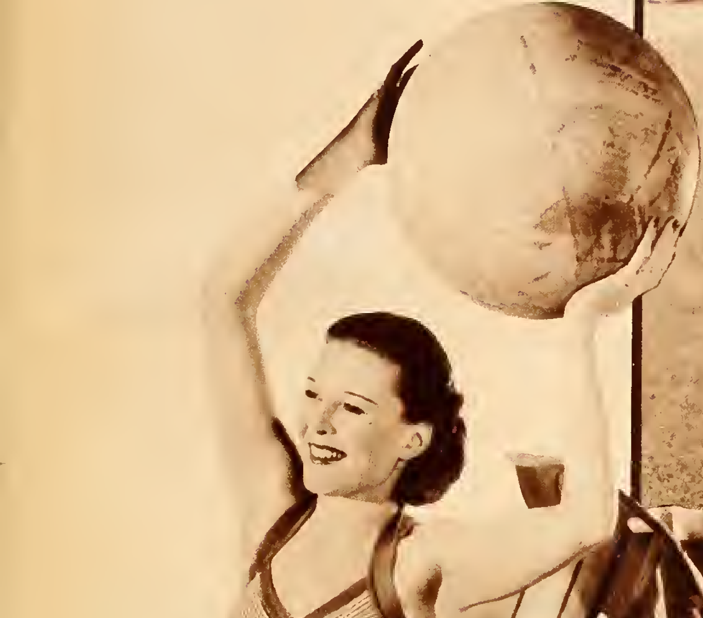
Jean Parker's idea of luxurious lazing is to lie on a beach rug in a sunback swim suit. Hers is a BVD model, kingfisher blue, with braided strap trimming for color contrast

# The Suits Are Attractive, Too!



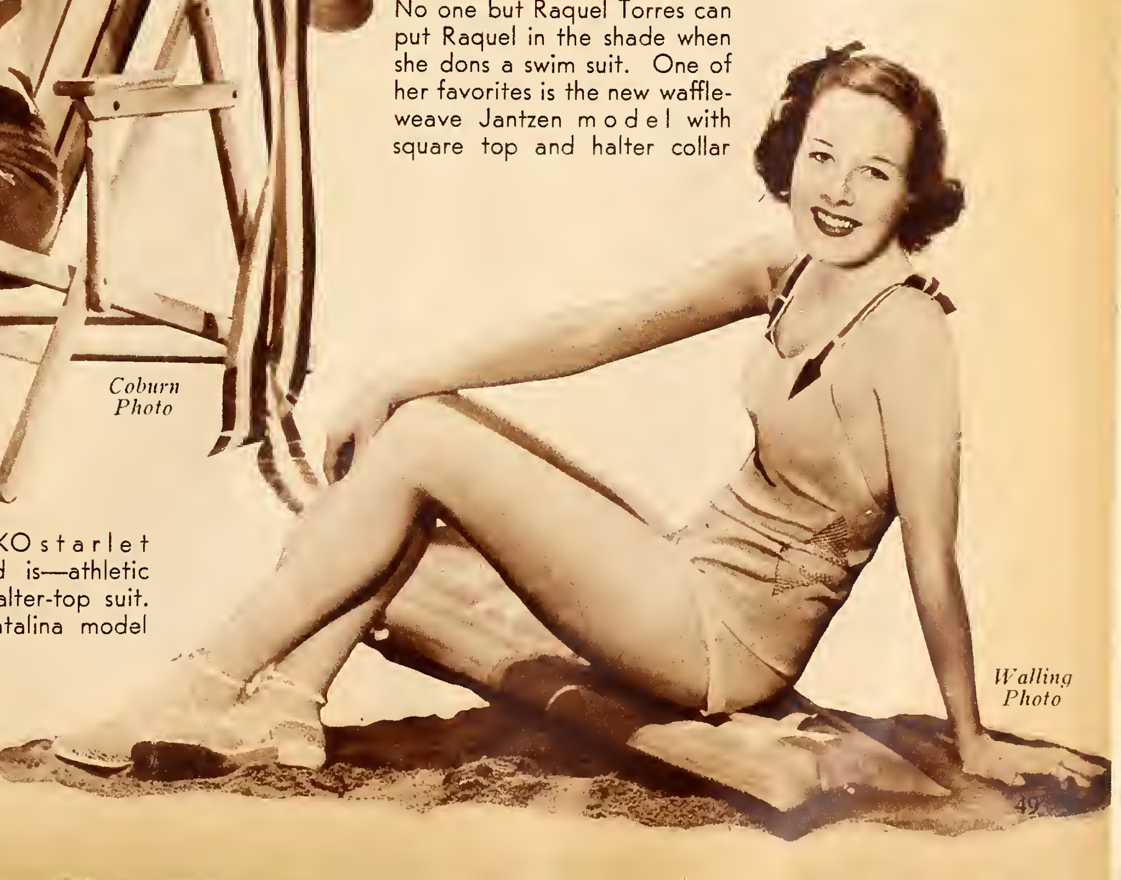
*Exclusive Rhodes Photo*

No one but Raquel Torres can put Raquel in the shade when she dons a swim suit. One of her favorites is the new waffle-weave Jantzen model with square top and halter collar



*Coburn Photo*

Maxine Jennings, RKO starlet (above), looks—and is—athletic in her one-piece halter-top suit. It is a popular Catalina model



*Walling Photo*

Wendy Barrie (right) favors a suit of yellow "krepe-tex" (a U. S. Rubber inspiration), with brown arrow accents on the shoulders

A $25-a-week girl can have three summer prints, crisp and cool and washable . . . like Bette Davis' frock

A black dress with white accessories is an "indispensable" in any girl's wardrobe. Anita Louise's is crêpe

An evening gown in the height of style—such as Mary Astor's striped taffeta—is possible on this budget

What girl doesn't share Jean Muir's liking for sweaters and skirts? They add variety to any pert wardrobe!

Ann Dvorak's washable summer suit may have cost more than ten dollars. But that sum can buy a good one!

## All on $6.50 a Week!

By following Orry-Kelly's budget (see story opposite), a $25-a-week girl can have:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 dressy suit - - - | $ 39.50 |
| 1 swagger suit - - - | 19.50 |
| 1 black crêpe dress - - | 15.00 |
| 1 winter woolen dress - | 10.00 |
| 1 summer coat - - - | 15.00 |
| 3 summer wash dresses - | 18.00 |
| 1 washable summer suit - | 10.00 |
| 1 evening ensemble - - | 19.00 |
| 5 hats - - - - - - | 18.00 |
| 6 pairs of shoes - - - | 25.00 |
| Hose - - - - - - | 25.00 |
| Gloves - - - - - - - | 7.50 |
| Blouses, sweaters, skirt - | 25.00 |
| Lingerie - - - - - | 20.00 |
| Bags, accessories - - - | 20.00 |
| | $286.50 |

And out of her $338, she will have $51.50 left for a winter coat and extra dresses!

# The $25-a-Week Girl *Can Dress Well, Too!*

## Orry-Kelly, famous Hollywood designer, gives a year's budget for the girl who has a small salary and wants a smart wardrobe!

### BY JANET DARE

"WHETHER she earns twenty-five dollars or twenty-five hundred dollars a week, the American girl of today is the most smartly dressed girl in the world!"

This, from Orry-Kelly, designer for Warner Brothers, and for some of the most famous stars in Hollywood! This, from the man who creates gowns for Kay Francis, noted as one of the country's best-dressed women; for glamorous Dolores Del Rio, with her exquisite wardrobe; for Bette Davis, whose film clothes are so perfect in detail; for Marion Davies, Mary Astor, Ann Dvorak, Glenda Farrell, Joan Blondell, and many newer stars whose feet are already firmly entrenched on the ladder of fame: Josephine Hutchinson, Jean Muir, Olivia de Haviland and others.

Perhaps, sometime, you have thought to yourself, "Of course, I could look as lovely as the stars if only I had their money, or if I had some famous designer at hand to tell me just what to wear." So, with this thought in mind—on your behalf and on my own—I grasped this opportunity to have Orry-Kelly tell me just how he would plan your wardrobe and mine . . . not on some huge salary, but on a suppositious $25-a-week salary.

"The movies have become the magic wand which brings daily to clever American girls the fashions that were created in Hollywood for the famous women who are their own types," Mr. Kelly began. "Motion pictures have made it possible for every modern woman, who appreciates the finest details in current styles, to keep right up to the minute—to know not only what is new, but also what is smart!

"Because American girls are [*Continued on page* 72]

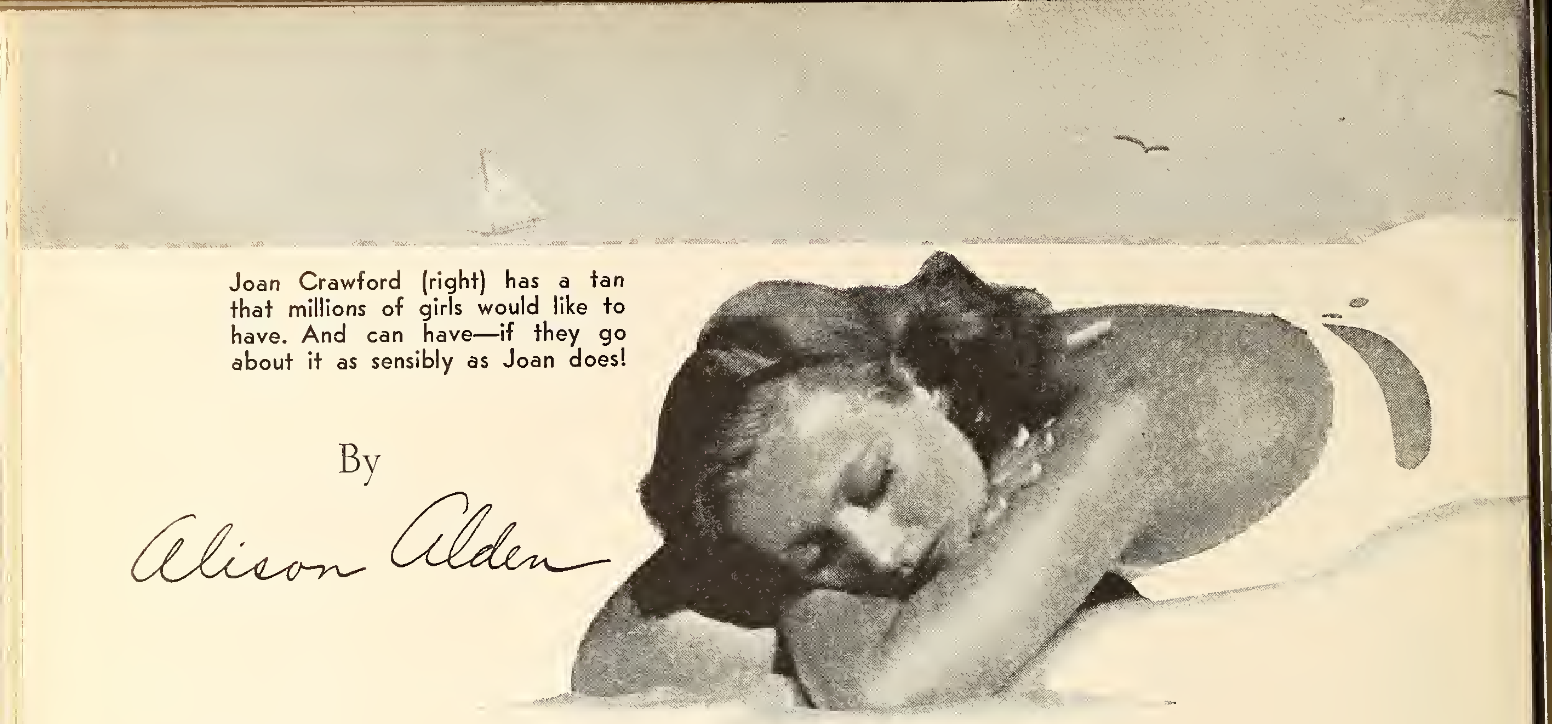
Above, Orry-Kelly—in his office at Warner Brothers Studio—gets the reaction of Ruby Keeler to the wardrobe he has designed for her latest picture

**ORRY-KELLY'S "SHARE-YOUR-OWN-WEALTH" PLAN**

Keeping in mind the every-day problems of the average American girl, the designer suggests this safe-and-sane weekly distribution of a $25-a-week salary:

| | |
|---|---|
| Rent (which should never be more than a quarter of income) | $ 6.00 |
| Food | 7.00 |
| Savings and insurance | 3.00 |
| Miscellaneous (amusements, beauty aids, carfares, etc.) | 2.50 |
| Clothes | 6.50 |
| Total | $25.00 |

**In the box on the opposite page, he suggests a distribution of the clothes budget money over a period of a year.**



Joan Crawford (right) has a tan that millions of girls would like to have. And can have—if they go about it as sensibly as Joan does!

By

Alison Alden

# Be Beautiful

MILLIONS of young women have copied the spectacular color of Jean Harlow's hair . . . Other millions have adopted long, fluttering eyelashes like Garbo's . . . How many women, from Brattleboro, Vermont, to Pocatello, Idaho, are letting their Katharine Hepburn bangs grow out? . . . And who can ever compute the number who have sacrificed comfort to achieve a sun-tan like Joan Crawford's?

Before she takes a sun bath, Maxine Jennings wisely uses a protective sun-tan lotion, massaging it gently all over the exposed part of her body

With the improved sun-tan oils and creams on the market today, there is no need to sacrifice either your comfort or the beauty of your skin to acquire a nice even tan. But a few years ago, before our sunburn preventives were perfected, many a smooth-textured skin was figuratively laid on the altar of the sun god . . .

Eager to toast themselves as quickly as possible, these too-eager admirers of the honey-colored Joan basked in the summer sun for *hours,* with far more valor than discretion. (Joan, after all, acquires *her* tan by easy stages.) It would not be so bad if we could report that the results of these other, inordinate sun baths were only temporarily beet-red faces and temporarily soured dispositions. Actually, however, the results were more far-reaching and destructive. Many skins carry the scars yet, for the burning rays of the sun have the power to coarsen the skin permanently.

Some skins have a sort of affinity for sunlight; they have a large supply of protective pigment, which rises to the surface at the first touch of the sun. Other skins, however, have a deficiency of pigment and so, instead of turning brown, they burn, freckle, become coarse and generally misbehave. The way to prevent this is to use a cream or an oil that will act as a screen to keep the burning rays of the sun from penetrating to the skin.

● AS in the case of most other toiletries, the success of this type of preparation depends on the method of application. If you do not use it faithfully *before* going to the beach, and if you do not renew it whenever you remain in the sun for a prolonged time, you are likely to be disappointed in results. But you should not get into the habit of spending whole days in the blazing summer sun, anyway. Not even the best of sun-tan preparations will keep your skin satin-smooth if you are "piggy" about sun-bathing.

Have you ever noticed the course and weather-

Once, it wasn't easy to stay beautiful while tanning. But now it is. Movie stars like Joan Crawford know how. And so will you after reading this article!

# —*and* Tanned!

beaten skin of fishermen and farmers who are forced to spend their days in the sun? It helps to give a man a rugged look, but what woman in her senses wants to look rugged? We have come a long way, mercifully, from the day of the Victorian woman who was perpetually pale and swooning; but we shall never get beyond the day when a smooth, fresh skin is desirable in a woman!

One of the reasons some girls often give for failing to apply sunburn preventives is that they hate to go to the beach or golf course, encumbered with various bottles and jars. Apparently, they don't know that one of the best liquid sunburn creams on the market is put up in a smart, convenient beach kit of glazed white piqué with a navy blue handle and a snug zipper closure. Besides a full-size bottle of the sunburn cream, there is a large tube of emollient cream, ideal for sensitive skins that balk at too-rich preparations. Its softening qualities make it a grand antidote when, through carelessness, you have neglected to protect your skin with the sunburn cream and find it becoming red and irritated.

The sunburn cream may be used as a foundation under your make-up, if you like. Some prefer the shiny film left by oils, but for those who cannot bear to look oily, this sunburn preparation is the answer. If you would rather have this cream in solid than liquid form, your wish can be granted. It now comes in tubes as well as bottles. The price of the kit is only $2 and the sunburn cream alone retails for $1 a bottle or tube. There is room in the kit, by the way, for your sun glasses and lipstick. (I shall be glad, on request, to supply the trade name of this treasure.)

● EVERY girl knows that she cannot successfully wear the same shades of face powder and rouge in the summer that she wears at other seasons; but there still seems to be a good bit of indecision among my readers as to what constitutes the smartest and most becoming summer make-up shades. So, to end the indecision:

Face powder should be of a richer, warmer color with more than a *soupcon* of beige and dusky pink, and your lipstick should be warmly red, verging toward yellow-red or true red, rather than purplish raspberry. Even though you do not tan deeply, your skin naturally takes on a warmth in summer that it does not have in winter; and unless you attempt to match [*Continued on page* 59]

After a sun bath or swim, Maxine Jennings applies a rich tissue cream on her face and throat to counteract "squinting" and expression lines

# *Summer-ize* Your Surroundings!

### Live like a movie star! And why not? The stars' summer homes have more clever than costly touches!

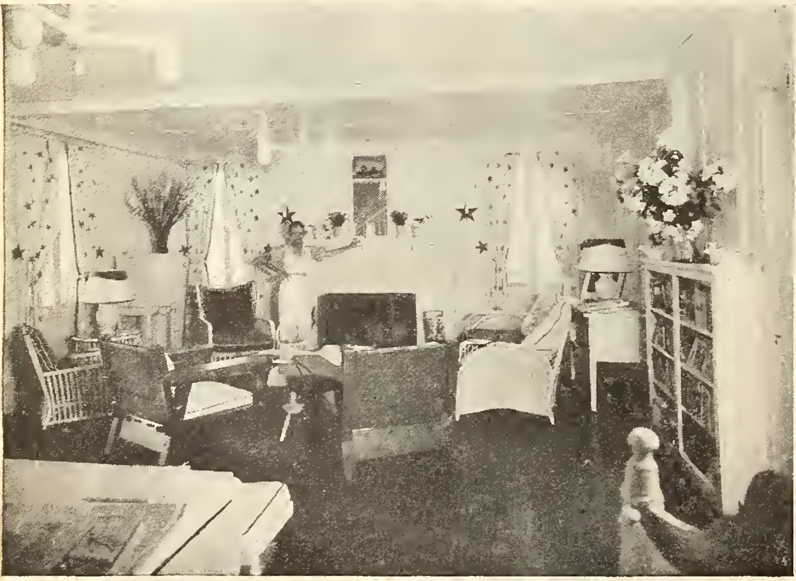
BY MARIANNE MERCER

**Janet Gaynor has a beach home now—and ideas about feminizing it!**

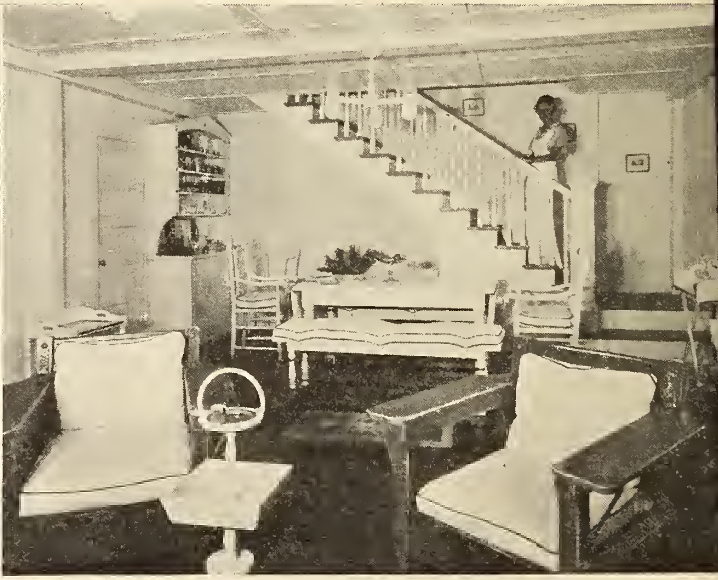
EVERY feminine soul at some time or other gets that sudden urge to let fancy run free in "dressing up" a house just to see how cleverly a little place can be fixed without putting permanent strain on the pocketbook.

There is one satisfactory solution: Summer-ized surroundings!

In a cottage at a beach, for example, you can give vent to all the inner longings of your soul. Perhaps for years you have craved a red-and-white kitchen or a bright yellow den—the sort of things you feel you would



Joan Bennett let her fancy run free in the living-dining room of her Malibu Beach home. This is the living room end—star-spangled and all done in blue and white



And this is the dining room end—also in blue and white. So cleverly has everything been planned that the one large room gives the effect of two separate rooms

Warner Baxter wanted rusticity; so did Mrs. Baxter—but she thought of the comfort angle, too. So they have beamed ceilings, an open hearth, AND chintz drapes and deep-cushioned chairs

What woman doesn't crave a summer home that has smart simplicity? This one is a model. It would be a snug harbor on any shore. And it was planned by a man—actor Norman Foster

never dare inflict on a trusting family in the old homestead. But for a holiday house—that's something else again.

What would seem utterly mad in city or town becomes charming at the shore. You might want an entire white-and-blue home, for example, with a star-spangled living room! Joan Bennett always did—and now it really exists.

She used to dream of just such a place, for when she was a very small girl she spent most of her time in a nursery that had a blue ceiling with stars shining at her. Ever since, it has stood to her for peace and security and the unmarred happiness of childhood. So today Joan spends the warm months at Malibu Beach in a starry world all her own!

The white washable rep curtains in the living room are dotted with blue stars, big and small. Stars form the tie-backs for them and also brackets for the wall lights. The whole room and most of the furniture—even the radio and the brick fireplace—are painted a cloud-white. Wicker chairs and couches play an important part in the airy comfort of the place, and one of the big features is the clever incorporation of the dining room with the living room.

It conserves space—and money, too—to have one long room like Joan's, with a fireplace at one end and a stairway at the other. The alcove under the stairs really serves as a dinette with a built-in cupboard for the china and glassware.

● FLOORING is always a problem at the beach, with people tracking in sand and water. Joan solves this difficulty by using linoleum patterned in a well known carpet design. It not only makes a lasting, but a very attractive and inexpensive floor. Moreover, it is cool-looking, and the simplest thing in the world to keep clean.

A big roomy couch that can readily be transformed into an extra guest bed is an essential part of any summer home. Joan has hers in a glassed-in sun porch. The couch, with many pillows, is covered with a water-wave material in keeping with the nautical touches of a ship's lantern hung above, and with a tile plaque of a schooner.

The youngest Bennett is a wise little housekeeper. She knows the advantage of a cool kitchen, and she has had another small sun-porch built onto it. This one is made into a breakfast nook with seats upholstered in washable white leather. The table cloth is disguised white oilcloth trimmed in blue that you can keep fresh-looking all summer with a minimum of work and no expense.

And speaking of kitchens—if you are renting a summer cottage for your vacation, take along a portable electric stove. Take the kind that not only roasts meat, but bakes pies without getting the atmosphere too hot. It will be the biggest boon of your vacation, because even in the swankiest of rented cottages, stoves have a way of smoking and giving off volumes of heat.

A woman with a would-be carpenter about the house can get ideas from Douglass Montgomery's home. For instance, his novel night-table and bed-on-rockers

● JANET GAYNOR took one along last year—with tremendous success. She and her mother, and their pal, Margaret Lindsay, love to "play around" with cooking, you know. Janet's muffins still are a little sad, she says, but you should taste her *chili con carne!*

This year, however, everything is simplified. She has bought a completely equipped beach home at Playa del Rey, a mere twenty minute's run from the Fox Studio in Fox Hills.

One of the few changes Janet has made in the already charming house is in the bedroom she has taken for herself. It has been done over in yellow and green, with a green rag rug on the floor with a tulip design, yellow organdy curtains, and a flounced bedspread of white organdy used over a white slip. A spirit-lifting combination, that!

Another achievement is Janet's "hick-y-a" [*Continued on page* 80]

# Sensible Slenderizing

### by
### ADRIENNE AMES

. . . who describes a diet that stays within the bounds of reason, lasts just seven days, and acts as a tonic

**Adrienne Ames isn't troubled by "calory-itis"**

*Has Hollywood actually said "Farewell to Diets," as* MOVIE CLASSIC *intimated two months ago? We have been bombarded with this inquiry from readers.*

*We should have been more explicit, perhaps. We should have made it clear that we meant* drastic *diets. The stars* have *said farewell to those, except in drastic cases and under doctors' orders and supervision.*

*But a little "sensible slenderizing" does no figure any harm—and can benefit a girl immensely, from the standpoint of both health and beauty. So says Adrienne Ames, who glorifies* CLASSIC'S *Fashion Parade page this month. She can speak from experience.—Editor.*

WHILE I, personally, am troubled very little with "calory-itis," I do go on a seven-day diet frequently—not only to maintain measurements, but for my health.

The health angle is the important angle with me. I get enough exercise not to have to worry about a few extra pounds.

This diet rests the stomach, cleanses the system of all poisons, and gives the complexion a transparent, creamy texture, smoothing away all blemishes. I call it my "tonic," because I feel so alive after seven days of it.

At seven in the morning, I sip a glass of hot water and lemon juice. (I can't "sleep in" when dieting.)

Then I do a series of exercises—just the usual limbering and stretching exercises that all of us were taught in school.

At eight, I take a large glass of orange juice, coffee, and stewed or fresh fruit.

By ten, after an active morning, I find that I enjoy a glass of cold water with the juice of a lemon. This sour juice seems to conquer hunger and is refreshing.

At eleven, I have fruit—usually grapefruit. (But this is only my personal preference.)

At noon, I have a cup of broth or a glass of tomato juice, a huge salad—or cooked vegetables (if I want a hot meal)—and a fruit cup.

At three, I have some more fruit, or tomato juice; at four, a cup of tea; and, at five, more fruit or a glass of orange juice.

For dinner, I have two cups of broth, two vegetables (of which I eat all I wish), and a dish of raw vegetables such as lettuce, cabbage, radishes, celery, onions, watercress, carrots, et cetera. For dessert, I have fruit.

Now, have you discovered the secret of the success of this diet—the explanation for its tonic effect? The reason why it is both thinning and beautifying—and "sensible," as well—is the fact that it contains no food which forms acid in the system. Among other things, it does away with bread, butter, potatoes and pastry.

I FOLLOW this diet religiously for seven days, after which time I eat my usual meals, watching the scales, however, and always leaving the table feeling as if "just one little extra helping" would have set me right with the world. My normal diet consists of lean meats, broiled or roasted chicken, all vegetables and salads, skimmed milk, black coffee, and quantities of fruit. I abstain from bread, pastries, and starches in general.

The broth that is such an important factor in my "tonic" seven-day diet is made from vegetables.

The ingredients are eight and one-half ounces of carrots, four ounces of potatoes, three and one-half ounces of turnips, two to three ounces of small white onions, two-thirds ounce of dried white beans, two-thirds ounce of split peas, two-thirds ounce of lentils . . . salt to taste . . . and four quarts of water.

Let this mixture simmer from three and a half to four hours. Then pour off the liquid, which will be enough for several servings.

I have benefited immensely, myself, from this short and simple diet—and if you also should try it, and adhere to it faithfully, I know you would be amazed at the results. Just summon the old will power and get to work!

# "YOU'RE EASY ON THE EYES, JEANIE— I COULD LOOK AT YOU FOR LIFE"

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SMOOTH, LOVELY SKIN wins romance—and *keeps* it. So how foolish it is to let unattractive Cosmetic Skin destroy the loveliness that should be yours!

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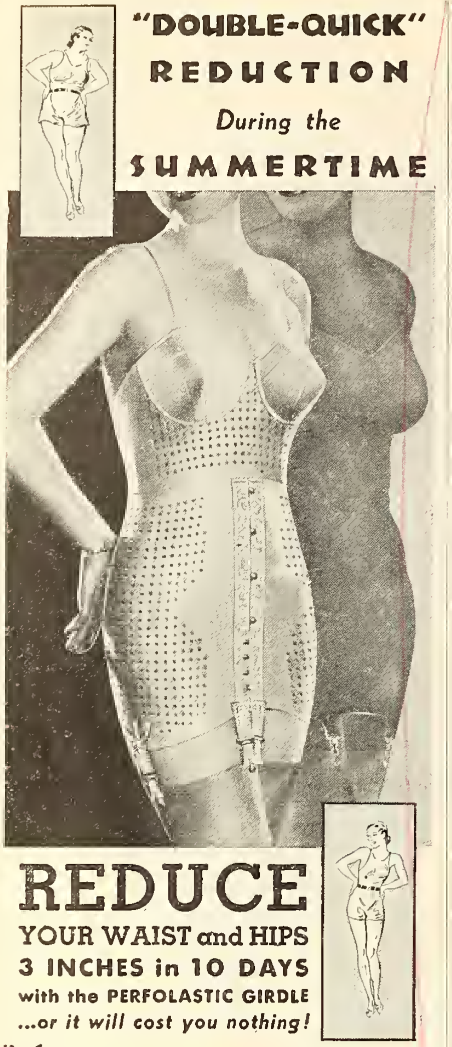
USE ROUGE AND POWDER? YES, OF COURSE! BUT THANKS TO **LUX TOILET SOAP** I'M NOT A BIT AFRAID OF COSMETIC SKIN

*JOAN BENNETT*



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# Claudette Colbert's New Code of Living

[*Continued from page 29*]

went through the laborious grind of learning form and design and color technique. Recently, one of her old classmates remarked that Lily—she was Lily Chauchoin in those days—had more talent than the rest of the class put together. Everyone—even the dress-designing houses with which she marketed her sketches—thought so. And if they had not tried to take advantage of her inexperience; if they had paid her the usual fifty dollars per drawing, instead of the two dollars they did give her, *there would have been no Claudette Colbert!* The stage, and subsequently the movies, never would have claimed her.

But Fate wouldn't let her furnish her own climax. *It* had to set the scene . . .

THE little flat on Fifty-Third Street was fairly bursting with her enthusiasm the night that Madame Burani, her former music teacher, called to say that she had mentioned Claudette's name to producer Brock Pemberton for the lead in a forthcoming Broadway play, *The Marionette Man.* The *lead,* mind you, and Claudette had spoken only three lines on the professional stage. But she accepted Fate's challenge. With head high, she sailed into Pemberton's office the next morning for an interview he has never forgotten.

"Possibly you know something about *The Marionette Man* already," he suggested. "The feminine lead is an Italian girl—very colorful, very spirited. As far as looks are concerned, you would be suitable. But—ah—what experience have you had?"

"My dear Mr. Pemberton, I've been on the stage for—let's see—why, almost since I can remember! In France, you know. As a matter of fact, I come of a theatrical family that dates back to Charlemagne!"

*"Theatrical family."* Shades of Grandpa Chauchoin, who rather thought the devil lurked behind the footlights! But Claudette had the surprising bravado of the very young and the very, very scared. There was no stopping her now.

"Indeed?" remarked Pemberton. "Exactly what kind of repertoire have you appeared in? Modern plays, perhaps a few of Molière's comedies?"

"Oh, yes, *of course!"* from Claudette. "And we did Shakespeare . . . "

"Um—so? I've always understood Shakespeare was somewhat unconquerable in French!"

"Well," little Miss Colbert assured him, *"we* conquered him!"

And Brock Pemberton signed her up. Weeks of rehearsal followed, after which came the thrill of opening before a select audience in Washington, D.C. . . . And then Fate caught up with her. The reviews were terrible. One of them said, without preamble, that the play was bad enough, but Claudette Colbert was worse! And seven months later the same critic was wearing out superlatives on his typewriter in a rave about one Miss Colbert and her work in *Kiss in the Taxi.*

But at the time Claudette was brokenhearted. She thought her career had died a-borning and it was then that that terrific sense of struggle came over her from which she is only now released.

"STRANGELY enough," she said to me, "it all fits in with a prophecy that was made to me that time I went around the world. I've never mentioned it before. I never expected to because—well, I don't believe in such things ordinarily. But this *is* queer . . .

"You see, we were traveling on a tramp freighter that touched at out-of-the-way ports, or we wouldn't have seen this part of China. It was old China, well off the beaten track and steeped in tradition. A French painter living there told us about a remarkable place called the Valley of the Dragons. There was a Taoist monastery above it, filled with priceless antiques. The Taoist order, he explained, has existed since the time of Confucius and, according to legend, they have a peculiar kind of knowledge hidden from most of mankind.

"Well, after walking miles through the eerie silence of that valley and climbing the mountain to the monastery, all I hoped was that the monks knew how to make tea! And they did. They brought in the most wonderful tea I've ever tasted—made of *fresh* green leaves. I tried to buy some to bring back with me, but they said it couldn't be sold. It was called 'the tea of life,' and whether it was my imagination or not, I don't know, but after I drank it all my tiredness left me. One of the monks told me that the leaves formed the symbol of my destiny. 'You must,' he said, 'go from east to west to seek it.' (I had been making pictures in New York before I left and I had no idea I would come to California.)

" 'Be patient for two years,' he continued. 'Then you will enter into the real sphere that is yours . . . A flaw in a mace of white jade may be ground away, but one cannot grind away what is written. You will have fame. You will be recognized on three continents. But you will not find peace until you stop pulling against the tide of life . . .'

"That's it, you see. I have 'stopped pulling' now. And I *have* found peace! It's marvelous to be so relaxed—and, being relaxed, able to do much better work."

**Watch for the first magazine photograph of Claudette Colbert in natural colors—which will appear on the cover of September MOVIE CLASSIC!**

## Be Beautiful—and Tanned!

[*Continued from page* 53]

this increased warmth, you will look pasty and "powdered."

If you have had trouble with suntan powders that streak, you will be relieved to hear that one of the very swankiest face powders is being brought out in a dusky, pink-beige shade that does not streak or turn an unpleasant ochre in tone. The new price of this powder is $1.25, which makes it more than a bargain. I have spent $2.75, many a time, for this same brand of powder because of its *heavenly* perfume and its lovely texture; and I am delighted to find that it is reduced in price. . . . It comes in an attractive round box, with a gold design on a dark background. Want the name?

When you find a lipstick that is indelible and also unchangeable in color tone, that's news! And when, in addition, the color is rich, glowing and brilliant, that news deserves an "Extra"! I have discovered all of these admirable qualities in a new shade of lipstick and I take a great deal of pleasure in telling you about it. Four other shades of this lipstick have been on toiletry counters for about two years, but the fifth one has been out for only two or three months. It really is a triumph of cosmetic chemistry, both for its permanence and its failure to turn purple on the lips. . . . The price of this lipstick, which comes in an engraved silvery case, is only $1. There's a matching cream cheek rouge at 75 cents. Would you like the name?

SOME of us with very neat figures and a love of swimming refuse to appear in bathing suits because of birthmarks or scars that our street clothes conceal. Much more common than might be supposed, this state of affairs can be prevented by the use of a flexible cream make-up that very cleverly covers the offending blemishes. This make-up will not crack when on the skin and it is definitely waterproof, if it is not rubbed while wet.

I have heard dermatologists all over the country vouch for the harmlessness of this preparation and tell amazingly poignant stories of how it has reconstructed life for many of their patients, disfigured by scars from burns, accidents or skin diseases. . . . It comes in a variety of colors, to match all skin tones, and is applied with a brush. Before purchasing a bottle (which costs $3), you should write to the manufacturer asking for the color chart showing samples of the six shades (including suntan) in which the cream is available. Then you can match your own skin perfectly. I shall be glad to give you the address.

You are running a terrific risk to do without a deodorant at any time, but it gives you the seal of social disfavor when you omit it even occasionally during warm weather. Frankly, you might

[*Continued on page* 61]

It's time for Pabst-

*When in Milwaukee, visit the famous Pabst Breweries. See the laboratories and scientific control that assure and maintain Pabst Blue Ribbon quality.*

When he gets home—from golf, or the baseball game—or work—give him a real Blue Ribbon welcome.

Serve the most refreshing hot weather beverages—good Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer or Ale. There's nothing better as a thirst-quencher—nothing better to smooth away the cares of the day. Serve Pabst Blue Ribbon with his meals—it will make his favorite dish taste better.

The dealer who displays the Pabst Blue Ribbon sign will be pleased to keep your refrigerator stocked with Pabst—the brew guaranteed by a more than ninety-year reputation. Phone him now—for a case of safe, cool, refreshing Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer or Ale.

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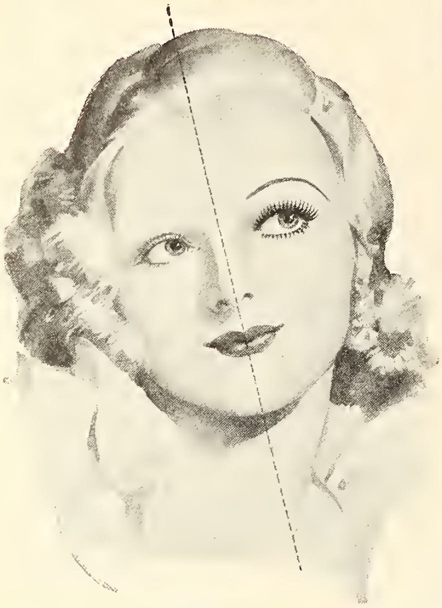
WHAT A DIFFERENCE!



what a truly amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids do make

DO you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow scraggly brows and pale, scanty lashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature, your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids!

Simply darken your lashes into long-appearing, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and see how the eyes instantly appear larger and more expressive. It is absolutely harmless, non-smarting, and tear-proof, and keeps the lashes soft and silky. Black for brunettes, Brown for blondes.

Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how the eyes immediately take on brilliance and color, adding depth and beauty to the expression. There are five exquisite shades of this pure, creamy shadow: Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet, and Green.

Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. A perfect pencil that you will adore It comes in Black or Brown.

To stimulate the natural growth of your lashes, apply the pure, nourishing Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream before retiring.

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BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY VIOLET AND GREEN
Maybelline
COLORLESS
Maybelline Eyebrow Brush
BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

## Ann Sothern's Advice to Young Moderns

[*Continued from page* 24]

had to have something besides contacts. Those alone didn't keep me in pictures. A few friends can open the way for you, but after one or two false starts on the screen, all the friends in the world couldn't help you.

"TO BE utterly frank, the primary quality any girl needs is beauty. By that I mean only features that are not hard to look at. A winning personality and a talent for going persistently after what she wants are necessary, too.

"We can't all be actresses. I'd suggest that the girl who wants a career should discuss her capabilities with someone older and wiser who knows her well. Some people can spend an entire lifetime striving to do a particular job, only to find out too late that they were infinitely better suited to something else.

"Every girl has to take an inventory of her talents. If she likes drawing or dress designing, she should study one or the other thoroughly. Later she may turn purposely to another occupation to which she becomes better suited. She may find her life's work in some field that she never expected to enter. The one thing any girl should not do if she expects any sort of career is to stand still. There aren't any real vacations for the ambitious."

Ann Sothern has never "stood still," on or off the screen. A lull between pictures finds her continuing her voice study, rehearsing her dancing and preparing herself for the constantly changing demands of screen work.

"There is no such thing as an actress resting on her laurels," she says. "Those who are at the top in their profession often work every bit as hard as those on the way up. The 'dance cycle' started by Fred Astaire has made it almost imperative for an actress to know a thing or two about dancing, but that will pass in a year or so. Then some new trend—color, for instance—will create new problems for even the veteran actress.

"THE ever-changing requirements make progress more and more difficult for any girl who seeks a career in movies. The ability to dance well will always be an asset, but I wouldn't advise anyone to concentrate completely on this one talent. For, by the time that she achieves some degree of superiority, she may find that her concentration on dancing has deprived her of that one big chance to succeed.

"Every girl, I believe, must have a good general education—including, if possible, a speaking knowledge of one or two foreign languages. She can't afford to neglect her social life, since any actress must be well acquainted with human behavior in general. No girl should be a drudge. She should play as hard as she works. She should learn to swim well, to play golf or tennis, to ride, fly an airplane, or to do anything that will give her confidence, courage and good health.

"I'm afraid this all sounds a little 'know-it-all,' but naturally I don't intend it that way. As a matter of fact, I'll confess that I've had a pretty bad inferiority complex to fight. And, having mastered it to some extent, my experience may be worth something to girls who are starting out as I did a few years ago.

"I had to force myself to do certain things and perhaps that very strong effort that I made, because of the fear that I wouldn't succeed, helped me to accomplish something. Those who can do things easily sometimes lose out to others who do a much better job because they had to try harder. To be afraid of a job may be the one thing that will drive you eventually to do it very well. I'd advise any girl not to give up because of an inferiority complex. Instead, she should be glad to have one to worry about a little.

"THE inclination never to be completely satisfied with a story probably brings success to a good many writers. The artist who growls about his latest painting while others applaud it certainly has a better chance to succeed than one who pats himself on the back for having done a masterpiece. Similarly, every sincere actress hopes to make her next rôle better than her last."

Ann reached for another piece of chocolate—her fourth.

"There is one thing I have forgotten," Ann resumed. "I notice many girls outside the profession making themselves up to look like actresses whom they admire. It doesn't pay A girl may be the Joan Crawford type, but she shouldn't forget her own individuality. Each girl should be able to say to herself—'There's no one else quite like me. I'm just a little different.'

"You know, of course, that in millions of fingerprints no two are exactly alike. So it is with people. Each of us has a distinctly individual personality, although at first glance, some of us may not stand out particularly from the crowd. Any girl who can develop this individuality of hers, so that it appeals to those around her, has won half the battle for success."

Summed up, Ann Sothern's advice consists of the rules she has thought out and adopted for her own career. There is one little matter that she did overlook, however. Girls with a positive passion for chocolate must diet, and with a sheepish look she admitted to me that it was so.

## Be Beautiful—and Tanned!

[*Continued from page* 59]

just as well throw away all your cosmetics and that cute new hat and dress, if you make a practice of forgetting to use an antiperspirant! There is nothing repulsive in wearing last year's hat, but there *is* something revolting about a girl who is not meticulously dainty.

Doctors all agree that the use of a reliable antiperspirant on the underarm area is beneficial, rather than harmful, since this area, unless kept clean and fresh, provides a likely place for infection. There is a very fine antiperspirant on the market that not only deodorizes, but checks perspiration locally. An amber-colored fluid in a smart-looking bottle with an applicator top, this antiperspirant affords varying degrees of protection, depending on the way you apply it.

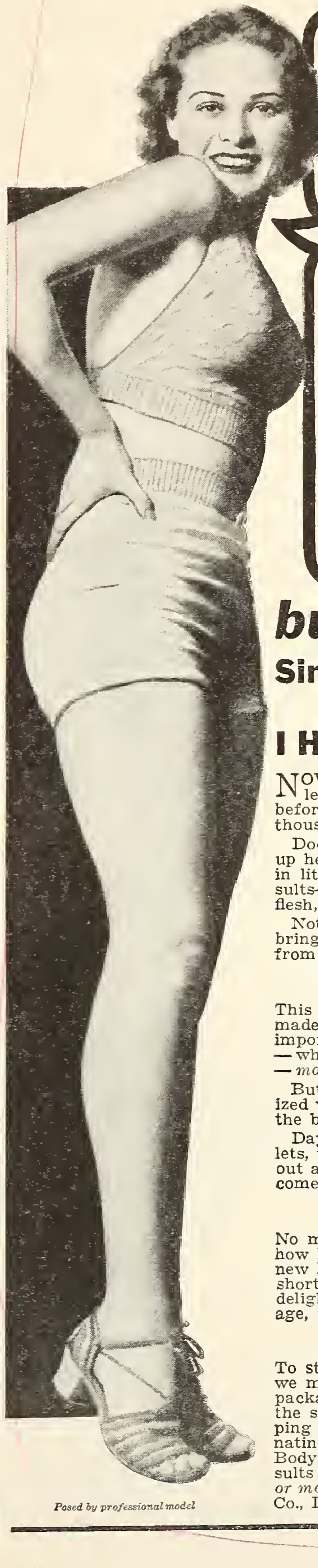
One method insures seventy-two hours' immunity; another, forty-eight hours; and a third, twenty-four hours' relief from perspiration annoyances. It sells for fifty cents. I shall be glad to furnish the manufacturer's name.

I RECEIVE hundreds of letters from girls who long to wear tennis shorts and bathing suits, but cannot do so because of a growth of superfluous hair on their legs; and I feel genuinely sorry for them, even when they confess that they have encouraged the growth by shaving it off frequently. There is a stigma of masculinity attached to superfluous hair that is hard to endure, but there is no need to be tragic about it, considering the mild and effective depilatories that are available.

One that I have used frequently is a snowy powder, which is mixed with water to form a paste. The application is simplicity itself. The only rule is this: that you apply the paste on the superfluous hair and then remove it within five minutes. It should be removed from sensitive skin in three minutes. Do not, of course, apply *any* depilatory on an open cut or pimple.

If you will use a good depilatory regularly and patiently, just as you shampoo your hair and brush your teeth, you will be able to conquer the superfluous hair ogre. The depilatory to which I have referred costs only fifty cents a bottle.

What are your summer beauty problems? Alison Alden will help you solve them. Also, as she has told you, she will be glad to send you, on request, the trade name of any of the beauty aids she has described in this article. Address Alison Alden, Beauty Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City—enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your answer.



*Posed by professional model*

MEN WOULDN'T LOOK AT ME WHEN I WAS SKINNY

***but...***

**Since I Gained 10 Pounds This New, Easy Way I Have All the Dates I Want**

NOW there's no need to be "skinny" and friendless, even if you never could gain an ounce before. Here's a new, easy treatment that is giving thousands attractive flesh—*in just a few weeks!*

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But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add energy.

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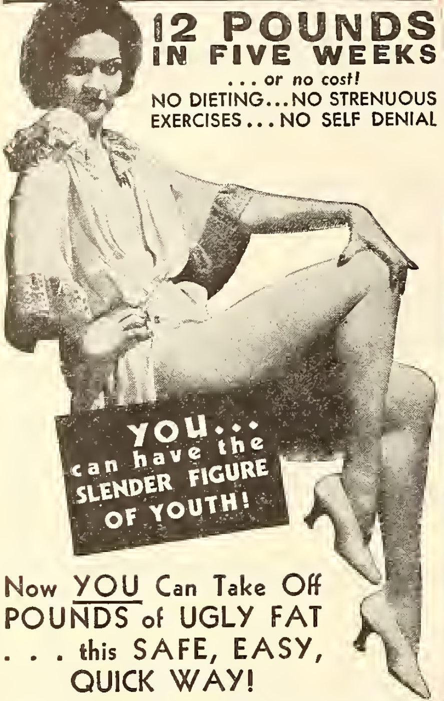
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☐ Send Dilex-Redusol Capsules, C. O. D. I will pay postman $3.00 (plus 23 cents postage.)
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Orders from Canada & Foreign Countries Cash in Advance.

# "Success Is My Revenge," Says Bette Davis

[*Continued from page 25*]

horror. 'Bette wants to go on the stage!' It was foolish and unthinkable—the ridiculous aspiration of a girl in her teens. All my family was like that about it. Except Mother. She—bless her heart—was all for it. In fact, *she* opened a decorator's shop, so that she could earn money with which to send me to a dramatic school. Not only did the rest of the family think that I was crazy, but they were certain that Mother—or Ruth, as they called her—was completely mad.

"'Poor Ruth! What a thankless thing she is doing!' I can still remember them saying that, shaking their heads over a poor lost soul. That, more than anything else in the world, angered me. That criticism of my mother gave me, more than anything else in the world, a desire to succeed. I'd make them take it all back—plenty.

"MANY a time I was told to my face, by people who were supposed to know, that I would never be a successful actress. Well-meaning friends told me—prefacing their remarks with, 'It's only because we're fond of you, Bette, that we hate to see you wasting your time.' It was for my own good, they told me. If I had been a startling beauty, or had had a flair for the dramatic, that would have been different. But *what* did I expect to give to the stage, what could *I* expect to get out of it!

"Well, what they said *was* for my own good, but not in the way these people intended. It was for my own good, because each criticism made me grit my teeth. And I thought: *'I'll show you*, my friends! I'll make you eat your words!'

"Every time that somebody told me I was lousy—excuse me, but it's one of my favorite words—I became more determined to succeed. *If you want to be a successful actress, I can't wish anything better for you than that you know a lot of people who will tell you that you'll never get any place!* What human doesn't enjoy showing critics where they were wrong—getting the revenge of success?

"Perhaps I have had more inspiration for revenge than some other people out here in Hollywood. As a small girl, I was more often *disliked*, than liked. I remember once, at a dance, I overheard a boy talking about me to his partner. He said, 'Who does she think she is? She is the most stuck-up, conceited person around here.' I have remembered that boy from that day on. And, just recently, when he wrote me that he was passing through town, I told him that *of course* I would be glad to see him. And did I high-hat him when that opportunity came!

"Plenty of people in those days—especially, the senior boys in school—used to think I was conceited. The reason, I'm sure, was because I never paid any attention to the older boys. And that was something they just couldn't understand. Because, of course, all the younger girls in the school wanted to be dated up by the seniors. But, for some strange reason, I never particularly liked boys who were older than myself. Still, it's not so strange—because I have always been in love with Ham, I suppose. Even when I was a little girl in school."

"Ham," whose more dignified name is Harmon Nelson, is Bette Davis' husband, and a young orchestra leader.

"HAM never paid any attention to me in those days. I scarcely existed, as far as he was concerned. But I was used to being overlooked. It didn't discourage me. If anything, it had just the opposite effect. Not that I want to infer that revenge had anything to do with my marrying Ham. That was simply love. But his indifference *was* something to battle—and I like battles!"

Bette began to walk around the room, in that active, spirited manner of hers, which should find full expression when she co-stars with Edward G. Robinson in both *Money Man* and *Napoleon.* Yes, I could see that Bette was the sort of person who would like battles. She has great vitality. It is evident in her walk, her talk, her thinking.

I asked, "The fact that people here in Hollywood don't think your marriage will last—that it is on too uneven a keel, with you making so much more money than your husband,—doesn't that give you a special incentive to make it a success?"

"Oh, no!" Bette answered, laughing. "My revenge motive has been an incentive only as far as my career is concerned. It has nothing to do with my marriage. I'm in love with Ham and he's in love with me. Maybe our marriage will last. Maybe it won't. I think it's foolish to make predictions about marriage. That's really all I have to say about it. Except—" and Bette grinned. "Except that I think it will!"

---

**Answer to Crossword Puzzle in July Movie Classic**

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## Say "Charm" with Flowers!

[*Continued from page 18*]

No, it hasn't taken long to grow . . . only about six weeks. All you do is take a large sweet potato, a nice long one, and place it on its side in a bowl, and half cover it with water. You must keep the water at this level. In less than a week, the potato begins to sprout . . . and from then on, there's no stopping it from becoming a fern!

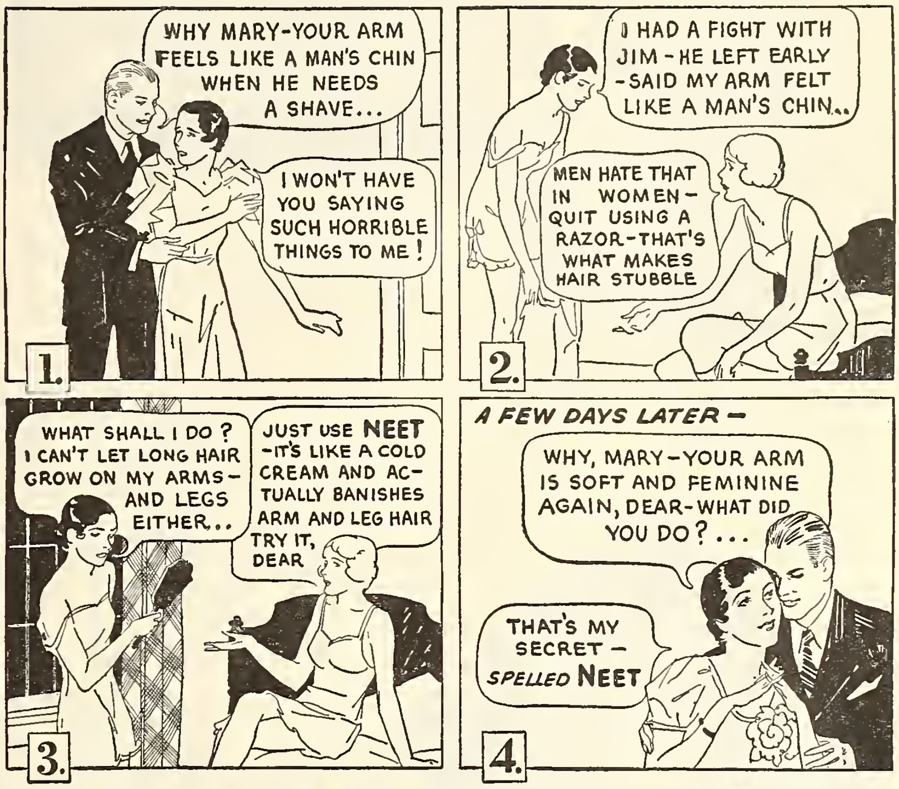
"YOU can do practically the same thing with a carrot. Take a large one, cut off the top and hollow out some of the inside. Then, with an ice-pick, make three small holes, evenly distributed, about a quarter of an inch down from the top of the carrot. Through these three holes, draw three short strings, knotting them firmly. (Ribbon is more attractive, of course.) Then join the three strings to one long one, from which you will hang the carrot in a window (where there isn't too much sun). The strings must be adjusted so that the carrot will hang straight, for now you fill the hollowed carrot with water. Keep it filled with water. In a week or ten days it will begin to sprout all over, in a fine maiden-hair type of fern, and form an effective green ball.

"Know a mistake that many people make when arranging flowers? They neglect to strip the stems almost entirely of leaves. Too many leaves packed into a vase along with flowers, especially roses, spoil the effectiveness of graceful stems. Also, leaves require just as much nourishment as flowers do, and by eliminating most of the leaves, you allow more nourishment to get to the blossoms. Be sure, however, to cut the leaves off, instead of tearing them off, for tearing is apt to rip the stems.

"Another original idea, of a little different nature, is a flower table that will aid you in arranging your flowers. This is small and set on castors, so that it may be whirled around. You place the vase or bowl you are arranging on this little table, and then just turn it to see how the flowers look from all angles. A table of this sort, incidentally, is a grand gift for your flower-loving friends, as well as for yourself. Buy an unpainted table, a small one, either square or round, paint it, and put it on castors, and you have a really original gift. The whole thing wouldn't have to cost more than two or three dollars."

Elissa could go on about flowers and flower gadgets forever. But even though she has given us, here, only a smattering of her extensive knowledge on the subject, we're grateful! We can try the sweet potato and carrot ferns, ourselves. We can try floating flowers on water . . . try all the things she has suggested, and, more than ever, be saying "Charm" with flowers!

WHY MARY REALLY GOT RID OF ARM AND LEG HAIR *by Wells*


WHY MARY-YOUR ARM FEELS LIKE A MAN'S CHIN WHEN HE NEEDS A SHAVE...
I WON'T HAVE YOU SAYING SUCH HORRIBLE THINGS TO ME!
1.
I HAD A FIGHT WITH JIM-HE LEFT EARLY -SAID MY ARM FELT LIKE A MAN'S CHIN...
MEN HATE THAT IN WOMEN-QUIT USING A RAZOR-THAT'S WHAT MAKES HAIR STUBBLE
2.
WHAT SHALL I DO? I CAN'T LET LONG HAIR GROW ON MY ARMS-AND LEGS EITHER...
JUST USE NEET-IT'S LIKE A COLD CREAM AND ACTUALLY BANISHES ARM AND LEG HAIR TRY IT, DEAR
3.
A FEW DAYS LATER-
WHY, MARY-YOUR ARM IS SOFT AND FEMININE AGAIN, DEAR-WHAT DID YOU DO?...
THAT'S MY SECRET-SPELLED NEET
4.

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See page 68 for New CLASSIC department—"Handy Hints"

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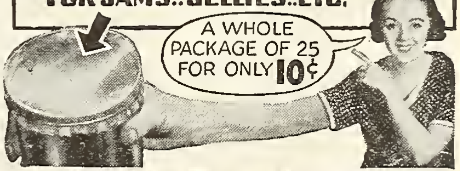
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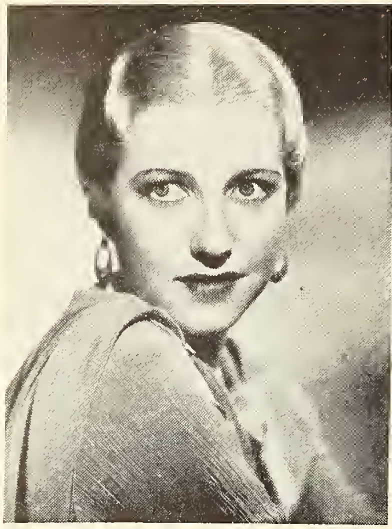
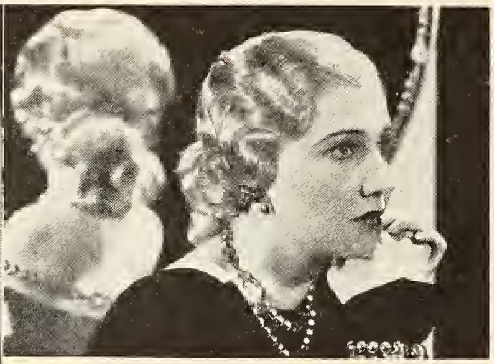


The **MAHAJOR** was created to accompany gowns featuring the "Sari." Flattering for round faces



The **PSYCHE** (left) is excellent with high-necked, low-backed frocks—and the Grecian silhouette

*Fashions by Royer*
*Coiffures by Irene Beshon*
*Modeled by Mona Barrie*

# The Magic of Coiffures

Five clever changes of hairdress . . . and Mona Barrie looks like five different girls. This explains how

### By Royer, Fox Film Stylist

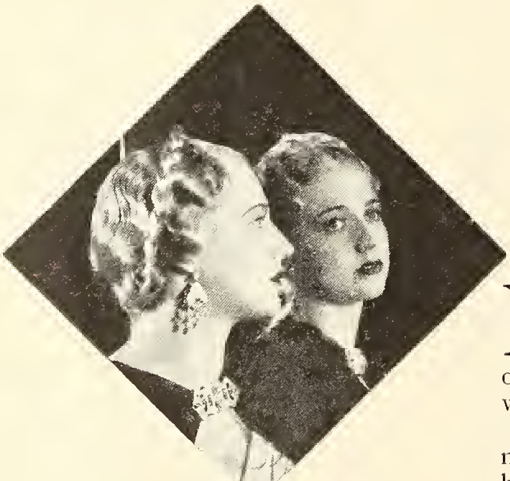
NO WOMAN is smarter than her coiffure, and no woman can suggest glamor unless her hair is in harmony with her costume.

No matter how beautiful she may be, no matter how lovely or how individual her gowns, her ensemble falls into mediocrity if her hair is not coifed in keeping with them. Therefore, when I create clothes for screen stars, my sketches indicate whether the hair shall be loosely or tightly dressed and whether curls, straight or waved bangs, or tresses drawn straight back from the forehead should be worn. Each sketch is made with a particular gown for a particular woman in mind.

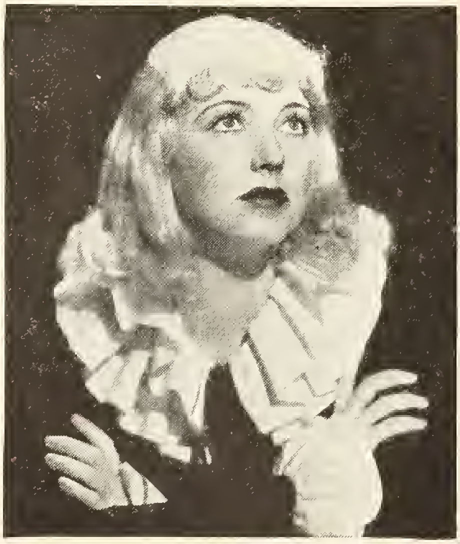
In doing research for new motifs in costume design, a period hairdress often gives us inspiration for a modern revival of it. While the costume designer does not pretend to dictate the hairdress, he does sponsor and often suggest to the hair stylist the development and trend of a new hair mode. This procedure was followed in the case of the styles shown in the accompanying photographs. Irene Beshon, Fox Studio hair stylist, created these beautiful coiffures for Miss Mona Barrie, one of the best-dressed younger women on the screen.

Miss Beshon has invariably developed to perfection each type of hairdress that she has attempted, and the five styles shown here offer coiffures suitable for many types of gowns and faces.

● For instance, in Miss Barrie's rôle in *Ladies Love Danger,* she appeared in a classical gown with a toga wrap. With it she wore a hairdress called the *Roma.* From a center part, the hair was waved over the temples and ears, and braided to stand erect about the head, coronet fashion. No woman with a plump face should use this hair-

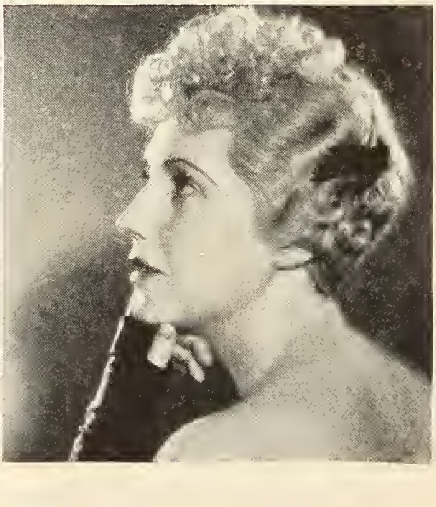


The **ROMA**, featuring the coronet braid, was designed for a classic gown featuring a Roman toga-type wrap



Above, the **TRILBY**—for an ethereal mood. This coiffure emphasizes the lustrous quality of the eyes

Below, the **VICTORIA**—excellent for Regency gowns. It makes older faces younger, yet smartly sophisticated



dress, as the braid used in this manner tends to accentuate head-width.

The *Trilby* type of hairdress with deep bangs was designed to emphasize the faintly mysterious quality of a simple black velvet gown that featured a double ruche of white grosgrain ribbon about the throat. It is a hairdress for an ethereal mood. Miss Barrie's long blonde hair, slightly curled at the ends, gave her a naïve quality and carried out the distinctive elements of the gown. This coiffure emphasizes the lustrous quality of the eyes and the line of the eyebrows, and acts as an interesting facial frame. It should be confined, however, to women with well-shaped chins and pleasing eyebrow lines. Women with high, arched brows and heavy jowls and protruding chins should avoid it.

● *MAHAJOR* is for wear with gowns of the new Hindu and East Indian influence, particularly gowns with the *sari* type of scarf, worn over the hair. Because the gowns have severe lines and since the scarf must be draped over the head, the coiffure must be of a type that is firm, with the hair close to the head.

Therefore, a center part, with the waves drawn tightly over the ears into a low, Oriental knot, is important. Such a hairdress is extremely flattering to women who are inclined to have overround faces. It demands a face of even contour and has a tendency to add age to the face of the woman who wears it. It is, therefore, better adapted to the woman of sophistication, rather than to the naïve type.

The *Victoria* is a coiffure that was inspired by the present fashion of off-the-shoulder, bouffant gowns of Regency and Victorian flavor. With Miss Barrie's bouffant black taffeta gown and mitts, and with such accessories as small Victorian jet bands on the low V-neck and as clips in the hair, this hairdress was required. Patterned directly after an old Victorian print, it features ringlets over the forehead and the top of the head, massed in the "forward" manner—once so popular and now revived.

This hairdress is especially suitable for women with high foreheads, upon which ringlets appear to good advantage. However, the *Victoria* should be avoided by women who have overlong faces or large, irregular features, as the forehead arrangement of ringlets is apt to increase the length of the face. Girls with small features should avoid using too great a mass of ringlets, as they give a somewhat overpowering effect on such faces.

The *Victoria* is a hairdress beautifully appropriate for bouffant materials such as organdy, mousseline-de-soie and taffeta. It has a tendency to make older faces younger while still preserving smart sophistication.

The *Psyche* is the newest hairdress of the group. It has an entirely new and modern aspect and is especially suitable for the woman who wears a high-fronted, low-backed gown.

The hair is combed straight back from the forehead with either center or side part, as most becomes the face. It is then drawn tightly to the back, since its weight and emphasis must be placed at the nape of the neck. If the hair is loose about the face, this type of hairdress becomes unattractive, due to the small size of the knot, which is its chief asset and which may be of either the coil or the braided type.

Women with short hair will find this hint of value, when they wish to attain a "long-haired" coiffure: simply add a switch, which can be arranged easily, after the hair is brought firmly back in place. Those with very high foreheads may find it necessary to use a small fringe or bang to overcome the suggestion of a frightened or startled look. This hairdress is excellent, also, for the Grecian silhouette that is now so popular.

JOHNNIE GOES PLACES!
A Visit to the Polo Grounds New York
"Call for PHILIP MORRIS"
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## Merle Oberon Wears Everything Well

[*Continued from page* 45]

it on, it seems, like a coat over the molded slip of crêpe de chine. And if you have a flair for finesse in dress, you wear a bracelet of green beads to match that belt, as Merle does. When she does wear jewelry, she wears little of it—and with telling effect. I noticed that particularly when I saw her a few nights later at a party.

Somebody said, "Isn't that Merle Oberon? Heavens, isn't she lovely!" And she was . . .

Her gown was white chiffon, beaded in silver, with a simple lingerie top and a train. Her only bracelet was the slave bracelet she is never without. She had clasped her diamond earrings on the *side* of her ear, instead of on the lobe, and she wore no necklace. It would have detracted from the gown. But the most interesting note of all was her "angel sleeves." They are, without exception, the last word in summer evening styles. Great swaths of white chiffon are pleated from a stitched band at the neck and are caught again at the wrists. They do give a girl that ethereal look that men find so intriguing. Certainly, David Nevin was finding Merle intriguing. (David, you know, is the young scion of Scotch nobility who is giving film work a trial.)

IT IS not only the Oberon simplicity of manner that enchants. It is her simplicity of style, too. Anything elaborate would take away from her looks and she is wise enough to keep all her clothes down to smart lines.

Some might say that she has gone to the extreme in her turquoise-blue dinner gown—it is so severely plain. But the material is so gorgeous that even a fancy pin would ruin the effect. It is Schiaparelli's famous spongy crêpe made into a semi-shirtmaker frock, with buttons rippling down the front and batwing sleeves. The skirt is slit in front and there is an inserted train destined to create graceful lines wherever she walks. The gold sandals—no, indeed, sandals have not slipped out of our fashion lives yet!—add exactly the right color note with that turquoise-blue.

Blue is a favorite of Merle's. In a glorious sapphire shade, it trims her little one-piece printed crêpe dress. This kind of dress is a midsummer blessing and when I saw her in it, the last vestige of my mysterious-lady-of-India waved goodbye. Especially, when Merle confessed that her pet aversion in clothes was the dressy afternoon type—the slinky satins with silver fox and the lacy frou-frous. (Why, what self-respecting exotic can get along without them!) Then I had to remember that Oberon is just her version of "O'Brien," her full name being Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson. And who ever heard of an O'Brien Thompson being anything else but a natural, normal person?

"What about this 'born-in-Tasmania' note in your biography?" I demanded.

"It was just an accident. My father was an English army officer and he had been stationed there. My mother was half-English and half-French-Dutch."

"And that makes you . . . "

"An actress, I hope," she laughed. And when Merle laughs, even the birds sit up and take notice.

BUT, returning to clothes, she has a second pet aversion—hats. One of the few times she wears one is with her yellow suit of the new "coolaine" fabric, which does not wrinkle. The sleeves are elbow-length and the coat has a surplice closing with a little turned-back collar. The brown leather belt is fashioned after a rifleman's and her suède accessories are in the same tone of brown. The hat, if you can term it by that name, is a slide-away pancake beautifully stitched on top, and designed with a world of dash.

It is only in her negligées that young Miss Oberon, aged twenty-three, gives evidence of her upbringing in the Far East. She likes silk brocades with flaring coats. The pajamas that Omar Kiam made her have a Chinese trend. The top might belong to a Manchu princess, but the trousers are definitely American. They are what Omar calls the "straightaway cut with turned-back cuffs in black taffeta."

"And what do you call Miss Oberon?" I ventured.

"I call her a complete success in fashion, as she is in every other way—the hundred-percent girl."

Which seems to be the general opinion. . . .

*Wide World*

**Merle Oberon looks over sketches of gowns that Omar Kiam has designed for "The Dark Angel"—in which she will show a new side of her personality.**

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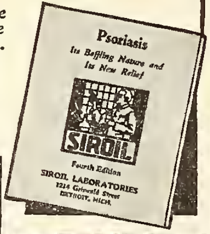

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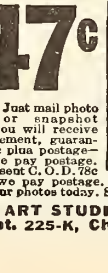

## Raquel Torres Invites You to a Hollywood Party!

[*Continued from page 41*]

founded by Carl Laemmle.

Irene Dunne, whom you last saw—and heard—in *Roberta,* will probably be working there in *The Magnificent Obsession.* Binnie Barnes is just finishing in *Diamond Jim Brady,* and will start a new picture soon. Margaret Sullavan will be preparing for *Time Out of Mind.* William Powell is soon starting a picture on the Universal lot, and, of course, there will be such stars as Chester Morris, Sally Eilers, Buck Jones, and many others busy there. And you will see a picture actually being filmed.

THEN there will be trips to other points of interest in Hollywood, a tour through the residential districts of Beverly Hills, where the stars live, and then that big party for you, given by the lovely Mexican star, Raquel Torres.

Raquel has a big swimming pool, lovely lawns and trees, a grand house and a cocktail bar that is indeed picturesque. No more charming hostess could be found in all Hollywood. She is most democratic and her cosmopolitan parties are always popular, so you will be made to feel right at home. Spanish hospitality is proverbial, and she maintains the best traditions of that hospitality at her luxurious home.

When she heard about the Tour, in fact, she said that she would personally write to all who ask questions about it and invite them. That's Raquel!

For those who want to see the San Diego Fair, which President Roosevelt is visiting this summer, there will be trips arranged also.

So it's all aboard for Hollywood! Are you coming to the party? Then write immediately for full details. Address a card to J. C. Godfrey, Jr., Manager, Movieland Tour, 360 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. You will receive promptly a beautiful pamphlet describing the tour with full details. Act today! Reservations soon close, for the train is getting up steam. Don't miss our Hollywood party! *Your* Hollywood party!

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# Handy Hints from Hollywood

By Marian Rhea

THOSE Sunday suppers, informal and gay, are fun—sometimes the impromptu ones even more than the scheduled ones. And they are most enjoyable to the hostess when the refrigerator is full of potential viands, ready for serving with very little additional attention.

It is Toby Wing's idea (Toby is one of Hollywood's real cooks) to have a number of things ready except for reheating, perhaps—or assembling, in the case of a salad.

For example, take creamed dishes such as creamed crab meat with hard-boiled eggs and pimientos. You can prepare it the day before you intend serving it, turn it into a glass oven dish, sprinkle it with buttered crumbs and paprika and tuck it away in your electric refrigerator, all ready to put in the oven a half-hour before time to serve. With this, Toby recommends stuffed potatoes.

As for salad—many of the vegetables can be chopped, packed solid in a bowl, covered with water, and kept on ice.

Those new contraptions that prepare vegetables for salad are simply slick! You can take a carrot, for example, and cut it into pieces a dozen different sizes and shapes—from tiny shreds to dicelike cubes. And that, of course, goes for any vegetable. The better variety of graters or slicers don't rust and will last a lifetime.

Toby Wing's recipe for stuffed potatoes:

Scrub potatoes of uniform size, dry and grease. Bake until mealy, cut in two and scoop out the inside, saving shells. Heat good quantity of milk, season well with salt, pepper, butter and paprika. Mash potatoes (you can do it beautifully with an electric mixer, Toby says) and whip in milk until mixture is smooth. Put back in shells, sprinkle with paprika and perhaps a little grated cheese. Arrange in shallow pan, cover with waxed paper and place in electric refrigerator, ready for reheating and browning when desired.

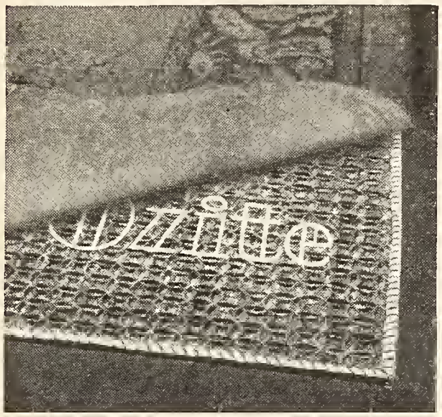
WINNIE LIGHTNER, who likes to spend hours in the garden of her Beverly Hills home, has a remarkably complete set of garden tools, including a little low collapsible stool that works something like a camp stool and has a compartment underneath in which to carry various small implements. Other things in her collection include weatherproof plant labels, a fork for transplanting, a combination trowel and weeder, several very light aluminum trowels, lopping shears, and a seed sower (this insures even sowing).

Gardening is rather hard on the hands, but there is a way to help this situation. Rub rather soft soap under the fingernails and around the cuticle beforehand. Also, wear gloves whenever possible. This is a good idea when sweeping and dusting, too.

Paper towels are convenient things in several ways. Karen Morley keeps a supply in her kitchen on which to drain French fried potatoes and all of the other things she cooks in deep fat.

WOULDN'T you like some home-canned jams and jellies and pickles this year—"the kind that Mother used to make?" Don't register consternation

Do you like homemade jams and jellies—and hate the work attached to making them? Then you haven't heard about "Jiffy Seals," the new jar-covers. They are described in this article at the work you might let yourself in for, because you won't have the arduous labor that Mother used to have. (I learned about it from a smart "extra" girl who is taking advantage of California's low-priced fruit—and "storing up" for winter.)



Turn back the corners of Hollywood rugs, and you will find rug cushions —the protective, long-lasting kind

For one thing, there is a new contrivance on the market called "Jiffy Seal," which lives up to its name and makes a game of the once endless process of covering up the orange marmalade, the raspberry jam, the mustard pickles. It is a transparent cellulose disc, five inches across, which looks very much like thick Cellophane. To put it on, in place of the old-fashioned cover, all you do is to moisten it, stretch it across the top of the jar, then seal it with a rubber band. Drying, it shrinks and forms an air-tight cover, which is as sanitary as it is easy to remove. And you can get twenty-five "Jiffy Seals" for one small, thin dime.

PRACTICALLY everybody these days, is aware of what a "rug cushion" can do to make a rug feel softer and thicker underfoot and to make it last longer. But what you may not know is that all rug cushions are not alike, even though they may *look* like close cousins.

The best ones are made entirely of hair—not of vegetable fibres such as jute, or even mixtures of jute and hair. These last mat down in time, as the hair cushions don't; and cushions that mat down on the least provocation actually shorten the life of rugs, since they offer no "shock absorber" to the grinding of heels and furniture, et cetera,

You can't enter movie homes without being rug-conscious. And looking under most of the luxurious-feeling rugs, you will find "Ozite" cushions. They meet the all-hair test, are ozonized to remove any trace of odor, and are mothproofed to discourage mother moths from nesting under rugs. Yes, I learned, they cost a little more in the beginning—but are worth that "little more" in view of the protection they furnish and the way they last. So store this tip away against your next rug-buying day. Or are some of your present rugs deserving of good cushions?

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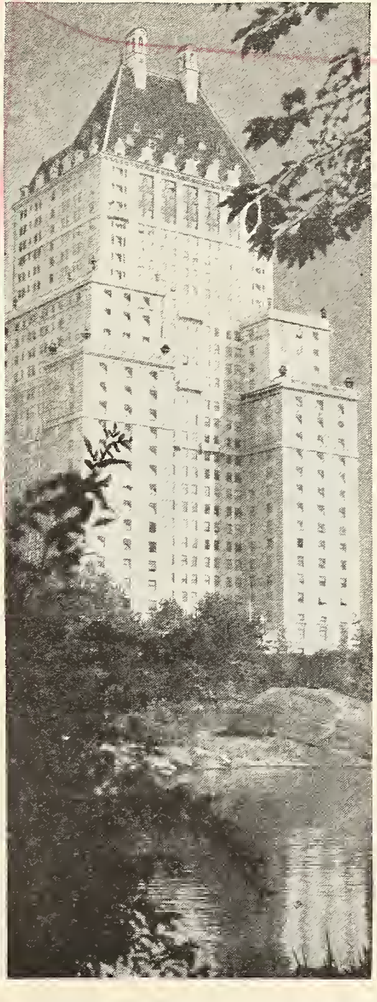

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## Bing Crosby as a Husband

[*Continued from page 27*]

tell you, he really works his head off.

But Bing has never changed about being amused that people actually want to pay him for singing.

"I like to sing," he will say, "and I do the best I can. I'd sing for nothing, but if anyone wants to pay me for it, I'd be a chump not to accept. As long as I get paid for it, I'll sing in public; when they stop paying me I'll sing for my own amusement."

As A matter of exact fact, Bing always manages to do precisely as he pleases in his easygoing way. Except on the radio and in the movies I have never heard him sing a song all the way through. And he has no orthodox ideas about "saving" his voice. He smokes—a pipe usually—and frequently he drinks soda pop before breakfast and he has been known to drink beer between recordings of records! It would never occur to him to take either himself or his "art" seriously.

Actually, I have a job getting him to do the things other people expect of him. We seldom go out—except for bridge with our neighbors and very good friends, the Arlens. Bing considers ten the right hour to retire, and no matter who may be present, he still considers ten his "goodnight" time.

Not long ago we were having a party. When ten came, Bing got up from his chair and said: "Goodnight, folks—have a good time." And away he went, without so much as a "Will you carry on?" to me.

But I have learned a good deal about Bing—and I know that if I were to do the same thing, he would not question it for a second. So what can you do about *that?*

That crooner kills me!

As FOR his sons, Bing says: "I hope that Gary and the twins will grow up to be both singers and actors. I'd like them to be a million times better than I am at either—but if they don't show any inclination toward these professions we certainly won't force them down their throats. They will be given every encouragement and advantage to become the very best of whatever they wish to be. At least we hope they'll be happy and exactly like other boys!" Which, of course, echoes my own feelings in the matter.

Naturally, Bing has some private ambitions of his own. He wants, eventually, to be a short-story writer and intends to study writing seriously when, as, and if crooning wanes. He knows the words of more than a thousand songs and has written the lyrics for a few himself. He does not want to be starred alone in pictures, ever, preferring to be one of a star cast. He likes yachting and fishing, eats an apple a day and chews gum incessantly, even while singing and acting in front of the camera, for he has learned the trick of putting it in the side of his mouth to escape detection.

He never rehearses more than once, and during broadcasts always wears a hat or a cap. Bing spends plenty of money on clothes, but even when we are having company for dinner he looks as though he has been pulled out of a scrap bag. The old orange sweater, which has been his pride and joy for many years, finally wore threadbare. We all breathed a sigh of relief! And then, lo and behold! Bing arrived home the next day with another sweater of a much *brighter* shade of orange. That crooner kills me!

. . . . Really, Bing is very sweet and very considerate. When we went to San Francisco, on a recent trip, and left the children behind in care of a nurse, he spent half his time calling the house to see if everything were all right; and when I was making *Love in Bloom* he quietly, but firmly, saw to it that I was not overworked and that the surrounding conditions were pleasant and comfortable for me.

His weaknesses? Well, there are ten things which Bing says he simply can't resist—and here they are:

*Listening to Ethel Waters.*
*A swing with any golf club he happens to see.*
*Horse racing.*
*Singing in a shower—and out of it.*
*Sitting down whenever possible.*
*Babies.*
*Sleeping in a hammock.*
*Benefits.*
*His mother's cooking.*
*Listening to any good band.*

And then there is one thing I find *I* can't resist. Have you guessed it? It's that crooner—he *thrills* me!

With Gary on one side of him, and the twins (Philip and Dennis) on the other, Bing has to budget now!

## Hollywood's Heart Problems —and Yours

[*Continued from page* 15]

is difficult to distinguish it from the other emotions that are so closely allied to it. Real love, you see, involves so much more than mere passion. It involves friendship, sacrifice, tolerance—everything. And it takes will power on the part of the girl to work the thing out successfully.

First of all, she cannot let the boy get too embroiled in love-making. It is usually up to her to see that an understanding is developed between them so that, if real love does come, they have it pretty well backed up with genuine companionship. *You have to temper love a little in order to keep it.* Forced flowers, you know, are not so fragrant and never so lasting or colorful as those that have been cultivated normally. And it is much the same with romance. Hurry it along and you are apt to destroy it. Let it blossom too quickly—and there is an early fading. But you can hold it forever by permitting it to grow naturally, gradually.

"WHAT makes a woman romantic?" I have been asked that a great many times by women who write to me from all over the world. There is only one answer. *A woman is romantic as long as she places a high value on herself.*

Unconsciously, people act the way they look, and there is nothing less appealing than a coarse, boisterous girl. She is "second choice"—always. So one has to be doubly careful not to look common, not to mistake gaudiness for attractiveness. You cannot lose in appeal, certainly, with something like this as a motto:

"Gay clothes I like—but not loud ones!

Gay talk I like—but not loud talk!"

When you think of romance, you think of quiet laughter, low voices, soft lights, sweet music. Jazz doesn't enter into the picture!

I suppose one of the best assets for romance that a girl can acquire after, as well as before, she is twenty-one is an ability to dance passably well. Dancing makes you graceful and it gives you a certain sparkle. It doesn't matter how long it takes you to learn. Keep at it until you feel that rhythm is a part of you. All men enjoy accomplished dancing partners.

There are other assets, too. Sometimes it pays a girl to be something of a Barnum and put on a good show to fill her husband's evenings! After all, it is comparatively easy for a bachelor to have all the comforts of home these days. When he marries he expects something more of a wife than good food. He wants social life, comradeship, pleasant times together. Loving partnership—that is the *real* seal that keeps romance unbroken!

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# The $25-a-Week Girl Can Dress Well, Too!

[*Continued from page* 51]

clever, they realize that they should select—out of all that they see—the things that fit their own particular types. That, of course, is the secret of good dressing: to take from the most outstanding fashions the things that are especially suitable for *you,* and then to adapt them to *your own* individuality.

"Fortunately, most American girls realize that. And so, when they watch some famous star, they know that certain clothes are not suitable for them or their purses, while other things can be duplicated at little cost and still be perfectly charming." Orry-Kelly's eyes are black, and they flashed as he spoke.

"When you ask me whether the girl who earns twenty-five dollars a week can be just as smartly dressed as any wealthy star, I say, yes. And I say this because the girl that we talk about has a sense of style, of fitness, of good taste!

"All right, Mr. Kelly," I said. "Let's get down to cases. Will you tell me exactly how this twenty-five-dollar-a-week girl can dress smartly?"

"Of course. I'll be glad to work out that problem for you, and I hope the result will be of some help to the girls who are readers of Movie Classic," Mr. Kelly answered.

YOU may earn more, you may earn less, but the $25-a-week figure should be an interesting one to consider—and his budget should be a most helpful one as a starting point. The work you do, the section in which you live, the home problems that you have—those things you must take into consideration and then adapt this plan to your needs.

There are two budgets to consider, as a matter of fact. First, there is the general budget that Mr. Kelly suggests. This appears in the box below his picture on page 51 and suggests a safe-and-sane distribution of a $25-a-week salary. As you can see, there is an allowance of $6.50 per week for clothes, which makes a total of $338 for a year. Now, if you will consult the Clothes Budget on page 50, you will find Mr. Kelly's recommendations, in round figures, on the subject of how to assemble the things that you need to dress smartly, and how to build a wardrobe that will include apparel that can last from one year to another and still remain in style.

"A *tailored suit* is the most essential requirement of the wardrobe," Mr. Kelly told me, after making his computations. "An inexpensive wash blouse, which goes with the tailored suit in the daytime, may be changed for one of richer material for formal wear in the evening. A tweed or dark-colored *swagger suit* with a long coat is another essential since the coat can be worn with daytime dresses, and the skirt—with sweaters and tunics—can be used for office wear.

"A *black crêpe dress* is another indispensable item. It should be simple in line so that, by changing the collar and cuffs or by adding a jeweled ornament, it may be suitable either for work or for informal dates in the evening," Mr. Kelly continued.

"With a limited budget of this type, I would recommend one *evening outfit,* preferably black, unless the girl goes out a great deal, in which case, she might add another outfit in a solid color. I suggest that evening outfits be of the two-piece variety," he added.

*Accessories* are extremely important at present, according to Mr. Kelly. The entire appearance of a dress or suit can be completely altered by a change of scarf, of collar, of matching belt and bag; or by the use of inexpensive costume jewelry that is now so cleverly conceived everywhere. This is particularly true when said of the black crêpe dress, which can be so very severe with just a little brilliant clasp, or else so very feminine and flattering with frilly white collars and cuffs.

"From the remaining balance of fifty-one dollars and fifty cents," Mr. Kelly explained, "comes the second evening gown, if it is necessary. If it is not required, you can buy either another dark crêpe dress or else a dark-colored spring or fall dress, at a cost of fifteen dollars. This leaves a balance of thirty-six-fifty to be applied on a winter coat. In choosing this coat, it is important to get one that is conservatively cut and trimmed with a durable fur. An excellent garment of this type can be purchased for about seventy-five dollars—and look well for two, perhaps three, seasons," Mr. Kelly added.

In some sections of the country, a good winter coat could be secured for less than $75.00 but you must be sure that the material is of firm weave, according to Mr. Kelly, and that, preferably, it is made of some well-known woolen fabric.

THUS, you have the advice of the man who designs for stars with unlimited means, telling *you* how to be as smartly dressed on a more moderate allowance. Don't think, just because he creates gowns of extremely high cost, that he doesn't know what he is talking about in the field of less costly apparel. For, in addition to his Hollywood work, Orry-Kelly also does designing for some of the manufacturers who produce the dresses you buy when you go into your own department stores!

Since Orry-Kelly has his finger constantly on the pulse of fashion, he knows what you and I are going to wear months in advance. Here are facts that I gleaned about coming trends:

Skirts will be shorter. There will be colors, and colors, and more colors. Hues will be gayer even into the fall season; shades will be brighter than we have seen in years.

And here, in conclusion, is Orry Kelly's personal message to *you*: "Dress simply, daintily, femininely, and you will be as smart and as lovely as any star who spends a fortune on clothes!"

## New Shopping Finds!

[*Continued from page* 16]

on your hands? Well, not the famous Miss Crawford this time, but an exceedingly smart pair of gloves conceived by "Wear-Right." They are to wear with your town sheer dresses for summer, and have hand-crocheted finish. Black, white, ecru or navy. The price is special, and they have that important warm day requisite of gloves . . . they are washable! For about $2.

****They don't creep, slide or twist! In other words, at last there has been conceived ready-to-put-on-furniture slip covers that are satisfactory, good-looking, and don't do all those silly things most slip covers manage to do. These are the only sure-fit covers that have patented Sta-Fast features, thanks to the Sure-Fit Products Co., Philadelphia. Ask for the Sta-Fast Slipcovers at your department stores. Chairs, $3.95. Davenports, $5.95.

****Have you eaten the best hash that has ever been canned? Then you have tasted Prudence Hash, for it's the most savory, tenderest, honest-to-goodness hash we've ever eaten. This company has now blessed the world with three new products —beef loaf, beef stew, and lamb stew, and so praises be to Prudence! 25c only—and no hot stoves to stand over to achieve food perfection.

****Key, key, who has the key? If you're smart, it will be right in your smart new Keytainer, compact, good-looking, convenient. 50c for cowhide ones with two rings, and some exquisite English Morocco ones with 6 loops for $2.50, as well as other prices. And if you know a man who likes sensible gifts, ones that last, then be sure to ask for Buxton Keytainers, that are locked by a loop!

****Down with smears . . . up with spotlessness! Stop saying naughty words when you smear lipstick on the new summer dress, or drop ink on a silk scarf. There is a new remove-all-stains preparation named Jalma, that leaves woolens and silks like new. $1, if you please!

****Out of the automobile industry and into our own daily and very personal lives has come that beautiful principle of "Air Flow." It takes the form of a foundation garment sponsored by Irene Castle, made by Formfit, and uses Lastex to flatten that back section. It allows the body to breathe, which is tops with all feminine souls in summer, and gives you that Hollywood figure. $5 for all that!

****The best bathing suits nowadays have "figure control." But there must be plenty of girls who would feel even more "figurative" and self-assured if they could wear brassieres or girdles under their swim suits. And now they can—in the form of Mermaid Lastex Swim Sets (by Model) which shed water like a duck's back, fit "like a glove," and dry "instanter!" No excuse now for not looking as slick on the beach as in the tightest evening gown. Prices . . . girdles, $2.98; bras, $1.50.

****Cotton-picking time! Haven't you been disgusted innumerable times when you couldn't find a little blob of cotton to remove lipstick, apply powder, take off fingernail polish? Well, blessings on Bauer & Black, for their smart-looking black-and-orchid container, with a cover over an opening on top where the desired amount of soft white cotton is instantly available. The name is tricky . . . "Cotton Picker," and the price is smooth, only 25c.

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# Ten Always Charming Women

[*Continued from page 32*]

rises to great heights of personality.

"What other movie stars do I consider charming? Well, most of them are attractive. Many of them are amusing, likable. Some of them are as naïve as children. . . . But I found Claudette Colbert to be one of the really charming women in that field. She is frank in speech, far more intelligent than the average girl, and delightfully human. Again, it is her simplicity that impresses you when you know her. She has tested the values of the glamorous background that fame gives, and has not had her head turned. Her loyalty to her few intimates is proverbial, and one can count oneself a very lucky person if she gives you her friendship. She's a grand human being.

"CHARM has nothing to do with age. Virginia Bruce, for example, is no more than twenty-four, and, besides being one of the loveliest creatures I have ever seen, she has charm that is so striking that you become quite thrilled when you first meet her. She has softness of youth that is lovely; a sympathetic nature that makes you feel as if you had found the perfect companion, and a sweetness of disposition that you never forget. Isn't that an unusual combination to find in any one person?

"And just to prove to you that charm has nothing to do with age—Alexander Woollcott gave a dinner not so long ago for a woman more than seventy years old, and one of the most charming women alive today, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, the English authoress. She held that large dinner party completely enthralled with her delightful personality, her wit, her vitality and magnetism. She is, as you know, one of the most successful writers of mystery stories in the world. Do you remember 'The Lodger'? Well, I suppose she is what you might call a female Edgar Wallace as far as being prolific is concerned, and she shows no signs at all of quitting. Everybody wanted to have her at some kind of function, because she was the gayest, most delightful person in town.

"Visiting in a woman's own home is a true test of that woman's character, I think," said Miss McMein. "And Mrs. Harrison Williams is just about the most perfect hostess I have ever known. She is a beautiful woman, with unaffected poise, and has received more publicity than any other individual in society because of her good taste in clothes. (There is a glamorous naturalness about her that all too few well-dressed women seem to have. Paris couturiers for two years have voted her the best-dressed woman in the world, bar none.) And she shows the same excellent taste in the appointments of her home that she does in selecting a dress. She is gracious, full of tact, always charming.

"If there were another word to use in place of 'charm,'" she continued with a smile, "I could name any number of women. I suppose there must be a hundred other words, but I can't seem to remember them at the moment. What I mean is that there are different kinds of charm.

"KATHLEEN Norris, the novelist, has a unique charm that no other woman I know possesses. When you meet her, and sit down to talk with her, it is as though you were warming your hands before a lovely open fire. She is genial, kind, witty, and, of course, one of the most brilliant women in America. She works all the time, on the train, on a steamer, before breakfast, after dinner—any minute that she has free.

"Her vitality is amazing. She will arrive at a reception or dinner party looking as fresh and gay as a young girl and, in all probability, she has just finished a hard day's work correcting the galley proofs of her last novel. And within a few moments of her entrance, everyone in the room has gathered around her, listening to her talk. She is full of nonsense, and makes any party she attends go over with a bang.

"Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, the wife of the publisher, is another woman who has great charm," she continued after a short pause. "She is the most generous woman I ever knew, and the most graceful. You feel an immediate response to her gracious personality when you meet her. She is lovely in spirit, as well as in her physical being. I think that she is one of the most interesting women in America. Her tolerance and understanding, her unfailing charity at all times give her a distinction that no other woman I know has. There is a spiritual beauty in her face that leaves an indelible impression."

At that moment, the artist's secretary entered the room, with a reminder that there were about ten thousand things for her to do. But the most important event of the day was taking her little daughter, Joan, to the circus. Joan's picture graced a table standing near the studio windows, and all during the interview, her eyes had wandered toward the photograph of the lovely child.

She held the picture over for my inspection. There is nothing maudlin about her sentiment concerning her own child, but I could see that the greatest factor in the life of this famous artist is her offspring.

All during the week she works at her New York studio, fulfilling orders, selecting models, painting portraits by commission. But each week-end finds her at Port Washington, Long Island, where she is happily engaged in being simply Mrs. Jack Baragwanath—working in her garden, entertaining a houseful of visitors, and enjoying the companionship of her child.

Which proves that Neysa McMein also has the simplicity that is the secret of lasting charm!

## Fashion Foreword

[*Continued from page* 42]

of young American designers. First, there is a pair of shorts. Then, there is a halter top. Over it you put a loose coat of the same material when you want extra protection. Button up this coat, add a belt, and lo and behold, you have a dress, with a very cool set of undies underneath! Take off the shorts, don a pair of long pajama trousers, and have a complete lounging outfit. You can use the halter top with plain white skirts, or under suits for a blouse effect. Well, this all goes on with one trick after another, and it's all so clever, sensible, and money-saving that you wonder why someone wasn't smart enough to think it all up before!

Then there are loads of "Going Downtown" dresses . . . the ones to wear to work in offices, to noon dates, for afternoon rendezvous. Most of them are washable, and there are even some very smart white washable suits.

There's nothing like linen for comfort, as you know, but it has been hard to wear because of its wrinkling qualities. Now, most linens are specially treated or woven nobbier so that they look very fresh at all times.

It's all a merry game to combine colors this season to achieve this real smartness. For instance, I saw one outfit with a skirt in the deep tones of the lilac, and a jacket of oyster white, with designs of lilac and fuchsia. The coat buttoned so high that you would not have to wear a blouse underneath. However, you could add a sheer white organdy jabot for those times when you want to go on from work to some important afternoon engagement!

Accessories to wear with cool summer things can be porous, too. There are linen hats, shoes, and gloves in either sports or tailored styles.

Hats again are very huge, cartwheels indeed, or little pints of chic to set on the side of your head. The crowns of the big hats are very tiny, sometimes only an inch high, while the brim slants like a coolie hat. In New York they are called "smashes," and come in organdy, felt, silk, panama, and straw.

Laces for more formal occasions, even for daytime wear now too . . . and cottons for all times . . . that seems to be the summer song. Indian prints are becoming very popular, either in all-hour frocks, or for evening.

Colors are exquisite . . . materials are delightful . . . and the fashions are utterly fascinating . . . It looks like a grand and glamorous summer!

### Any Fashion Questions?

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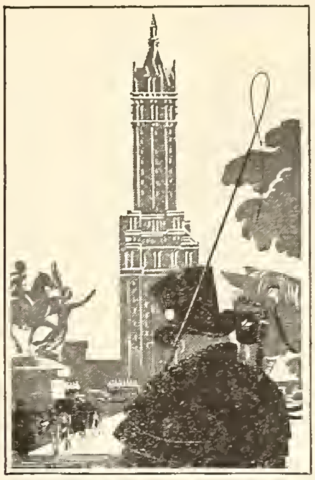

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## Hollywood Hero No. 1—Fredric March

[*Continued from page 33*]

that he had better stay as he was—or else.

Meanwhile, Freddie was engaged in a quiet revolution, doing things to free the whole race of actors from that particular kind of bondage. He was proving how romantic one actor can be by being many men in one.

He was, also, building up an audience that would last . . .

DARRYL ZANUCK, brilliant and far-seeing production head of the then-newly-born 20th Century Pictures, saw a year ago what Fredric March had done, was doing, and could do—and signed him. And, in return for his obtaining Freddie as a star, Freddie obtained assurances that his rôles would be widely varied. He would not, in other words, be "typed."

The women who had seen him as the darkly handsome Stranger in *Death Takes a Holiday*, and had felt the fascination of that Stranger, now saw him as a totally different type of man in *The Affairs of Cellini*. He was a tempestuous, daring, amusing Latin. Amazing, too . . .

Then, next, they saw him as dynamic, spirit-lifting, poetic *Robert Browning* in the greatest love story of the movie year, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. Freddie's romantic appeal was inescapable now . . .

At least, so thought Anna Sten and her producer, Samuel Goldwyn. Her popularity, after just one picture, still was an unknown quantity. To be sure that people would go out of their way to see her second, Fredric March was signed as her co-star. This time he was a Russian aristocrat who gave up his station in life for love of a peasant girl —and made the sacrifice convincing. The picture was a hit, so was Sten, and—so was March. Again.

Then Zanuck, planning one of the greatest pictures of all time, offered the responsibility of the hero's rôle to Fredric March. The picture was to be *Les Miserables*, based on one of the greatest novels ever written. The hero would do no love-making; he would look like a young man only for a brief opening sequence; and he would have to change from a brutish-looking convict into a sensitive, fine-looking man—convincingly. He would do things that handsome movie heroes did not ordinarily do, if they wanted to keep their feminine public.

Freddie grabbed at the chance, and the result is history. Few movie-goers have missed the picture. Few have missed seeing him give one of the most memorable performances of all movie time.

Because Greta Garbo insisted on having Fredric March with her in *Anna Karenina*, the Garbo detractors (there aren't many!) said that she was making sure that people would go to see her this time. But there *is* another possible angle to consider. This time, she had a strong story. This time, her critics might say that, because of the story, *she* was a hit. And the gifted Garbo might well have decided that, if the man who played opposite her was not only a highly romantic type, but an acknowledged great actor—and her performance stood up with his—her critics would be stilled for a long, long time to come.

There were rumors during the making of the picture that they had "temperamental differences." Maybe they were true; maybe they weren't. But all was sweetness and light, smiles and compliments when they finished their last scene together.

There have also been rumors that Freddie is returning to the stage. Those are safe rumors about any actor who ever had Broadway fever. He probably will return sometime, for some particular play. But right now his attentions are engaged by *The Dark Angel*, which is expected to bring Merle Oberon to American stardom and in which he will have a modern rôle—for a change.

WOMEN know less about his private life than about that of any other top-flight star in Hollywood. They don't seem to have to know what he likes for breakfast, or whether or not he likes carpet slippers, in order to maintain their interest in him as a screen hero.

However, they should be interested in the following points of information:

He is six feet tall and consistently weighs about 170 pounds.

He is not afraid to tell his birthday. The time was August 31, 1898; the place, Racine, Wisconsin. He was christened Frederick McIntyre Bickel.

John Cromwell, then a Broadway producer, urged him to do something about the "Bickel," which, he said, was "not romantic." Freddie left an "e" and an "r" off his mother's name of Marcher and took what remained. And, while he was going in for changes, he also did things to the "Frederick."

He was married, on Decoration Day, 1927, to Florence Eldridge—his leading lady in a Denver stock company. (She played the rôle of *Fantine*, mother of *Colette*, in *Les Miserables*.) Both wear rings inscribed with: "No more beyond thine eyes." It is from one of the lines of Edna St. Vincent Millay: "Now shall I look no more beyond thine eyes."

He won the Academy award with his performance in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and has since been consistently in the running for a second such award.

Serious on the screen, as a usual thing, he is famed in his circle of friends (which includes writers, musicians, and painters, as well as actors) as their most amusing story-teller. His wife avers that he always makes her laugh before breakfast.

Just as he seems to live his rôles, he lives the books he reads—and is an omnivorous reader.

He has made thirty-two pictures.

And life, they say, begins at forty!

# Fay Wray—Pert Pioneer

[*Continued from page* 36]

store for her. And what, I asked, *was* in store for her? Where was she going? What would she do next?

"First, I'm going to crowd all of New York that I can into two weeks. Then I'm flying out to Hollywood—to do a picture. Then back to England for another picture there."

I asked her if all this traveling, this international commuting, were a symptom of restlessness—an impatience with Hollywood. "Not at all," she answered. "I just have a liking for variety. Why stay rooted to one spot, when there are so many other spots worth seeing and so many new things worth doing?"

Why, indeed, except that if she signed one of those five-year contracts that Hollywood and now England are dangling before her, she would have a guaranteed fortune and a guaranteed future as a star? This way, she may be taking chances.

SHE didn't look worried. In fact, she was smiling. "Stardom, with its brief period of glory, isn't the important thing to me. Neither is the salary that goes with it—while the stardom lasts. It's the pleasure of acting that matters. As long as I can find interesting rôles, and varied rôles, I'll manage to stay happy."

That is why she is one of the very few major players who refuses to sign exclusively with any one studio. Under contract, she would have to play whatever was assigned to her. As a free agent, she has a choice.

Three or four seasons ago, when talkies still were new to Hollywood, and a Broadway horde was descending on the movie citadel, intent on taking jobs away from the movie-ites, what should Fay do but go off to Broadway to star for several months in a play! She not only showed the Broadwayites that she was in their class, but convinced the movie producers at the same time. They lured her back with some colorful rôles.

Perhaps the thought that some of the producers wondered if she was more decorative than dramatic led her to scream one day. Anyway, she screamed. Thereafter, in picture after picture, she had her chance to be dramatic, to keep audiences on the edges of their seats, waiting for her screams. Then, when she became famous as "the screamie star," she refused to shriek again. She tried—and succeeded in—sophisticated drama. She ventured into sophisticated comedy in *The Affairs of Cellini*. In other words, after audiences had grown to expect her to be a certain type, she dared to change.

Long before the production of *The Scoundrel* proved that exceptional pictures could be made in the East, Fay had the courage to go East to appear in a picture being made there as an experiment. She was one of the first stars to travel by air.

Then, months before a whole group of Hollywood players decided they would like to play in British films occasionally, Fay journeyed over to appear with the British comic, Jack Hulbert, in *Alias Bulldog Drummond* and with Claude Rains in the psychic drama, *The Clairvoyant*.

All the way along, she has had the courage to lead where others might follow. And to do it without ballyhoo.

I TOLD her that I had heard rumors that England still insisted on calling her "the screamie star." She confirmed them, by saying, "I couldn't escape the name. A whole group of London reporters took the four-hour train ride down to Plymouth to meet my boat, clambered aboard and clustered around me, and from all sides came questions about my screaming. Was I embarrassed!"

American pictures and American stars have a tremendous influence in England, she told me. "In all the little shops, you see Joan Crawford dresses and Norma Shearer gowns and Garbo hats. Everywhere you go, you see girls who are very consciously imitating their film favorites.

"And American slang—the English have adopted that, just as they have adopted American chewing gum. And they manage both the gum and the slang almost as well as we do. They've gone 'way past 'Okay,' for instance. It's all 'Okey-doke' now."

Fay put the British accent on "okey-doke" to illustrate how the expression sounds on an English tongue. But Fay's own accent has not changed since you heard her last.

"IN FACT," she said, "I'm at a loss to know just what kind of accent I do have. English people were constantly registering amazement that I didn't have an American accent. Yet Americans tell me that I don't have a British one, either. What kind do you suppose it is?"

This has the makings of a tip to the elocution-conscious. To have a sure audience on both sides of the Atlantic, you could do worse than to talk like Fay Wray.

I had seen a portrait of her taken in England in which she had an entirely new coiffure—featuring a center part, a "swirly" center bang, a fluffy suggestion of a coronet, and a "long bob" touch in back. I asked her who or what inspired it.

"I guess I'll have to take the 'blame,'" she said. "I have a habit of trying new hair effects constantly—because every time I change my hairdress and look like a different person, I *feel* like a new person. I comb it this way; I brush it that way; I have it waved another way—just to see what will happen."

And judging from the glamor that *has* happened, Fay Wray is a pert pioneer even in the field of hairdress!

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# "I Thought He Wasn't My Type!"

[*Continued from page 37*]

at a stop signal and noticed that Frances Dee was driving the car that had pulled up beside his own. Now Hollywood is only a small town. It is quite customary for picture people to bow to each other when they meet, even though they may never have been introduced formally. So Joel, being a friendly soul, bowed to Frances and smiled. To his astonishment, instead of acknowledging his greeting, she gave him one brief, frigid look and then—with up-tilted chin—quickly turned her head.

"I wonder who she thinks she is?" thought Joel—who decided that one cool turn deserved another.

AND so, for three years, Frances and Joel avoided meeting each other. One day, however, a casual incident brought them together.

"I was down at the beach making some publicity pictures," says Frances in telling about it. "Joel happened to be down there taking a swim. The cameraman spied him and thought it would be a bright idea to shoot some pictures of the two of us. 'I've never even met Mr. McCrea,' I told him. 'Well, that can soon be remedied,' he said. And so, at last, we were introduced. He was more pleasant than I had expected him to be. But he certainly didn't raise my blood pressure in the least.

"A few days later, I was surprised to have him call me up, asking for a date. I told him I was busy—which was true. About a week later he called me again. I was still busy. The date I had wasn't particularly important. I could have broken it if I had been interested in going out with Joel, but I still had the idea he wasn't my type.

"I didn't see him again until I came to the RKO Studios to work in *The Silver Cord,* in which we played opposite each other. He asked me out to dinner then, but I was working too hard to go out in the evening. However, I talked to him several times over the 'phone. One evening he told me about a book he thought I would like. A few days later he dropped in, bringing the book with him.

"It was just at dusk. There was a fire crackling in the fireplace. We sat and talked. And suddenly, sitting there in the fire-lit room, I began to like Joel, to like him a great deal. He wasn't at all as I had pictured him. He was neither spoiled nor conceited. Instead, there was a sincerity and a simplicity about him that were most appealing. I found myself hoping that he would ask me for another date—and being afraid that he wouldn't. Finally, he rose to go. My hopes fell. And then, as though it had just occurred to him, he said: 'How would you like to go to the Grove tomorrow night?' After the many times I had turned him down, the eagerness with which I accepted this invitation must have surprised him.

"THE next day I was aware of an odd little thrill, as though something very important were about to happen. I tried to tell myself that I was acting like a schoolgirl with her first big date. But, no matter how I viewed it, the thrill was undeniably there."

Frances had been to the Cocoanut Grove many times. So had Joel. But never had it seemed such a magical place as it did on the occasion of their first date together.

Do you remember that old poem about two being born a whole wide world apart? . . . *"And one day out of darkness they shall meet . . . and read life's meaning in each other's eyes."* It was that way with Frances and Joel, who had tried to avoid meeting.

"Like every other girl, I suppose, I had some pretty definite ideas about the type of man I would marry," says Frances. "For one thing, I insisted that he wouldn't be an actor. Not that I had anything against actors. I merely had the idea that it would be too difficult for two people engaged in the same profession to get on well together. I thought that a novelist or a playwright would be more nearly my type.

"But, in a few short hours, I forgot all my pre-conceived ideas. Or, rather, I made them over. For I knew that very night that I was in love with Joel. I guess we both knew."

That was in June of 1933. They were married in October.

IF EVER I have seen radiant happiness, I have seen it written in the face of Frances Dee—the girl who shares feminine honors with Miriam Hopkins in the all-color *Becky Sharp.* But the great cause of her radiance is the fact that she shares life with Joel McCrea—who, by the way, will play opposite Miriam Hopkins in *Barbary Coast.*

"And to think that I might have missed all of this," Frances says, "if I had kept on refusing to go out with Joel, just because I thought he wasn't my type. Now, of course, I wonder how I could ever have been so blind."

"Do you think that any girl ever really knows, until she meets him, just what her type of man is?" I asked.

"I doubt if she does. It's instinctive, of course, for a girl—particularly if she is imaginative and romantic—to visualize the sort of man she feels would be an ideal mate for her. But no girl, if she's wise, will insist that he must be this type or that type. While looking for her particular paragon, the man that she imagines would be the fulfillment of her romantic dream, she may fail to recognize love when it comes to her."

## Not the Best-Dressed—But the Most Important

[*Continued from page 39*]

that Marlene Dietrich first burst on the world as a fashion impetus. Mr. Banton dressed her in that picture, if you will remember, almost entirely in coq feathers. There were coq feather boas around her neck. ("Horribly out of style, and in atrocious taste," we would have said, if they had been worn by anyone less provocative than Dietrich.) There were coq feathers in her hair, on her gloves, and on her sleeves. Feathers, feathers, everywhere!

It happens that, prior to the general release of that picture in France, one of the greatest fashion leaders in Paris gave a party. At that party, as part of the entertainment, she gave a private advance showing of *Shanghai Express*. Before twenty-four hours had passed, each and every one of those women had been in touch with her dressmaker, and had ordered coats, hats, dresses, evening capes, all simply smothered in coq feathers.

To this day, they remember that feather-avalanche in Paris. When Mr. Banton was there recently, the famous couturier, Lucien Lelong, mentioned it, and said, "So it's you we really have to thank for feathers!"

THEN there was *The Song of Songs*, in which, first of all, Marlene presented the coronet braid. It was widely copied, and was really responsible for those off-the-face hats that we began wearing at the same time—for, as Mr. Banton told me, "She *had* to wear that little saucer-shaped hat 'way back on her head to make room for the braid!"

Later in that same picture, when Marlene was the *Baroness*, she wore a voluminous black velvet cape with a hood, which became the forerunner of our modern hooded evening capes.

And who dares to doubt that the Russian influence in clothes, which had such a vogue last year, did not definitely emanate from Marlene Dietrich's picture, *The Scarlet Empress*? Remember the Cossack hat and the Russian tunics that she wore, and the muffs that she carried? Well, how many of you had a little fur-trimmed Cossack hat last season? How many of you denied yourself a new dress in order to carry a muff? And if you *didn't* have any of these things, how many of you cast envious eyes on others who did? You know the answer!

It takes an extraordinary woman to sidestep the accepted, conventional things, and dare to be different. Marlene not only dares to be different, but when she dares she changes the styles of the world! You and I don't rush out and buy coq feathers the minute we see Dietrich wearing them. The process of our enslavement is not such a direct one as that. We would feel foolish, appearing in our own little circles swathed in feathers. But the so-called fashion leaders of the world, with jaded clothes appetites, find inspiration in the sophisticated Marlene, and act on this inspiration at once. Gradually, the fashion filters through New York, Paris and London, in modified form, to us. And by that time there are enough people wearing feathers so that we don't feel too conspicuous in them.

Dietrich never dreads being conspicuous. Yet I feel certain that she does not dress as she does to create a sensation. If she creates a sensation when she appears, that is simply because she can't help it. There is that *something* about her that draws all eyes.

MR. BANTON explains it this way: "The reason why Marlene's costumes are always compelling is that she always acts, walks, and *looks* in tune with the mood of her costumes. When she wears an exotic costume, even an eccentric one, she *is* the exotic or eccentric person who goes with it. When she wears a girlish, flowing chiffon gown, she adjusts every detail of her personality to that particular creation. Yet, even in simplicity, she is never banal . . . and I do everything I can to keep her most simple gown from being that way, too.

"Not long ago, for example, I designed a simple white chiffon for her to wear during her vacation in New York. But with that gown I had her wear a tremendous shoulder corsage of red carnations . . . and her gloves were of skin-tight black lace . . . so skin-tight that the pattern of the lace seemed tattooed on her arms.

"Even in simplicity we strive for the dramatic element, for Dietrich is a dramatic woman. And with it all, she has great chic . . . an innate intelligence about colors and fabrics and lines. When I show her a drawing of something I have in mind for her, she doesn't stop to think of its effect on other people. Quite the contrary . . . I have heard her say, often, while musing over the drawing, 'Yes, I could feel like that. Yes, let's do it.' Marlene wears a thing only because it is what she *feels* like wearing. That's why her clothes are always such a success.

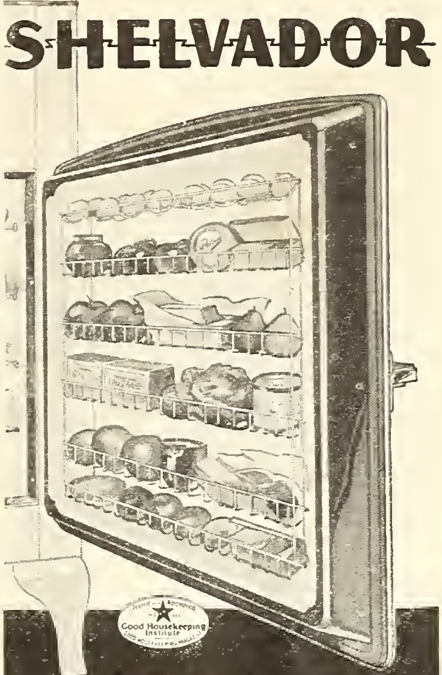
"Again the other day she came in to tell me that she had been invited to a formal dinner party for Thursday night. 'I know,' I said, 'you have nothing to wear.'

" 'That's right,' said Marlene, 'and you know what I want this time? Something to wear with my new emeralds!'

"So, between now and Thursday I have to think up something that will provide a suitable background for emeralds. I don't know yet what that will be!"

But this much *we* know, Mr. Banton: few women may be able to afford emeralds, yet nothing will prevent the others from acquiring something similar to Marlene's Thursday gown. For it has been proved, time and again, that women the world over are Dietrich-clothes-conscious—and many thanks to you!

This much more in a
SHELVADOR



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## Summer-ize Your Surroundings!

[*Continued from page* 55]

from Hawaii, where life is simple and life is sweet. What!—you've never heard of a "hick-y-a"? Well, neither had we until we saw what looked like a grown-up quintuplets' bed. It is an enormous couch, so soft it might be made of lotus petals. These Hawaiians certainly have the right idea about comfort!

OF COURSE, the attractiveness of a holiday house depends chiefly on its color scheme.

Picture the color effect of clear rose-leaf green with touches of yellow and orange for the living room; eggshell-white and green for the kitchen; one bedroom in blue and yellow—the other in a very soft apricot and bud-green with just an accent of salmon and black, probably in the rag rug!

If you want a wholly delightful dining room at rock-bottom price, paint your furniture a jade green and try it against walls of soft, warm gray. Then cover a screen with silver tea-box paper, and line it on the back with black and jade and see how stunning your room is!

WOMEN have no monoply on ideas for neat, individual touches in a home. Consider Douglass Montgomery, for example—one of the screen's most eligible bachelors, who has unique bachelor quarters. Although he lives in them the year around, they are in a woody section and small enough to come under the "cottage" category.

And this is what young Mr. Montgomery has done about his dining room: In winter, it is in Castilian red. The color motif is emphasized by a corner screen that is bright red plush on one side, ornamented with gold trimming that Doug took off an old mirror. When the hot days come, the screen is swung around to its bright blue wooden side, and matching blue drapes replace the red ones at the windows. A masculine decorative idea, perhaps—but a clever one that any woman can add to her own home in her own favorite colors!

Doug, himself, has not forgotten the ladies—or the fact that most of his friends are married and bring their wives to his parties. In his "ladies' powder room," there are a couple of old oil burners he picked up for ten cents apiece, had wired, and placed most effectively on an antique washstand. In front of the stand is the most extraordinary stool in history. It is a wine keg painted apple-green and upholstered in black satin!

In another room a former beer keg serves as a bookstand. Doug had it cut out and made into a revolving table and also a "night table," if you please, beside a wooden peasant's bed on rockers.

If you have a would-be carpenter around the house, he can make any number of novel things like these for the holiday house.

THE woman lucky enough to have a handy male in her vicinity might also take a tip or two from Norman Foster's beach "shack." Norman has a large mirror in his living room made from the steering wheel of an old ship. And his "ship room" is a treat . . . ship's lights, cabin bunks, portholes for windows, a chart of the Pacific. A snug harbor for any addict of the sea—male or female.

The Warner Baxters (she was Winifred Bryson) were one of the first Hollywood couples to get a beach home. And Mrs. Baxter has insured his being as happy there as a man can be—what with a rustic effect of beamed ceilings, paneled walls, open fireplace, Indian rugs on the floor, chintz drapes, and a living room that embraces the colors of the red-yellow Lantana. But there is nothing "rustic" about the chairs! They are as comfortable as the ones you will find in their new Bel Air home.

Comfort and cheer and coziness—they are the keys to holiday house!

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**SHOP PLANS, FURNITURE, MODELS**

# You'll Be Fond of Fonda!

[*Continued from page* 40]

ing alongside of Janet Gaynor, who is just five feet tall, he towers above her. His height, inquiry reveals, is six feet, two inches. He weighs in at 170 pounds. And a partial explanation for those broad, he-man shoulders is that he has had those shoulders to the wheel ever since his school days.

His age, which hardly matters, is somewhere in the middle twenties. His towsled hair is dark brown. There is something about his face that is reminiscent of pictures of the young Lincoln—character, rugged firmness, a wide, strong, but sensitive mouth. His eyes—carrying out the Lincoln parallel—are as gentle as those of a woman.

His voice is deep, thoroughly masculine; and his frequent smiles are shy, easily likable. He seems to apologize for an evident sense of humor. An unusual mixture of virility and gentleness, he is going to be liked by men and be practically irresistible to women. There has not been anyone exactly like him before. He is an original—and a natural.

HIS family background, I discovered, is a somewhat complicated racial enigma. The name Fonda is of Italian origin, yet some of his ancestors were among the early Dutch settlers who lived in New Amsterdam when one-legged Peter Stuyvesant was mayor. They later moved to what was to become upper New York State, founding the town of Fonda.

Some of the family, retaining the pioneer urge, eventually trekked on farther West, which explains why Henry, himself, was born in Grand Island, Nebraska, not far from Omaha. While he was still teething, his parents decided to move to Omaha, where he went through grade school with flying colors and then graduated with honors from Omaha Central High. During vacations and after school, he worked.

He spent two years at the University of Minnesota, working at night, which seriously curtailed his social life, but otherwise (he feels) did him no harm.

Then the theatre bug bit him. His initiation into stage work was the juvenile rôle in Philip Barry's *You and I*, at the Omaha Community Playhouse.

His first professional appearance was with George Billings in a vaudeville sketch based on the life of Lincoln. Henry—the boy who was later to be likened a bit to Lincoln—wrote the playlet and played the part of *John Hay*, Lincoln's secretary. They took their sketch through the Middle West in a succession of one-and-two-night stands.

Later Henry joined a group of jitney players—a band of theatrically inclined ex-collegians, who went from town to town by bus, putting on repertory in the Chautauqua manner. Eventually, like all ambitious actors, he was drawn to Broadway, where he played a few minor rôles, later doing some more repertory. Just one year ago this summer, in fact, he was playing with the Mount Kisco, New York, Group Players when the turning point in his life came. He was "discovered."

JUNE WALKER, well-known stage actress, did the discovering. Her husband, Geoffrey Kerr, was guest-starring in a production of *The Swan*, in which Henry was playing the rôle of the young tutor. She introduced him to playwright Marc Connelly, who wrote *The Green Pastures* and who had just written, with Frank B. Elser, a play called *The Farmer Takes a Wife*, based on Walter D. Edmonds' colorful novel of the early days of the Erie Canal, *Rome Haul*. Connelly sensed Fonda's possibilities and, in turn, introduced him to Max Gordon, who was to produce the play, featuring June Walker as the "wife." Gordon immediately engaged him as the "farmer."

The morning after the opening, Fonda awoke to find himself Broadway-famous—at last. And when Winfield Sheehan, head of Fox Films, bought the screen rights of the play, he induced Fonda to entrain for Hollywood and continue in the rôle.

If he has homage to pay the actress who was the "wife" in the stage version, he also has homage to pay the actress who is the "wife" in the picture. He admires Janet Gaynor, both as a woman and as an artist, and is grateful for receiving the advantage of her screen experience and her willingness to help him, a beginner in films. (I learned later that she was one of the first to predict a brilliant film future for him. Her prediction is seconded by director Victor Fleming, who is not noted for his praise of his players, but who says of Fonda, "He is one of the most brilliant-minded actors I have ever had the pleasure to direct.")

He has not permitted Hollywood and the touch of Lady Luck to change his habits of economy. He lives in a modest apartment, alone, and drives a low-priced car. He is one lad that success will never spoil. And if he has any romantic interests, he is keeping them to himself. He does not deny liking the feminine of the species—but he likes them at a distance and *en masse*, not too close and individually.

Maybe so, but the release of his first film will set many a feminine heart throbbing. ("Throbbing," I believe, is the word.) Clean-cut, gentle, but firm, he is not a copy-plate of anyone. He is just Henry Fonda, and Henry Fonda he is likely to remain.

A youthful romance found him married to Margaret Sullavan—for a year. That was before either of them was famous. Henry has been single since; Margaret is now married to director William Wyler. They remain friends. In fact, now that they both are well-known and their abilities admitted, they are being talked of for the leading roles in a new picture.

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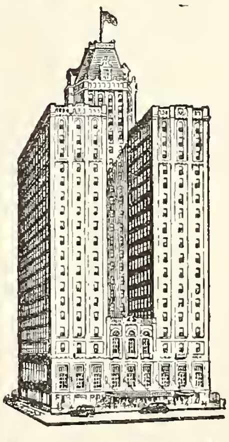
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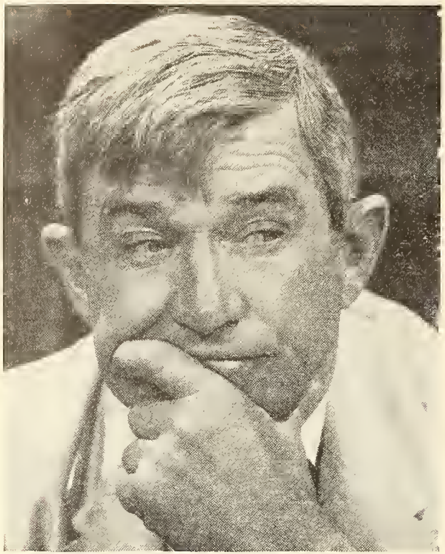
# Just As You Say . . .

## MOVIE CLASSIC'S readers have the final word—and win prizes with their letters



**Is Will Rogers wondering, like one reader, why more don't write about him? Maybe they're too busy seeing Will Rogers pictures!**

### *$15 Prize Letter*

**So Say Thousands**—From now on, their names will be said in one breath: Eddy-MacDonald. The Academy of Good Judgment should pin a medal upon the person who first thought of co-starring these two stars with the glorious voices. The beauty of *Naughty Marietta,* it seems to me, aside from the immortal Herbert melodies, was the superb double-harness work of Jeanette and Nelson. You couldn't honestly say, "Yes, she's good, but he's better," or vice versa. Both are vibrant, good to look upon, natural, poised and, most important, easily understood. There could not sensibly be a personal rivalry between them, for their achievement is equal—the difference being only in gender.—*T. Hubbard, 2119 Central Grove Ave., Toledo, Ohio.*

*This month, as last, three out of five of the Letters to the Editor were about Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald and* Naughty Marietta. *Anyone surprised?*

### *$10 Prize Letter*

**In Praise of March**—It is a purely personal preference, of course, but I unhesitatingly nominate Fredric March as the screen's greatest actor. Not because I think it "arty" to do so, but simply because I think that no other screen actor ever equalled in sheer artistry his performance in *Sign of the Cross* or in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street.* Also, I shall not soon forget his great performance in *Les Miserables.*

The only impartial way to gauge the greatness of any screen actor is to measure, carefully, the number of different types he can play soundly, believably and intelligently. To the best of my knowledge, Fredric March is the one man who can and does play a wide diversity of rôles with an artistry that smacks of genius.—*Beatrice Graveline, Box 138, Moosup, Conn.*

*A personal preference, perhaps, but one shared by millions—as illustrated by the article, "Hollywood Hero No 1," in this issue.*

### *$5 Prize Letter*

**An Orchid to Will**—We don't see much about Will Rogers on the Letter Page. Perhaps this is because he is looked upon as a sort of institution and, therefore, as outside the realm of flattery or praise. This beloved star of the screen, stage, and radio should not be so taken for granted, for he is absolutely unique. Everybody loves him—rich and poor, high and low, educated and illiterate. Will Rogers is as intimate and dear to them in their mind's eye as a friend. He has brought more happiness and joy to the world than a half-dozen of our heavy-lidded screen sirens. Don't you movie-goers agree with me?—*Ruth Whitman Bowers, 304 Third St. Northeast, Childress, Texas.*

*That crack about "heavy-lidded screen sirens" may get under some skins, but it does not obscure the fact that theatre attendance proves that Will Rogers still is Favorite No. 1. He is about to do a sequel to* Judge Priest.

### *$1 Prize Letters*

**All for Claudette**—Why all this controversy about who should have won the Academy Award? As far as I can see, there is no other actress who deserved the award as much as Claudette Colbert. She is sweet and natural. She knows how to act and lives the parts she plays. There is no other Claudette Colbert. There are no imitations because there cannot be. Claudette Colbert is inimitable. And as the prize-winner that she is, whether she fills the capacity of your ideal or not, give her the hand she justly deserves.—*Joseph Greenberger, 1598 Chestnut Ave., Trenton, N. J.*

*Thus writes one reader on the question: "Who Really Won the Academy Award?" which still is raging. Another reader takes another viewpoint:*

**In Behalf of Bette**—I was rather peeved at the Academy Award judges, who overlooked the unquestionably fine portrayal of *Mildred* by Bette Davis, in *Of Human Bondage.* Surely, she deserved some award, if not for her distinguished portrayal, at least for unexpectedly breaking away from a series of mediocre rôles and showing the producers of Hollywood that she could really act.—*Schuyler C. Hill, P. O. Box 756, Centralia, Wash.*

*Take your choice! Meanwhile, we hope you have read the interviews with both stars in this issue—"'Success Is My Revenge,' Says Bette Davis," and "Claudette Colbert's New Code of Living."*

**Shirley as *Peter Pan?***—Fox Studios could reach new peaks for achievement for themselves and for the motion picture industry if they would cast a certain impish little sprite named Shirley Temple in the title rôle of *Peter Pan*—in Technicolor!

Little Miss Temple is not too young for the rôle. It has always seemed ridiculous to me that the part of *Peter*—a perpetual little boy, with baby teeth—has always been played on stage and screen by grown women. In these days of talking pictures, the infantile grown-up selected would undoubtedly possess a mature soprano, contralto, or at best an affected *Betty Boop* voice.—*M. Barofski, 188 Baden St., Rochester, N. Y.*

*Think this idea over, Temple admirers, and tell us your reaction!*

**No "Serene Piffle"**—To film or not to film the whirlpools of the human mind was decisively answered in the affirmative by the result of *Private Worlds.* All this tearing of the veil from mental processes might have been distressing or boring. But Claudette Colbert has made it wholesome, and thoroughly debunking; illuminating, radiant, she makes the picture as enjoyable, as, and far more profitable than, a tale of serene piffle. Only, having been done so splendidly by Colbert and Boyer, I hope that this theme will not be rehashed *ad nauseam.* The flower has bloomed. Do not imitate it in wax and wire.—*Mrs. S. E. Willard, 1440 N.E. 74th Ave., Portland, Ore.*

**MOVIE CLASSIC wants its readers to write their opinions of stars, productions, and movie conditions in general so that all readers may benefit by them. Each month MOVIE CLASSIC will offer these cash prizes for the best letters: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each. The editors will be the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write your letter now—to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Letter Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York City.**

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